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W. Cornish-Bowden.

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Kneller pinx. Parr Sculp.

Mr. Pope

Horatius Anglicanus.

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Mr. *POPE*'s

Literary Correſpondence.

VOLUME the THIRD.

With LETTERS *To*, and, *From*

The Duke of SHREWSBERRY,
Lord LANSDOWNE,
Biſhop of ST. ASAPH,
Sir BERKELEY LUCY,
WILLIAM WALSH, *Eſq;*
Lady CHUDLEIGH,
Mrs. MANLEY,
Mrs. THOMAS, *&c.*

LONDON:
Printed for E. CURLL, at *Pope's-Head*, in *Roſe-Street, Covent-Garden.* M.DCC.XXXV.

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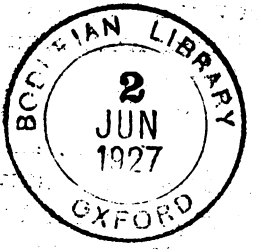

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To the SUBSCRIBERS.

GENTLEMEN,

MR. *Pope*'s Project to uſher his Letters into the World by my Means, was the Foundation of this Scheme of *A Literary Correſpondence*; which has been ſo well received, that it ſhall be continued while People of Taſte approve of it: And that will be as long as People of Taſte, who have valuable Performances in this Kind in their Power, contribute their Stores to the Emolument of Mankind. Not but that I am always ready and willing to purchaſe any Genuine Pieces from ſuch Poſſeſſors as expect a *Premium*.

The ſecond Volume of this Work promiſed (beſides Mr. *Pope*'s) to contain Letters to and from Lord *Somers*, &c. notwithſtanding which, Mr. *Pope*, in his Spleen, has employed his Sifters to talk his Senſe of the Matter to me; particularly 'Squire *Brocade*, whoſe Objections, intermixed with my Anſwers, make a very notable Scene, to the following Effect, *viz.*

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Enter BROCADE, *Sept.* 12. 1735.

Mr. *Curll*, how comes it that you call this Second Volume *Mr.* Pope's *Correſpondence*, when there is ſo much more of other Peoples: This is a mere Impoſition upon the Town.

C. Sir, be pleaſed to read the Title-Page. I began this Collection chiefly upon what remain'd of Mr. *Pope*'s, and beſides finding moſt of my Cuſtomers eager to ſee the Minds of Men, eſpecially in the Caſe of *Epiſtolary Writing*; and having conſiderable Supplies of the Kind, I publiſhed a *Second Volume*, as you ſee; and have Materials of equal Value, and ſufficient in Quantity, to make a *Third* and *Fourth*.

B. D——n me, I do not deſire to read any Man's Writings but *Pope*'s; he's the only Writer of the Age; his Equal never lived in any Time or Country. There's nothing worth reading in either of your Volumes but what is his.

C. Sir, It is not my Buſineſs to ſet up my Opinion againſt that of Gentlemen who do me the Favour to call at my Shop, but ſome of my Cuſtomers, whoſe Judgment is much eſteemed among their Acquaintance,

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quaintance, have ſaid that Mr. *Pope*'s Share in this Second Volume is the very worſt Part of the Book.

B. Z—s! what do you mean by that? Will you pretend to name any Writer in Competition with Mr. *Pope*.

C. Sir, they do pretend to ſay, that the Pieces of Biſhop ATTERBURY in this Volume, are ſomething beyond Mr. *Pope*'s Compaſs: His Style in *Proſe*, his Judgment in the Critical-Taſte, his Heroic Love of his Country, his Vindication of Lord *Clarendon*'s Hiſtory from an unatteſted Calumny, and his ABSALON & ACHITOPHEL, tho' done when he was a Youth at the Univerſity, are all inimitable by Mr. *Pope*.

B. Your Judges are Blockheads, there's not a polite Man about the Town reads any Thing but what is *Pope*'s. How impertinent is it to publiſh that *Abſalon & Achitophel* in *Latin*, without getting it tranſlated for the Ladies, if it be good for any Thing? What a Pox, do you think Gentlemen muſt be at the Slavery, like School-boys, of conſtruing it to them in *Engliſh*? It would be well for you if you could pacify Mr. *Pope*, perhaps if he and you were Friends, he might be prevailed on to take a hundred Guineas to do it for you.

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C. Sir, I presume you have seen the Poem, in its *English* Original, by Mr. *Dryden.* I doubt whether the Public would desire Mr. *Pope*'s finishing Hand to that Piece.

B. Dryden was a tolerable Poet in his Time, but nothing in Comparison to *Pope.* There's *Le Neve*'s *Will and Creed*, I like well enough, because they contain partly my own Religion: But there's his Epitaph in *Latin*, why is not that translated?

C. Because, Sir, it contains some Particulars that cannot be so well expressed in any other Language.

B. Sir, I think as I please; but what do you mean by those Political Letters of *Addison*, *Prior*, *Harley*, and the rest; there is not any *Wit* in them, surely?

C. I grant it, Sir, because the Writers of them did not intend it: But I am told there is much *Good Sense* in them; that they open the Scene of the famous *Partition Treaty*, and the Designs of *France* upon the Death of King CHARLES II. of *Spain*; that they discover the Importance of a Man who is trusted with Affairs, and how mere *un homme sans conséquence* a Man may be, with a great Employment, if the Conduct of the secret Springs of Action is placed in other Hands: With many other useful Lessons.

B. Why,

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B. Why, Mr. *Curll*, you are a great Politician.

C. Very little of a Politician truly, Sir: But ſince there are ſome Gentlemen inclined to adore a ſingle Name among the polite Writers, to the Prejudice of all the reſt, and to point me out as Heretical, for being of a different Opinion, it is neceſſary I ſhould be able to give ſome Reaſon for my Diſſent; and that, I apprehend, is done to the Purpoſe, if I am able to ſhew the Excellency, the Superiority, of many others over Mr. *Pope*, in this Epiſtolary Taſte eſpecially.

B. Pray, Mr. *Curll*, have you ſorted your Materials for your *Third Volume*.

C. Yes, Sir.

B. Do you make it a Secret, or may we be informed what the principal Parts are to be.

C. Sir, I'll inform you with Pleaſure; it is no Secret at all, I aſſure you. There are more of Mr. *Pope*'s Letters to Ladies, particularly her Grace the Ducheſs of *Buckinghamſhire*: Some very pretty Letters of Mrs. *Manley*, full of true Humour, perfectly pictureſque, in a genteel unaffected Style, natively pleaſant, and, as *Horace* ſays, *ſimplex munditiis*.

There are excellent ones of the late Lord *Lanſdowne*: They convince the Reader of

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the Patriot, the *Engliſhman*, the Chriſtian, the Tenderneſs of the moſt humane Mind, the Politeneſs of the fineſt Gentleman, the Dignity of the *Britiſh* Peer, are here united, and ſhine forth with full Luſtre in the utmoſt Propriety and Perſpicuity of Language.

B. You flouriſh abundantly, *Curll*; why *Lanſdowne* was a *Jacobite*.

C. Now, Sir, you are quite out; read his Lordſhip's Character of Queen CAROLINE. My Lord was indeed very young when he wrote ſome of theſe Letters, and the Prince of *Orange* was not then landed. But, I preſume, had it been ſo, a *Jacobite* might poſſibly be a Man of Wit; for Mr. *Pope* is allowed to be ſo, tho' he owns himſelf a Papiſt. But here are Letters of my Lord's, that ſhew other Sort of Sentiments at a riper Age, with Regard to the Revolution Settlement.

B. Well, are there any other Writers in your Third Volume.

C. Yes, yes, Sir, we are only got forward 110 Pages, and then we preſent you an invaluable Tract of Mr. *Walſh*'s: Be pleaſed, Sir, to read Mr. *Dryden*'s Opinion of him and of this Piece.

B. Sir, I pay no Regard to Mr. *Dryden*'s Flattery.

C. Wycherley

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C. Wycherley and *Pope* for That! But hear, Sir, how Mr. *Pope* ſings:

To *Walſh* the Wit of *Greece* and *Rome* was known,
And ev'ry Author's Merit but his own.

And, in his Epiſtle to *Arbuthnot*, he prides himſelf that,

The knowing *Walſh* wou'd tell him he cou'd write.

B. Well, I ſee it appears by Mr. *Pope*, that Mr. *Walſh* was a very great Man. Are we to have any Thing more?

C. Yes, Sir, The *Hoſpital of Fools* is an Imitation of *Lucian*, by Mr. *Walſh*, and Gentlemen of the beſt Taſte among my Cuſtomers agree, that *Lucian* wrote nothing equal to it. I had forgot to mention a Letter concerning Aſſes, containing abundance of Wit. The reſt of the Book will conſiſt of Dr. *Atterbury*'s Pieces tranſlated, Letters of Lady *Chudleigh*, Mrs. *Thomas*, and others of great Character for Wit, or Literature, or both. And there will be ſome curious Anecdotes concerning that indefatigable Antiquary, the late Mr. *Thomas Hearne* of *Oxford*, and his Writings: And relating to that moſt exemplary, as well as moſt noble Princeſs, the late Ducheſs of *Ormonde*, with a fine Copy of Verſes in her Praiſe, by a greater Man than Mr. *Pope*.

B. Ay!

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B. Ay, who is that, pray?

C. One *John Dryden*—Sir—

B. Curll, you are really impertinent.

C. Sir, you are really conceited; and I would adviſe you to enter yourſelf of *Tim. Lancet*'s Society, and read the *Dunciad* on *Sundays*, as he ſays he conſtantly does. I cannot loſe any more Time, Sir, in ſuch trifling Debates; you are reſolved not to like any Writer but Mr. *Pope*; and I am reſolved to carry on this Scheme of a *Literary Correſpondence*, ſo long as Works of real Worth are ſent me by the polite and judicious Part of Mankind. My Reſpects, Sir, to Mr. *Pope*, when you ſee him.

Yours, *E. C.*

N. B. The FOURTH VOLUME of our LITERARY CORRESPONDENCE will open with a Collection of *Hiſtorical Letters*, beginning 1688, and ending 1730, wherein the moſt important Points of the *Britiſh* Affairs are diſcuſſed. By an Old Whig. Printed from an Original Manuſcript. With which I received the following Letter, from a very eminent Gentleman, of the Long-Robe, upon his reading the Sheets of this Third Volume, as they came from the Preſs.

E. CURLL.

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To Mr. CURLL.

I Have read the Three Volumes of your *Literary Correſpondence* with Satisfaction. A Collection of good Letters is much wanted in our Language. The *French* have ſeveral; and I think they outdo us in no other Article of polite Literature. Artificial Letters, written on Purpoſe to be publiſhed, are apt to fall ſhort of the vivid Force and Openneſs found in the unboſoming of Friend to Friend; therefore it is extreamly difficult to imitate well, as it alſo is to obtain the Papers of a valuable real Correſpondence.

If Gentlemen could be ſatisfied, there would be no Endeavours to know how Letters came to the Preſs, I am perſuaded, our free, learned, polite Age and Country, might eaſily find you a genuine Collection in the beſt Taſte.

For my own Part I will not have any Doubt of your Conduct in this Reſpect; therefore you now receive incloſed the very Mind of a Man of Senſe and Rank in his Country, upon public Affairs, from the Revolution to the Year 1730. Moſt of them were Letters to the late Biſhop *Atterbury*, and

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and the reſt, to an intimate Friend of his, who died before him.

The Biſhop, a few Months before his Death, lent them to a Nobleman in *France* (from whom I had them) and at the ſame Time he told him, *they were written by the honeſteſt Whig of his Acquaintance*; that he differ'd from the Writer upon ſeveral Points, but look'd upon him to be a good *Engliſhman* in the main; that he (the Biſhop) had been cenſur'd by his Enemies as a hot Party-man, but that he could always reliſh the Correſpondence of a Perſon of Sincerity and Honour, though of different Sentiments in Politics or Religion; and that if he did not live to aſk for theſe Letters again (as he found himſelf in a declining Condition) he deſired they might not be loſt, becauſe there was *much Truth and good Senſe in them*; but inſiſted, *that if they went abroad, it would be in ſuch a Manner as not to prejudice the Writer of them in any Branch of his Family, which might have Occaſion for the Countenance of Men in Power.*

If you think it agreeable to your Scheme, you may publiſh them; if not, I wiſh you Supplies more to your Purpoſe, and am,

Sir,

Your Humble Servant.

London, Sept.
14. 1735. B. T.

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E. CURLL *ad* A. POPE.

S. P. D.

THAT our Name and Fame may be equally tranſmitted to Poſterity, in this our *Literary Correſpondence*, moſt earneſtly deſiring; A faithful Regiſter of Matters of Fact, will be the beſt Method for obtaining theſe deſirable Ends.

Having given Notice in the *St. James's Evening-Poſt* of *Saturday July* 12th, that the SECOND *Volume* of *Literary Correſpondence* would be publiſhed on *Monday* the 14th: You was pleaſed, in the *London Gazette*, of *Tueſday* the 15th to inſert an Advertiſement which I ſhall here paraphraſtically re-inſert for the true Information of the Public, *viz.*

Whereas ſeveral Bookſellers (Printers and Publiſhers, *viz. L. Gilliver, T. Cooper*, and *J. Watſon*) *have printed ſeveral ſurreptitious and incorrect Editions of Letters as mine, ſome of which are not ſo*, (being written by thoſe Perſons to whom they are by *E. Curll* juſtly aſcribed) *and others interpolated*; (by the Editor of thoſe ſix hundred Copies ſold by

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by the Reverend Mr. *R. Smythe*, purſuant to the Direction of his Couſin *P. T.* (both Agents of mine) to the aforeſaid *E. Curll*) *and whereas there are daily Advertiſements of* SECOND *and* THIRD *Volumes of more ſuch Letters, particularly my Correſpondence with* (Dr. FRANCIS ATTERBURY) *the late Biſhop of* Rocheſter; (the ſaid SECOND and THIRD Volumes being now publiſhed) *I think myſelf under a Neceſſity to publiſh ſuch of the ſaid Letters as are genuine* (not hitherto publiſhed) *with the Addition of ſome others of a Nature leſs inſignificant, eſpecially thoſe which paſſed between the ſaid Biſhop* (ATTERBURY) *and myſelf, or were any way relating to him, which ſhall be printed with all convenient Speed* (and which will likewiſe be faithfully re-printed by *E. Curll*, as a Supplement to the THREE VOLUMES of *Literary Correſpondence* by him publiſhed and carried on with the univerſal Approbation of the Public.)

A. POPE.

This, Sir, muſt be underſtood to be the true Meaning of the foregoing Advertiſement, and which ſhall be, by me, *literally* made good.

As to *R. Smythe*, whom you have been pleaſed to inform me, was only *a pretended Clergyman*; againſt, therefore, this nominal *R. Smythe*,

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R. Smythe, excluſive of his Function, I have exhibited a Bill in *Chancery* to hold him to his Contract of delivering to me ſix hundred printed Copies of the *Firſt Volume* of your Letters, (printed by your own Direction to compleat your Correſpondence with Mr. *Wycherley*, as *Lawton Gilliver* hath himſelf acknowledged, whom, with yourſelf, I have made Parties to my Bill againſt *R. Smythe*, not in the leaſt doubting, but from ſuch an equitable *Triumvirate* I ſhall obtain Juſtice.)

For, with you, Sir,

Flatt'ry in ev'ry Shape I hold a Shame,
*And think a Lye in Verſe or Proſe the ſame.**
Bravo to God, and Coward unto Man,
The Lyar is; † *deny this Truth who can?*

This *Vice*, Sir, is as *mean* as it is *baſe*; and as you have found, in all Debates between us, has been the Abhorrence of,

PECKHAM, *Your Humble Servant,*
Sept. 15. 1735.

E. CURLL.

P. S. As I am pretty converſant with thoſe Authors whoſe Works I print, in reviſing

* Epiſtle to Dr. *Arbuthnot*.
† Dr. *South*'s Character of the *Lyar*.

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viſing my old Friend VOITURE for a new Edition; I find you have very politely pillaged his Letters: Your *Firſt*, To a *Lady*, with a *Book* of *Drawings*, is evidently taken from *One* he wrote to *Madame Rambouillet*, in the Name of *Callot* the Engraver, preſenting a Book of his Prints. Your *Second* is, I find, a Compliment to our Friend Parſon *Broome*, and Mrs. *Betty Marriot* of *Sturſton-Hall* in *Suffolk*. And *laſtly*, the Compliments in thoſe Letters of this Volume to Miſs *B.* are tranſplanted from what VOITURE wrote to *Madame Rambouillet*, M. *Vigean*, and other Ladies of the Court of *France*.

E R R A T A.

LETTER 3d to Miſs *B.* Line 1. *for* Liberty, *read* Liberality. *Belluchi*, mention'd in the Letter to the Ducheſs of *B—*, was a *Painter*, not a *Statuary*.

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TO

Mr. EDMUND CURLL, Bookseller,

In *Rose-Street, Covent-Garden.*

Mr. *CURLL*,

THE Characteristicks whereby the Author of the inclosed Letters may be known, are too many and glaring to need any mentioning of his *Name*. Were there no other Arguments to confirm this, his *own Pen betrays him*. But for your farther Satisfaction, I must inform you, that I found them among some Papers of a deceased Friend, with several others *of a Nature more insignificant*, which therefore I

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would not tranſcribe. The Gentleman's Wife, before ſhe was ſo, is known to have been perſonally acquainted with your Adverſary, which puts the Matter paſt Doubt.

With many Thanks for your *two* former Volumes, theſe are at your Service for your *third*, which I find you are about.

Aug. 23*d*, 1735. *Yours*,

S. E.

LET-

LETTERS

OF

Mr. POPE to Miſs BLOUNT.

*To Miſs B**** † on the Death of her Brother.*

MADAM,

HAving no leſs Admiration for your Courage and good Nature, than Sympathy with your Grief; I am ſo highly ſenſible of both the one and the other, that if I were capable to render you thoſe Commendations which were juſtly due to you, and that Comfort whereof you ſtand in need, I muſt confeſs I ſhould be much

† BLOUNT.

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troubled where to begin; for what Obligations can be more equally inforcing, than to render to ſo eminent a Virtue the Honour it merits; and to ſo violent Affliction the Comfort it requires? But I am to blame to put a Diſtance between theſe two things, ſince Charity has ſo perfectly united them, that the fond Aſſiſtance you afforded your late Brother, ſhould now prove an extraordinary Comfort to you, ſince God will beſtow that on you out of Juſtice, which others obtain out of his Indulgence; his infinite Goodneſs being ſuch, as will not ſuffer, unrewarded, ſo exemplary an Act of Tenderneſs, as what, thro' a Contempt of your own Life, engaged you in the Offices of the beſt and tendereſt Siſter in the World, beyond the Limits of all Obligations; and by an admirable Conſtancy, made you aſſur'd amidſt a Danger that terrifies the moſt daring.

Upon this Account am I confident that he will preſerve you from it *, and will ſhower on you, as a Reward of your Virtue, the Bleſſings which are wiſhed you, by,

Madam,

Yours, &c.

To

* The *Small-Pox.*

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To the SAME.

MADAM,

I Here ſend you the Elegy *, which you have but too often demanded of me, and which heretofore hath indeed been heard by others, but, till now, hath not been read by any.

It is my Wiſh, that the ſame Fortune may in this happen to me as hath befallen you; who, after you have for ſo long time concealed the nobleſt things in the World, have in the Diſcovery of it, dazled all thoſe that have ſeen it. But it is an over-great Fondneſs for my own Verſes, to wiſh them that Advantage, nor indeed ſhould I wiſh them better, ſince they were not made for you: If you think them very ill, you are ſo much the more obliged to me for them, in that knowing it as well as you, yet I have not forborn ſending them to you. And, to deal freely with you, a leſs Power than what you have within theſe few Days gained upon me, would not have been ſuf-

 ficient

* This, with ſome other Poetical Pieces, will be found in our FOURTH Volume.

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ficient to have prevailed with me to do it: And, without your Command, Madam, they had never known any other Place than that of my own Memory. But it is high time it were delivered of them, to make room for ſomething more delightful; I mean that which Mrs. **** had the Grace to acquaint me with the other Day, and which fills it ſo much at preſent, that I doubt whether there be Place for any thing elſe.

I perceive, Madam, that where it was my Deſign to ſend you a Letter of Excuſe and Compliment, I am fallen into one of Love; but I wiſh all the other Defects you ſhall find in it, were as pardonable as that. In the mean time let me aſſure you, that I have not of a long time been ſo engaged, and that there are many in the World to whom I would not ſay ſo much, even tho' they held a Dagger at my Throat.

But, ſince there is no fear of any Scandal, you are obliged, Madam, at leaſt in my Opinion, to look favourably on thoſe Elements of Affection, were it but to ſee, how I ſhould behave myſelf, if I ſhould fall in Love; and, if I were permitted, what might be the Conſequence of it.

I am, Madam, &c.

To

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To the SAME.

MADAM,

THO' my Liberty were, as you ſay, greater than *Alexander*'s, it were more than recompenced by the Thanks you have been pleaſed to return it. Even his Ambition, as inſatiable as it was, would, by ſo extraordinary a Favour, have been limited. He would have valued this Honour more highly than the *Perſian* Diadem, and he would not have envied *Achilles* the Praiſes of *Homer*, might he have Yours. In like manner, Madam, conſidering the Reputation you do me, if I envy his, it is not ſo much that which he hath acquired, as what you have beſtowed on him, and he hath received no Honours which I do not look upon below my own, unleſs it be that you do him, when you call him your Gallant. Neither his own Vanity nor his Flatterers have ever advanced any thing ſo advantageous to him, and the Quality of the Son of *Jupiter Ammon* was not ſo glorious as that. But, if nothing can cure me of

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the Jealouſy I have of it, yet, Madam, knowing you as I do, I am confident, if you do him that Favour, it is not ſo much becauſe he is the greateſt of Mankind, as becauſe it is Two Thouſand Years ſince he was.

However it be, we may ſee, in this, the Greatneſs of his Fortune, which not able to forſake him ſo many Years after his Death, adds to his Conqueſts a Perſon which celebrates them more than the Wife and Daughter of *Darius*, and hath re-infuſed into him a Soul greater than that of the World he hath ſubdued.

I ſhould fear, by your Example, to write in too high a Stile, but can a Man aim at one too high, ſpeaking of you, and *Alexander?* I beſeech you, Madam, to aſſure your ſelf I have for you the ſame Paſſion which you have for him, and that the Admiration of your Virtues ſhall ever engage me to be, Madam,

Yours, &c.

To

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To the SAME.

MADAM,

I Could never believe it poſſible that the Receipt of a Letter from you ſhould add to my Affliction, or that you could have poſſibly ſent me ſuch bad News, as that you could not comfort me at the ſame time.

I thought my Unhappineſs at ſuch a Point as could not admit of any Addition, and that ſince you were able ſomething to ſtrengthen my Patience to endure the Abſence of your Mother and You, there could not be any Misfortune which You could not have encouraged me to ſuffer. But give me leave to tell you, that I have found the contrary in the Affliction I have for the Death of Mrs. *A*****, which hath been heavy enough to cruſh me, and wanted not much to ſpend the Remainder of my Patience.

You

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You may eaſily judge, Madam, what an exceſſive Grief it muſt needs be to me to have loſt a Friend ſo good, ſo ſprightly and ſo accompliſhed as ſhe, and one that having always given me ſo many Expreſſions of her Affection, would needs do ſomething when ſhe had not many Hours to continue here. But tho' I reflected not on my own Concernments, yet could I not but infinitely regret a Perſon by whom you were infinitely beloved; and who, among many particular Endowments, had that of knowing you as much as may be, and eſteeming you above all things. Yet I muſt confeſs, if this Diſturbance can admit of any Remiſſion, it is to reflect on the Conſtancy ſhe expreſſed, and the Fortitude wherewith ſhe hath ſuffered a Thing whereof the Name would make her tremble at any time.

I am extremely comforted to underſtand, that at her Death, ſhe had thoſe Qualities which only ſhe wanted in her Life, and that ſhe ſo opportunely found Courage and Reſolution. When I conſider it ſeriouſly, it is ſomewhat againſt my Conſcience to bemoan her, and methinks it ſpeaks an over-intereſted Affection, to be ſad becauſe ſhe hath left us to better her Condition, and is gone into the other World, (*from whoſe*

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whoſe Bourne no Traveller returns *) to find that Quiet ſhe could never meet with in this.

I very heartily entertain the Exhortations you give me thereupon, which is, often to con over a Leſſon ſo profitable and neceſſary, and to prepare myſelf for the like one Day; I know how to make my Advantage of your Remonſtrance. The Miſeries we have run thro' all this while is no ſmall Preparation for it: There's no better Lecture to inſtruct a Man how to die well, than not to take much Pleaſure in living.

But if it be not impoſſible for the Hopes that Fortune propoſes to prove effectual; if after ſo many Years, we may preſume to expect ſome few fair Days, be pleaſed to give me leave, Madam, to entertain Thoughts more diverting than thoſe of Death; and if it be likely that we are ſhortly to ſee one another, let me not fall out with my Life.

Where you ſay, *You think me deſtined to great Things*, you give ſo great Security of my Life, and ſo happy a Preſage of the Adventures that ſhall happen to me, that I ſhall not be ſorry for its Continuance yet

a

* HAMLET.

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a while. For my part, if Deſtiny doth promiſe me any thing that is good, I aſſure you I will do my utmoſt to get it. I will contribute all I can thereto, that *your Propheſies may be fulfilled.* In the mean time, I beſeech you to be confident, that of all the Favours I can beg of Fortune, what I moſt paſſionately deſire is, that ſhe would do for you what ſhe ought, and for myſelf, only afford me the Means to acquaint you with the Paſſion which obliges me to be ſo much,

Madam,

Your, &c.

AN

N. B. The WORKS of VOITURE, Tranſlated from the laſt PARIS Edition, and Addreſſed by Mr. POPE to Miſs BLOUNT, in Two Volumes, is Printed for Mr. *Curll.* Price 6s.

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AN

EPISTLE

FROM

Mr. POPE * *to Mr.* GAY,

Occaſioned by

Two STANZAS *in his* BALLAD *of* Black-Ey'd SUSAN. 1726.

OFT, as thou know'ſt, I've dar'd the Critic-Croud
Unſeen, like HOMER's Heroes in a Cloud.
And oft, like TEUCER, haſt thou ta'en the Field
Beneath mine ample *Telamonian* Shield.

YET hence ſince Wits undue Advantage raiſe,
Studious to cenſure *both*, but *neither* praiſe,

Thee

* The genuine Author of this Epiſtle is the Reverend Mr. WESLEY of *Weſtminſter*-School.

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Thee I'll eſpouſe, my Friend, in open Light,
Careleſs, tho' CURLL ſhould print, or DENNIS write.
My *Lit'ral-ſelf*, that partial I commend,
In thee my *Figurative-ſelf*, my Friend.

WHO thy Poetic Worth can fitter tell?
So well who knows it, or who loves ſo well?
Tho' grov'ling oft, ſometimes thou durſt, like me,
Degenerate into loftieſt Poetry!
How does th' applauding World with Wonder view
A Nymph, or Heroine, in a *Black-Ey'd Sue!*
Whoſe Charms thy Verſe has ſpread from Pole to Pole,
Where Winds can carry, or where Waves can roll.
To nobleſt Heights did humbleſt Ballad riſe.
When *Indian* Diamonds ſparkled for her Eyes.
When far-fetch'd Ivory taught the Lover's Sight
Her Skin how ſpotleſs, or her Teeth how white!
Her op'ning Lips *Arabian* Sweets exhale!
Fragrant as od'rous *Afric*'s ſpicy Gale.
Such choice Perfumes, nor VIRGIL's happy Field,
Nor fam'd *Alcinous*' Magic Garden yield.
Nor fairer ſeem'd of old the *Paphian* QUEEN,
When unadorn'd on *Ide* by PARIS ſeen.
Nor e'en Romance can brighter Charms diſplay,
Nor more cou'd PETRARCH for his LAURA ſay.
For Flights like theſe, the Learn'd may ſearch in vain
The *Sabine* Cygnet, or the *Theban* Swan.
But fineſt *Genii* ne'er ſhould fetter'd be
By Character and dull Propriety.

But

But leave your *rural* Life your *ſimple* Strains,
To *Engliſh* Milk Maids and *Sicilian* Swains.*
Yet moſt thine Art, O Bard divine! is ſeen,
When CUPID guards his WILLIAM in Machine.
And turns the miſſive Balls that round him fly,
Left Tears, alas! ſhou'd drop from SUKEY's Eye.
Submiſſive at his Feet the Bullets fall,
Tho' ſhot with Force to ſink an Admiral.
No more from MARS let VENUS Succour find;
But *lift her* CUPID, now, no longer blind,
Improv'd by modern Markſmen let him know
The Uſe of *Fire-Arms*, and reſign his Bow.
Such Art, tho' taſteleſs *Vandals* diſregard,
Is old, and worthy the *Mæonian* Bard.
So ſilver *Thetis* from her *Ooze* ſhall riſe
The dead PATROCLUS to preſerve from Flies;
Ambroſial Drops a kind Receipt afford,
Left Maggots harm him after HECTOR's Sword.

SOONER mine ODE that hail'd CÆCILIA's Day,
Shall yield the *Palm* to ſing-ſong *Opera*;
And veil its weighty Senſe and Thought profound,
To wav'ring, quav'ring, undulating Sound:
The knotty Queſtion ſhall determin'd be,
Of DRYDEN, Bard immortal, and of ME,
Which moſt excels in *Verſe* and *Piety*:

Dan

* *His Paſtorals, called The* Shepherd's Week.

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Dan CHAUCER's *Tales*, Dan DURFEY shall outshine,
And PHILIPS' *Paſtorals* compare with MINE,
Than GAY forgotten lye.——
Or take Alluſions in a nat'ral Strain,
Drawn from the Seaman's proper Place, the Main.

SOONER ſhall *Britiſh* Sailors *Cowards* grow,
And count their Numbers when they meet their Foe;
The rough old *Tar*, a ſupple *Courtier* be;
And leave off *Flip* for elemental *Tea*,
Than Thou ſhalt Die—till then, as VIRGIL ſays,
Shall laſt thy *Name*, thy *Honour*, and thy *Praiſe*.

TO

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To her GRACE

CATHARINE,*

DUCHESS of

Buckinghamſhire.

Twitnam, Jan. 27, 1720.

MADAM,

THINK myſelf obliged by your GRACE's many Condeſcentions of Goodneſs to me, in particular your informing me by a Line of Dr. *Ch*——'s † State of Health. I am really impatient to hear further of him.

* The Duke married to his third Wife *Catharine*, natural Daughter of King JAMES II. (by *Catharine Sidley*, Daughter of Sir *Charles Sidley*, whom he created Counteſs of *Dorcheſter*, and who, upon his abdicating the Throne, married the Earl of *Portmore*) he dignified her with the Name of the Lady *Catharine Darnley*, gave her the Place of a Duke's Daughter, and permitted her to bear his Arms. She was very young, left a Widow by *James* Earl of *Angleſey*, from whom ſhe was divorced by the King and both Houſes of Parliament, for the Earl's ill Uſage of her.

† *Chamberlen*'s.

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The Morning I left the Town, I went with Mr. *Jervas* to *Belluchi*'s, * but parting in Haſte, I had not his Opinion at large; only he aſſures me, he thinks the Figures will not be too ſmall, conſidering that thoſe which are neareſt the Eye, are, at leaſt, as large as the Life. I can't but be of Opinion, that my Lord Duke's and your Grace's, ought to be made Portraits, and as like as poſſible; of which they have yet, no Reſemblance. There being no Picture (as I believe) of the Duke in Profile, it might be well, I fancy, if *Belluchi* copied the Side-Face from that *Buſto* that ſtands in the *Salon*.

I beg your GRACE's Pardon for the Freedom with which I write to you: And I ought to ask it, (now I think on't) on another Occaſion, in which I have uſed too much Freedom: Having a great Eſteem for the famous *Bononcini*, not only from his great Fame, but from a Perſonal Knowledge of his Character; and this being increaſed by

* The Statuary who made the Duke's Monument, to which this alludes; whereon are repreſented the Portraiture of his Grace, habited like a *Roman* General; and at his Feet, that of her Grace weeping. On the Top of the Baſis of the Column, is ſeen, in Relievo, *Time* bearing away the four deceaſed Children of the Ducheſs, whoſe Effigies are repreſented in Profile-Buſtos, ſupported by Cupids Lamenting.

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by the ill Treatment he has met with here, I ventured, among other Persons of the first Distinction, who subscribed to me for his Compositures, newly ingraved, to set down the Name of your Grace. When I did this, your Grace was at *Bath*, and I forgot ever since to tell you of it, 'till now, when the Book's * coming out, put me in Mind of it.

If you can excuse this Fault, I sincerely think I shall not err this Way again, 'till such another great Man as *Bononcini* arises, (for whenever that happens, I doubt not the *English* will use him as scurvily) but that your Grace needs not apprehend, during our Lives. I am, with the sincerest Respect,

MADAM,

Your GRACE's *most Obliged,*

Most Obedient Servant,

A. POPE.

* His CANTATAS.

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To Mr. C****

SIR,

I Have complied with your Requeſt ſo far as I am able: Mr. *Dryden* was not born *(but bred)* here, as the Inſcription itſelf ſhews. The more common Tradition is, that he was Born at *Aldwinckle*, mentioned in the Inſcription: But even this is uncertain. So wiſhing Succeſs to your Undertaking, *

I remain,

Your Humble Servant,

H. L.

Rector of *Tichmarſh.*

* The LIFE of Mr. *Dryden.*

THE

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THE

INSCRIPTION

ON THE

Monument Erected to the Dryden-Family *in the Church of* Tichmarſh *in* Northamptonſhire.

Here lies the honourable Remains
Of *Eraſmus Dryden*, Eſq;
And of Mrs. *Mary Pickering* his Wife.
He was the 3d Son of Sir *Eraſmus Dryden*,
An ancient Baronet,
Who liv'd with great Honour in this County,
In the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*.
Mr. *Dryden* was
A very ingenious worthy Gentleman,
And Juſtice of the Peace in this County.

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He married Mrs. *Mary Pickering*,
Daughter of the Reverend
Dr. *Pickering* of *Aldwinckle*,
And Grandaughter to Sir *Gilbert Pickering*:
Of her it may be truly ſaid,
That ſhe was a Crown to her Husband.
Her whole Converſation was,
As becometh the Goſpel of Chriſt.
They had 14 Children;
The eldeſt of whom was *John Dryden*, Eſq;
The celebrated Poet,
And Laureat of his Time:
His bright Parts and Learning,
Are beſt ſeen in his own excellent Writings
On various Subjects.
We boaſt that he was bred,
And had his firſt Learning here,
Where he has often made us happy
By his kind Viſits,
And moſt delightful Converſation.
He married the Lady *Elizabeth Howard*,
Daughter to *Henry* Earl of *Berkſhire*,
By whom he had three Sons;
Charles, *John*, and *Eraſmus-Henry*:
And

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And after 70 odd Years,
When Nature could no longer be ſupported,
He received the Notice
Of his approaching Diſſolution,
With ſweet Submiſſion,
And entire Reſignation,
To the Divine Will;
And he took ſo tender and obliging Farewel
Of his Friends,
As none but he himſelf could have expreſs'd;
Of which ſorrowful Number I was one:
His Body was honourably interr'd
In *Weſtminſter* Abbey,
Amongſt the greateſt Wits of divers Ages.
His Sons were all
Fine ingenious and accompliſh'd Gentlemen.
They died in their * Youth unmarried.
Sir *Eraſmus-Henry*, the youngeſt,
Liv'd till the ancient Honour of the Family
Deſcended to him.

* It is true they died unmarried, but liv'd to Mens Eſtate; and Mr. *Charles Dryden* was unhappily drown'd, in ſwimming near *Windſor*. Mr. *John* had a conſiderable Poſt under Pope *Clement* XI.

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After his Death
It came to his good Uncle
Sir *Eraſmus Dryden*,
Whoſe Grandſon
Is the preſent Sir *John Dryden*
Of *Canons Aſhby*,
The ancient Seat of the Family.
Sir *Eraſmus Dryden*,
The firſt nam'd,
Marry'd his Daughters
Into very honourable Families:
The eldeſt to Sir *John Philips*,
The ſecond to Sir *John Hartup*,
The youngeſt was married to
Sir *John Pickering*,
Great-Grandfather to
The preſent Sir *Gilbert Pickering*, Bart.

And it is with Delight, and humble Thankfulneſs, that I reflect on the Character of my pious Anceſtors, and that I am now, with my own Hand, paying my Duty to Sir *Eraſmus Dryden*, my Great-Grandfather, and to *Eraſmus Dryden*, Eſq; my honoured Uncle, in the 80th Year of my Age.

Eliza. Creed, 1722.

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JAMES MOORE, Esq;

TO

Dr. SEWELL.

Beckley near *Oxford.*

Dear Sewell,

I Am, as you will find by the Date of this, deep in *Solitude*; and dividing the *Empire* of a *Country-Village* with the Author of the ATALANTIS. * The *bright Contagion*, as our Friend YOUNG calls it, of that *Lady*'s ROMANCE, has spread it self thro' this whole Place. Every thing moves in that Spirit. *Horses* are *Palfryes*; *Sweet-hearts*, *Paramours*; and *West-Winds*, *Etesian-Gales*. The *Women* all take their Names from *Grand* CYRUS, and the general Joy here at the Commitment of URGANDA to *Bride-*

* On *Saturday* Morning, about one o' Clock, *July* the 11th, 1724, Mrs. *Manley* died. She was seized with a Fit of the Cholick on the *Tuesday* before, which never left her; till she expired. Her Corpse was interr'd in the Parish Church of St. *Bennet*, *Paul's-Wharf*, with great Decency.

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Bridewell, has been ſeverely check'd by PARTHENISSA's ſtanding in a *white Sheet*.

I began an *Epiſtle* in GAY's Manner, to welcome you here.

For thee ſhall new skimm'd Cream the Bowl adorn,
And the Red-Cow her Treaſure yield each Morn;
For thee, the *Partridge* and the *Lev'ret* fall,
Lord of the Game, for thou can'ſt conquer All.
For thee ſhall *Coffee*, as it fumes, refine,
And *Oxford-Loaves* with *Beckley's Butter* join.
Then if thoſe *Butter'd-Loaves* * muſt parted be,
The *Crumb* for SEWELL, † and the *Cruſt* for ME.
For thee the Earth-born *Hind* Reſpect ſhall feel,
Huſh the loud *Flayl*, and ſtop the rumbling *Wheel*.
GODDESS of ſweet CONTENT, bleſt *Poverty*
Unenvy'd, ſince from vain Exceſſes free,
How calm's the Mind that's ſatisfy'd with thee?

You will forgive an *Impromptu*, which was only meant to ſhew you, that I can be *Gay* when I am alone. How much would it add to my good Humour, if I could ſee you either at *this Place* or *Oxford*.

I hope *Diſtreſſed Mother* PHILIPS will give us an entire Copy of his HUMPHREY; for what

* *Potias*, Bunns.
† The Bays for *Marlbro'*, and the Lyre for *thee*.
Tickell to *Addiſon*.

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what I've ſeen, appears, by the Number of Daſhes, to be a *Tragedy* taken down in *Short-hand*.

Notwithſtanding his huge anticipating Character, and his little Arts for Succeſs, might give it a Run in the Repreſentation, it muſt ſure make as ill a Figure as the *Conſcious Lovers* in the Cloſet, where nothing but true Merit can ſupport it. Pray let me know if there be any thing in it, which you can approve, that might tempt me to look it over again. In the mean time, *Peace* be to the *Manes* of his BRITON.

I demand a Letter by the next Poſt, to inſtruct me, what other Hiſtorian can give me an Account of *Clarence*, beſides *Holingſhead*; how you would have him killed; or whether I may condemn the Duke of *Norfolk*? I expect this immediately to atone for the faſhionable Banter of your laſt, and am,

Dear Sir,

Your moſt obliged

J. M.

Dr.

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Dr. SEWELL,

TO

JAMES MOORE, *Esq*;

DEAR MOORE, *While you*, (so Poetry begins,
When *eager Youth* by *Imitation* sins)
So *twice** e'en ADDISON himself began,
But the Verse mended as the Poems ran:
This Censure past, those common Words erase,
And kindly fancy better in the Place:
From *Oxford* Groves, the Muses fav'rite Scene,
To *Baiæ* travel, to correct the Spleen,
But

* See his Poems to Lord *Somers*, and Earl of *Halifax*, *While You, my Lord, the Rural Shades admire*, &c.

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But count not *Inns* and *Sign-Poſts* in the Way,
And pen a *Journey*, like poor Poet GAY.†
With eaſy Converſe from the ancient Store,
Draw ſolid Wit, and from thy Genius more,
Each by the other ſet, will brighter ſhine,
As diff'rent Sweets in well-choſe Flow'rs combine.
Some Wits, too partial, to this Side incline,
And ev'ry *Ancient* is, with them, *Divine*;
They by their *Language* each Perfection ſcan,
And meaſure by the *Dreſs*, and not the *Man*.
To theſe, *bright ſparkling Phraſes* are a *Rule*,
And *Judgment* follows *Charms* obſerv'd at *School*:
Yet who ſhall tell that Age's proper Thoughts,
If *Critics* deem'd them *Beauties*, or if *Faults*.
Cæſar to *Terence* lent but half a Smile,
And nicer *Pollio* laught at *Livy*'s Style;
Horace with Freedom rough *Lucilius* blames,
And gives poor *Plautus*' Quibbles harder Names:
The

† See his Journey to *Exeter*, a very trifling Performance.

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The Truth is this, of Language long ſince dead,
No certain Rule or Standard *can be had.*

* * * * * *

N.B. This Piece was left unfiniſhed by Dr. *Sewell*, and never ſent to Mr. *Moore*.

A N

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AN EPISTLE TO A GENTLEMAN, WHO Wrote an *EPISTLE.**

By Mr. AMHURST.

Hæc tibi mittuntur, quem, ſum modo carmine queſtus,
Non aptum Numeris Nomen habere tuis.
OVID De Ponto, *Lib.* 6. ELEG. 14.

ACcept, good Sir, the Tribute of a Friend,
Not apt to blame, too honeſt to commend:
Of One who dares with Freedom to adviſe
A Poet, ſpite of Cuſtom, to be wiſe.

HORACE, of ancient Choirs the ſweeteſt Bard,
(And ſure of HORACE you muſt oft have heard)
Commands

* Mr. GAY.

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Commands us ſtill, ere we a Subject chuſe,
To try the Strength, and Genius of our Muſe;
To poiſe each Burden, and to judge with Care,
How much our Shoulders may with Safety bear.
An ADDISON ſhou'd ſing Great MARLBRO's Toil;
And POPE muſt make the gay BELINDA ſmile.
Had you obſerv'd this *Golden Rule*, I'm ſure
You'd been from Critics, as from Fame, ſecure:
Your Muſe might ſtill have ſung, in Ruſtic-Strains,
The *Milk-Maid*'s Pity, or the *Looby*'s Pains.
The Woods and Rocks might echo to your Song,
And BUMPKIN cry, 'cauſe CISLY ſtay'd too long.
The ſporting Lambkins might in Numbers play,
And roſy Cheeks adorn the new-born Day.
You might have almoſt burſt, with tuneful Note,
The warbling *Nightingale*'s diſtended Throat.
Or made the *Woodlark* thrill in ſweeter Lays,
Than MARGARETTA, after paultry Plays.

Wou'd you have Learning ſhown, you might have told
How JOVE came down, diſſolv'd in *liquid Gold:*
How ORPHEUS ſung, or how ACHILLES fell,
Or PROSERPINE was kidnap'd into Hell.

Had you theſe Subjects choſe, and manag'd ill,
The World had only ſaid, you wanted Skill;
Not only you, but many thouſands more,
Had done the ſame, or worſe, perhaps, before.

But

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But ah! raſh Youth, how cou'dſt thou dare to praiſe
So great a Name, in ſuch unpoliſh'd Lays:
A Name in which ſo many Virtues ſhine,
As make it, without Compliment, Divine.
To Heav'n itſelf we Thanks and Praiſes owe,
Only becauſe from thence all Bleſſings flow:
And CHANDOS, ſure, is Heav'n's Vicegerent here,
Her Bleſſings to diſpenſe, with more peculiar Care.

But ſtay, my Muſe, leſt Thou commit that Crime
I juſt condemn'd, when in Another's Rhime.
As well might STEELE the Public Debts diſcharge,
By the ſole Income of his *Fiſhing-Barge*:
As well might VANBRUGH's daubing Pencil trace
Th'inimitable Lines of HOWGILL's Face:
Or *Spintext* teach that luſcious Maid to cant,
And her who's now an *Angel*, make a *Saint*,
As We do Juſtice to his *mighty Name*,
Repay his *Bounty*, or exalt his *Fame*.

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AN

Original Letter from his Grace the late Duke of Shrewsberry, *relating to a Manuſcript Copy of the Lord* Holles's *Memoirs, in Anſwer to a Letter ſent his Grace by Mr.* Curll *the Bookſeller.*

To Mr. CURLL.

Sir,

THeſe Memoirs go no farther than the Parliament's reſolving to treat no more with the King. My Lord *Holles* was of the Presbyterian Party, zealous at firſt, to take Arms againſt the King, but would not have carried it ſo far as the Independents did; he writes very virulently againſt them, gives Inſtances of *Cromwell*'s and *Haſlerig*'s Cowardice, as may be ſeen in the annexed Table; * mentions Lord *Savile* as an Impoſtor, who accuſed himſelf and others.

This

* Alluding to the Table in the Manuſcript.

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This Book is an Apology for the *Scots* and *Engliſh* Presbyterians, and a Satire againſt the Army and Independents, but wrote in ſo angry and declaiming a Stile, that it does not pleaſe me; it treats only of public Facts known to every body, and tells none of thoſe ſecret Intrigues, Schemes, Conferences, *&c.* which are what is moſt valuable in theſe ſort of Books.

1708. SHREWSBERRY.

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TO

Mr. CURLL, *Bookſeller*, &c.

Ch. Ch. Oxford, Jan. 8. 1731.

SIR,

I Am very glad it was ever in my Power to do you any good Office,* and ſhould be ready to do the ſame again, eſpecially in a Cauſe of Juſtice and Truth. But your Author, in his *Defenſe* of the CLARENDON-FAMILY† muſt not Appeal to me on Account of any Interpolations in the Characters of that Famous Hiſtory, for I

* The Favour I received from this very worthy Prelate, was the drawing up a Liſt of the Chancellors of *Norwich*, printed at the End of Sir *Thomas Browne*'s Antiquities of that Cathedral, 1712.

† Biſhop *Atterbury*'s Defenſe of the Earl of *Clarendon* is an irrefragable Anſwer to the *latent Lye* hatched, and propagated by Meſſrs. *Ducket* and *Oldmixon*; for I believe (the *dead Man*) *Smith*, wholly innocent.

See the *Clarendon-Family* Vindicated. Printed for *E. Curll*, 8vo. 1732.

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I have no ſuch Originals, nor ever ſaw any.†

I have great Reaſon to believe that *That Work* was as faithfully publiſhed as ever any *Poſthumous Piece* was, which, I believe, will ſhortly be made evident to the Public by a more able Hand.*

I am, Sir,

Your Humble Servant,

THOM. ASAPH Elect.

† It was reported that his Lordſhip had ſuch a MS. which was the Motive of my writing to him. *E. C.*

* To the New Edition of the Earl of *Clarendon*'s Hiſtory, printed at *Oxford*, 1734, is prefixed Biſhop *Atterbury*'s Defence, which is ſufficient.

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TO

Sir BERKELEY LUCY, *Bart.*

SIR,

WHAT Mr. *Nelſon*, in his Life of Biſhop *Bull*, ſays of that learned Prelate, may with the ſtricteſt Veracity be applied to Mr. *Collins*, *viz.* "He hath received ſo great a Brightneſs from his own "Pen, that it needs no auxiliary Light to "increaſe its Luſtre;" and his Character is ſo ſecure, from the Example of his Life, that all Calumnies raiſed againſt it, fly like *Chaff before the Wind.*

By a Letter from *King*'s-College, *Cambridge*, I am informed, "that Mr. *Collins* was "bred at *Eton*, in quality of an Oppidane; "where he was very remarkable, even "while a Boy, for a good Taſte of the "Claſſics, *&c.* He was admitted a Fellow-"Commoner of *King*'s-College, *July* 8, "1693, where, under the Tuition of Dr. "*Hare*, he was ſoon perceived to grow in-"defatigable in the roughest Tracts of Phi-"loſophy, particularly the *Ars Cogitandi*;

"He

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" He was almoſt a ſingular Example a-
" mong thoſe of his Station. *Rarus ferme*
" *communis ſenſus in illa fortuna*, ſays *Horace*,
" is as applicable to a Man of flouriſhing
" Circumſtances, as to the Patriot; and
" tho' it has been much controverted what
" was the Poet's View, yet in both Lights
" Mr. *Collins* has been thought to be an
" Exception.

Since Mr. LOCKE hath declared, that he *conſidered Mr.* COLLINS *as a Philoſopher, and a Chriſtian*, all the ſneering and lucrative Sarcaſms of *Eccleſiaſtics* ought to be held in the utmoſt Contempt. His Character is ſo ſecure from the Example of his Life, that I am the leſs concerned for my own Inability, to embalm his Memory; eſpecially as the Weight and Importance of the Matter will make ſome Amends for thoſe Defects which may ariſe from the Manner of handling it.

That Part of *Biography*, Sir, which records Men famous in the Republic of Letters, is generally acceptable to the Learned, becauſe it attempteth to gratify a Curioſity, which prevaileth much, and is nouriſhed among them; whereby they are prompted to ſearch for, and enquire after the minuteſt Circumſtances, which relate to ſuch Authors, who are no otherwiſe known to them, than by the Works they have left behind them.

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And now, Sir, as the beſt, and moſt firm Baſis I can lay, for the Support of my Superſtructure, give me Leave to mortify the wrangling Prieſthood, by exhibiting the ſincere Sentiments Mr. *Locke* had of Mr. *Collins*'s Virtues and Abilities: A Character which I am certain, with all thoſe who knew his intrinſic Worth, will turn the Balance even againſt the Conſtitutions of Popes, the Decrees of Councils, or the Cavils of Convocations.

" You have exceedingly obliged me (ſays " Mr. *Locke* to Mr. *Collins*) in the Books, *of* " *Yours*, that you have ſent me; and *(continues* " *our immortal Chriſtian Philoſopher)* I am " over-joyed with an Intimation I have re- " ceived *alſo*, that gives me Hopes of ſee- " ing You next Week. You are a cha- " ritable good Friend, and are reſolved to " make the Decays and Dregs of my Life " the pleaſanteſt Part of it; for I know " nothing calls me back to a pleaſant Senſe " of Enjoyment, and makes my Days ſo " gay and lively, as your good Company. " Come then, and multiply happy Mi- " nutes upon, and rejoice in the Good you " do me; for I am, with a perfect Eſteem " and Reſpect,

Yours, &c.

Upon

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Upon Mr. *Collins*'s Return to Town, 1703, after paying the Visit mentioned in the foregoing Letter, Mr. *Locke* returns him the following Acknowledgment.

I owe you my Thanks, for the greatest Favour I can receive, the Confirmation of your Friendship, by the Visit I lately received from you.——*In some other Letters he thus expresses himself.*

There is one Mr. *Collins*, with whom if I desire to live upon equal Terms, it is not that I forget how much he is superior to me in many Things, wherein he will always have the Precedency.——You make my Life, since I have had *your* Friendship, much more valuable to me than it was before.—Tho' my Friendship be of very little Value or Use, yet being the best Thing I have to give, I shall not forwardly bestow it, where I do not think there is Worth and Sincerity: And therefore, pray pardon me the Forwardness wherewith I throw my Arms about your Neck; and holding you so, tell you, you must not hope, by any Thing that looks like Compliment, to keep one at a civiller and more fashionable Distance. —Yours of the 16th Instant * makes me love and value you, if it were possible, more than I did before; you having therein,

* Of *Feb.* 1703-4

in, in ſhort, ſo well deſcribed, wherein the Happineſs of a rational Creature in this World conſiſts; Tho' there are very few who make any other Uſe of their half-employed and undervalued Reaſon, but to bandy againſt it. 'Tis well, as you obſerve, that they agree as ill with one another, as they do with common Senſe. For when by the Influence of ſome prevailing Head, they all lean one Way; Truth is ſure to be borne down, and there is nothing ſo dangerous, as to make any Enquiry after her; and to own her, for her own ſake, is the moſt unpardonable Crime.——'Tis no ſmall Advantage to me to have found ſuch a Friend, at the laſt Scene of my Life; when I am good for nothing, and am grown ſo uſeleſs, that I cannot but be ſure, that in every good Office you do me, you can propoſe to your ſelf no other Advantage, but the Pleaſure of doing it.* ——Give me leave to deſire you, to beſtow ſome of your ſpare Hours on the *Epiſtles to the Corinthians*,† and to try whether you can find them intelligible or no.—— If I regret my old Age, it is you that make me, and calls me back to the World juſt as I was leaving of it, and leaving it as a Place that had very little valuable in it: But who

* Letter of 19. *March* 1704.

† Mr. *Locke's* Paraph. on thoſe Epiſtles.

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who would not be glad to ſpend ſome Years with you? —— He that has any thing to do with you, muſt own, that Friendſhip is the natural Product of your Conſtitution, and your Soul, a noble Soil, is enriched with the *two* moſt valuable Qualities of human Nature, *Truth* and *Friendſhip*. What a Treaſure have I then in ſuch a Friend, with whom I can converſe, and be enlightened about the higheſt Speculations!

Souls, Sir *Berkeley*, endowed like Mr. *Locke*'s, Mr. *Collin*'s, or *your own*, were made to converſe with each other only, far very far, removed from the Inſolence of Prieſts or the Pedantry of Schools! ſuch ſtoical Apathy as they *were*, and you *are* poſſeſſed with, put Mr. *Addiſon* upon leaving us this perpetual Memento in his *Campaign*.

Great Souls by Inſtinct, to each other turn,
Demand Alliance, and for Friendſhip burn.
Rais'd of themſelves, their genuine Charms they boaſt.
And thoſe who paint them trueſt, *praiſe them* moſt.

Theſe Characteriſtics given of Mr. *Collins*, by Mr. *Locke*, will ſurely make every *little*, or indeed the *greateſt* Canonical Pedagogue, dread to attack the Memory of our

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our dear Friend, especially when they find the Esteem he had for him reached even beyond the Grave;* and with which Testimonial I shall close what I have to offer on this Head for the present.

" The Knowledge I have of your Vir-
" tue of all Kinds, secures the Trust,
" which, by your Permission, I have
" placed in you:† — May you live long
" and happy, in the Enjoyment of Health,
" Freedom, Content, and all those Bles-
" sings which Providence has bestowed on
" you, and your Virtue intitles you to. I
" know you loved me *Living*, and will
" preserve my Memory, now I am *Dead*.
" All the Use to be made of it, is, That
" *this Life* is a *Scene of Vanity, that soon*
" *passes away*; *and affords no solid Satis-*
" *faction, but in the Consciousness of doing*
" *well, and in the Hopes of another Life.*
" This is what *I* can say, upon *Experience*;
" and what *You* will find to be *true*, when
" *You* come to *make up the Account*. Adieu.
" I leave my best Wishes with you.

JOHN LOCKE.

I am Sir *Berkeley Lucy*'s most Obedient, Humble Servant, *E. C.*

* See Mr. *Locke*'s Pieces, 8vo. p. 328, 329, where is a Letter thus Superscribed by Mr. *Locke*, For *Anthony Collins*, Esq; to be deliver'd to him after my Decease.

† The Trust here referred to, was the Guardianship of a young Gentleman.

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A

LETTER

To Mr. P***

REJOICE with me, my Friend, there is Probability of mine Advancement, this is the Reign of Expectancy. Never, if not now, ſhall I become conſiderable: Places of National and mighty Truſt, are given to thoſe the World will truſt no longer. Emulous of the *Roman* Simplicity, our Nobility, like ſo many CINCINNATUS's, ſeem to be taken from the Plough; our Clergy, repreſenting the Mechanic Piſcatory Founders of Chriſtianity, are Men of mean Deſcent, and altogether as eminent for their Ignorance. But as the uninterrupted Succeſſion of their Apoſtleſhip is moſt undeniable, the Lord inſpire theſe with thoſe. *Saul* from a Tender

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der of his Father's ASSES, became a tender Father to the People *Iſrael*, and left his former Care. *Cæſar* too was called to be a King, but he retained his ASSES; ſome he made Judges, ſome Biſhops, and ſome Ambaſſadors, which occaſioned the Scoffers to ſay, that *Cæſar* only wore the *Lion*'s Skin. What led me, I believe, to this Subject, was the hearing of Papers now crying about the Streets, intitled, *The Congreſs of Aſſes*; which naturally brought to my Remembrance, many Folks and Occurrences, both at Home and Abroad. We have a Poet Laureat here, Thanks to my Lord Chamberlain, now grown old, who is twice a-Year brought forth to be kicked at by his Brethren.

The Heels of ev'ry Aſs *ſalute* old C——

If Dean *B* —— or Doctor *S*—— pride themſelves too highly on the Linguoſe Faculty, may not the Ass of *Balaam* ſerve for their Reproof, as well as he did for that of his Maſter. Nothing ſeems to me more unjuſt, than the Contempt which is offered to this noble ANIMAL by the Vulgar, who miſtake his ſolemn Majeſty for Dullneſs. Should this Epiſtle ever appear in Public, as I hope it never will, I am ſenſible it would be thought an inſinuating Artifice

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Artifice of mine, to get a Place at Court, or recommend myſelf to Somebody in Power; whereas, I have no ſuch Intention, I aſſure you, but ſhall diſintereſtedly, and without Flattery, as far as I am able, take away part of the Burden from the Back of this generous Beaſt: For, What is heavier than an ill Name? in doing which, I have only imitated the renowned *Osborn's* and *Walſingham's* of theſe our Times, whoſe Labours I muſt acknowledge to be as far ſuperior to mine, as they are more difficult: But to proceed; ASSES formerly were not contemptible, their Names were not made a Reproach; they ſometimes were cloathed in Furs like our Aldermen, and ſometimes in Scarlet, and Cloath of Gold, and King's and Princes uſed to ride upon them. *Midas*, a *Phrygian* Monarch, had himſelf the Ears of an Ass, which was in thoſe Days, held an uncommon Thing. Kings will not, out of brotherly Affection, deſpiſe them, moreover this ſtately Beaſt is not to be prevailed upon by Blows; the venerable Diſpenſers of our Laws are not endowed with more Gravity; all the Holy-gifted ones, ſhould reſpect him as an Elder, and one of themſelves; for he once ſpoke by the ſame Divine Power, they would be thought to ſpeak by: Beſides, he has that in him, which is well Worthy of their

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their Imitation, I mean his *Patience*. Both Sacred and Profane Hiſtory have emblematized Strength and Heroiſm by the Ass, than which, nothing can be more natural, noble, beautiful, or juſt. *Jacob*, when he bleſſes his Sons, ſays, Iſſachar *is a ſtrong* Ass, *crouching down between two Burdens*. And *Homer*, in the Eleventh Book of the *Iliad*, compares *Ajax*, making a noble Retreat, to one of theſe *Animals* forcing his Way into a Field of Corn, there ſatisfying his Hunger, and then retiring with a tardy ſullen Intrepidity, Maugre the Oppoſition of a Troop of Boys,

Whoſe ratt'ling Strokes reſound upon his Sides.

Had I nothing elſe to offer in their Behalf, the above-mentioned Inſtances are ſufficient to abate all Ridicule, and draw Reſpect from the viperous Tongue of Calumny itſelf.

But farther, the moſt eminent Poets, Orators, Hiſtorians and Naturaliſts, have not thought it beneath them to treat of the Ass, either in Metaphor, Simile, or Deſcription Narrative. *Pliny Lib.* 11. *Cap.* 37. gives large Account of him, deſcribes his Nature, Paſſions, *&c.* and ſhews us what Judgment we are to form of the pricking-up, and what from the limber and half-erected Poſition of his Ears. *Virgil* mentions him but ſparingly. *Horace* more frequent, the

Thirteenth

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Thirteenth Epiſtle of his Firſt Book, is wrote *Ad Vinnium Aſellum*, whom he banters on his *Name*. He was to preſent *Horace*'s Poems to *Auguſtus*, who deſires, *if they are too burthenſome to him, that he will caſt them away, and not bear them like Panniers, to be laugh'd at, and get the Surname of* Ass, *becauſe his Paternal one was* ASELLA. *Cicero* ſpeaks of one *Aſellius Sempronius*, an Hiſtorian, by which we know this Name to have been conſiderable with the *Romans*. There are likewiſe *two* Stars in *Cancer*, called the ASELLI; and *Silenus*, the Foſter-Father of *Bacchus*, according to *Ovid*, was always mounted upon an Ass. I ſhall here repeat ſomething truly Poetical, ſpoken of the Ass in our own Language, not inferior to any thing of the Ancients. It is taken from the DUNCIAD, where no leſs than a Goddeſs proclaims ſeveral Sorts of Games, and promiſes a Drum to him of all her Favourites, who ſhall out-voice the Ass.

And his this Drum, *whoſe hoarſe Heroic Baſe,*
Drowns the loud Clarion of the braying Ass.

Firſt having encouraged her Children, they begin the Sports; the Goddeſs thus giving the Word of Command,

Sound forth my Brayers, and the Welkin rend.

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As when the long-ear'd, milky Mothers wait,
At ſome ſick Miſer's triple-bolted Gate,
For their defrauded, abſent Foals, they make
A Moan ſo loud, that all the Guild awake.
Sore ſighs Sir *Gilbert*, ſtarting at the Bray,
From Dreams of Millions, and three Groats to pay:
So ſwells each Wind-pipe, *Aſs* intones to *Aſs*,
Harmonic Twang, of Leather, Horn, and Braſs:
Such as from lab'ring Lungs, th' Enthuſiaſt blows,
High Sounds attempted to the vocal Noſe;
But far o'er all Sonorous *Blackmore*'s ſtrain,
Walls, Steeples, Skies, bray back to him again.
In *Tot'nham-Fields*, the Brethren in amaze,
Prick all their Ears up, and forget to graze.
Long *Chanc'ry-Lane*, retentive rolls the Sound,
And Courts to Courts, return it round and round.
Thames wafts it thence to *Rufus*' roaring Hall,
And *Hungerford* re-echoes Bawl for Bawl.

Scarce

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Scarce do I know whether the Ass is more indebted to the Poet for this excellent Description of him, or the Poet to the Ass, for those Qualifications of his, which were the Occasion of it: But certain I am, that every Language is enriched with many terse Sayings, Proverbs and Sentences, drawn from the known Qualities of this Quadrupede, *fait en dos d'Asne*, signifies any Thing done with Cunning. *Asinus Antronius* is a Lob-Cock. *Asinus ad Lyram*, and Ὄνος λύρας ἄχαρις in the Greek, are Proverbs which seem to reflect upon the Ass for his Unskilfulness in Music; whereas the contrary is manifest, for this Animal pays an extraordinary Attention to every sort of Wind-Music, as may be easily discover'd by the pricking-up of his Ears, his simpering Gesture, his frolic Spurning of the Heels, attended by the Clangor of his own Pipe, with a seeming Desire to bear a Part. It is most unquestionable, that he has the Advantage of all other Beasts, the Sounds he utters being more articulate: And many learned Critics agree, that no living Pipe so nearly resembles the Hautboy, Bagpipe, or that more admired new-invented Water-Music, the French-Horn; the Performers upon which Instruments, if he does

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not excel every body, will readily allow, it is not for want of *Ear*.

Sir *Richard Blackmore* was ſneered at by the Critics; but what will not Critics ſneer, for applying the Word *Bray* to the Sound of Armour, War, *&c.* which muſt needs have been right in him; for if the Hero himſelf is juſtly likened to an Ass, there is, as it were, a Chain of Propriety, in comparing the Noiſe of Arms and Clangor of the Battle, to Braying: * There are others alſo, who reflect upon the Ass for his Ears, which is whimſical indeed; and I doubt not but that this Clamour proceeds from thoſe only who have loſt their Own. While I treat of this Subject, methinks I feel ſome of that Aſſiſtance which the Poets ſo often call for; I am hurried away, a Flood of Fire pours itſelf upon me, Nature is overpower'd violently. Thou, O Art, aſſiſt me to reſtrain her Force, lo! I again ſubſide, ſteady is my Seat, and tight my Rein. How copious is the Theme I handle! ſurely

* *Vide Milton, lib.* 6. *lin.* 209.

——Arms on Armour claſhing bray'd,
Horrible Diſcord——

Sir *Richard*, we ſee, was but a later Copieſt of this Beauty; he, it ſeems, ſtole it from *Milton*, who ſtole it from *Homer*, who ſtole it from the Ancients, his Predeceſſors, who copied from Nature.

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ly the World could not contain the Volumes which might be wrote upon it! What I can ſay is nothing, it would not be eſteemed as a Sentence in the great Folio: twelve Books, each twelve Times bigger than Doomſ-Day-Book, are to be wrote ſolely upon the Milk of this Animal. It is Mother's Milk to half the Nation. It is the Kettle of *Medæa*, the Waters of *Aganippe*; to this is owing our remarkable Progreſs in the liberal Sciences and polite Literature; to this is owing the Politics ſo nobly defended by *Walſingham* and *Osborne*; to this is owing the Hiſtories of the *Burnets*, the *Cookes*, and the *Oldmixons*, the Divinity of the *Henleys* and the *Foſters*, the Phyſic of the *Miſſaubins* and the *Wards*, the Poetry of the *Fieldings* and the *Savages*: And to this is owing theſe my Labours. To this alſo, but whether am I going, thoſe of our Party already mention'd, are ſufficient. How greatly have they laboured to be thought Aſſes, and how greatly have they ſucceeded—Here I muſt take Notice of a remarkable Inſtance of the Ass's Principles, if that Expreſſion may be permitted me, when our immortal Deliverer landed at *Torbay*, the vociferous Acclamation of a congregated Drove was heard by Multitudes of his Followers; and if I am not miſinformed, the famous Dr. *Burnet* aſſured them,

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it was a happy Omen; and I doubt not, but that upon the Publication of the ſecond Volume of his Hiſtory, we ſhall find that he, after his uſual pious Manner, has diſcover'd Providence to be eminently intereſted in favour of that Undertaking, from the Declaration theſe Animals made as a ſort of joining with their own Party.

I have already exceeded the Limits of a Letter, and ſhall conclude, after I have interpreted two Fables, famous for their Antiquity.

Firſt, *Oenus*, a Rope-maker in Hell, had an Aſs always ſtanding by him, who as faſt as he twiſted the Cord, bit it aſunder; his Labour was thereby rendered abortive, eternally renewed, eternally fruſtrated.

Oenus reſembles thoſe helliſh Miniſters, who thro' their evil Counſels make Ropes to bind the People in Slavery. By the Aſs is meant the honeſt Patriot, who, ever watchful for the public Safety, deſtroys his Schemes, diſcovers his Deſigns, drives him to invent new Miſchief, which he ſtill renders ineffectual by his Vigilance.

Secondly, An Aſs being honoured with carrying on his Back the Statue of *Iſis*, the People bowed, fell on their Knees, and worſhipped the Goddeſs: The Aſs thinking his Merit to be the Cauſe of their Adoration, grew inſolent and proud:

But

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But when he was unloaded, they convinced him by Blows, it was not him they reſpected.

By the Ass you are to underſtand, all ſuch as have Places at Court; what Reſpect they meet with, is not paid to them, but to their Office; from which, when they are once diſcarded, every Man carries a Cudgel, which will convince them of the Truth of what I ſay. I am, my dear Friend, in all Shapes, comforted with Hopes and Expectations,

Yours, &c.

PHILO-A—S.

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LOVE LETTERS

BY

Mrs. MANLEY.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS small Packet of Letters, tho' written under the Fatigue of Travelling, is a delightful Proof of the true Taste both of the Thoughts and Sense of their inimitable Author. All who had the Happiness of her Conversation, were soon convinced how free she was from the general Frailties of her Sex; what a Nobleness and Generosity of Temper she possessed; how distant her Views from the least Appearance of Self-Interest, or mean Design! How often have I heard her compassionately regretting the Miseries of Mankind, and never her own, but when they prevented her extensive Charity to Others!

Never was she Vindictive against the most inveterate Enemy; the innate Softness of her Soul, rendered her Deportment equally obliging to Friends and Foes, and never did she resent but with the strictest Justice.

A Jour-

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A Journey to Exeter *was undertaken by her (on account of a Law-Suit) in the Year* 1694, *and two Years afterwards, these Letters were made public, without her Leave, by* J. H. * *Esq; so highly was she disgusted at this ungenerous Treatment, that she caused them to be suppressed.*

The Copy from which this Edition is re-printed, I received from her own Hands, near twenty Years ago, with this positive Injunction, That it should never more see the Light, till the Thread of her Life was cut.

E. C.

* *James Hargrave,* late of the *Middle Temple,* Esq;

LET-

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LETTER I.

EGHAM,
St. *John Baptiſt*,
1694.

I Am got, as they tell me, ſixteen Miles from You and *London*; but, I cannot help fancying, it is ſo many Degrees. Tho' *Midſummer* to All beſides, in my Breaſt there is nothing but frozen Imaginations. The Reſolutions I have taken of quitting *London* (which is, as much as to ſay, the World) for *ever*, ſtarts back, and aſks my gayer Part if it has well weighed the Senſe of *Ever?* Nor does your Letter, which I received this Morning, taking Coach, leſs influence me, than when I firſt formed the Deſign. You ſhould have uſed but half theſe Arguments, and they had undoubtedly prevailed. It is of the lateſt now to aſk me why I leave the *crouded* Market, and retire to ſtarve *alone* in Solitude? Whereas you quote the Poet.

All

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All your Beauty no more Light will have,
Than a Sun-Dial in a Grave.

I am too much afraid Sloth and Sadneſs are going to be my Eternal Companions; and you know my Soul is unfitted for ſuch Gueſts, till upon the Road to Execution; I fancied —— Dying to the World. *Horace*, *Cowley*, all thoſe Illuſtrious Lovers of Solitude, debauch'd my Opinion, againſt my Reaſon; and I took Coach with Mr. *Granville*'s * Words in my Mouth,

Place me, ye Gods, in ſome obſcure Retreat:
O! keep Me Innocent, make Others Great.
In quiet Shades, content with Rural Sports,
Give Me a Life, remote from guilty Courts:
Where free from Hopes and Fears, at humble Eaſe,
Unheard of I may Live, and Die in Peace.

Yet you ſee how great a Change two Hours has produced: All my Conſtancy is not Proof againſt the Thought that I am going to have no Lover but myſelf for ever. The green inviting Graſs (upon which I promiſed to paſs many pleaſing ſolitary Hours)

* Late Lord *Lanſdowne*.

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Hours) ſeems not at all entertaining: The Trees, with all their blooming, ſpreading Beauties, appear the worſt ſort of Canopy; becauſe, where I am going, they can offer their Shade to none but Solitary Me. But it is not reaſonable my Dulneſs ſhould extend to You, who have every thing in your Nature juſt and pleaſing. You aſked, and I eagerly engaged (becauſe you deſired me) to give an Account of myſelf and Travels, every Stage. I have not forgot, when I told you it was too often, how you anſwered, *Not for a Mind ſo fruitful as mine in Variety of Inconſtant Thoughts.* You find at preſent, they run all upon melancholy Apprehenſions, which have ſo wholly poſſeſſed me, I have not had Time to obſerve my wretched Fellow-Travellers, only a pert *Sir* in the Company, that will make himſelf be taken notice of by his Dullneſs.

They moſt unmercifully ſet us to Dinner at Ten o' Clock, upon a great Leg of *Mutton.* It is the Cuſtom of theſe Dining Stages, to prepare one Day *Beef*, and another our *preſent Fare:* It is ready againſt the Coach comes; and tho' you ſhould have a perfect Antipathy, there is no Remedy but Faſting: The Coachman begs your Pardon; he would not ſtay dreſſing a Dinner for the *King*, (God bleſs him) ſhould he travel in his Coach. I have left the

the Limb of the *Sheep* to the Mercy of my Companions, (whoſe Stomachs are, thus early, prepared for any Digeſtion) to tell you, with what unfeigned Reſpect I ſhall be ever

Your True, and

Faithful Servant,

D. MANLEY. *

* This Lady was born at Sea, between *Jerſey* and *Guernſey* and chriſtened by the Name of *De la Riviere Manley*. She wrote theſe Letters to her Nameſake and Kinſman, *John Manley*, Eſq; they fully expreſs *what kind of Eſteem* ſhe had for him.

The Life of Mrs. *Manley*, written by herſelf, is printed for Mr. *Curll*.

LET-

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LETTER II.

I Am got safe to *Hartley-Row*, and in a little better Humour than when I wrote my last. Our Landlord is a perfect Beau, and most exquisitely performs the Honours of his House. I am in pain for his Assiduity: I cannot fetch a Step, no not to the Window, from the Table, &c. but he is Squiring me; and so dressed, and so conceited, that nothing but serving a loose Apprenticeship, could have set him up a Master in the Trade of Foppery. He was a *Goldsmith*'s 'Prentice, where he studied more his Pleasures, than Profit. This House fell to him, and he wisely resolved to keep it himself, with the Help of his Sister, who is a neat, housewifely, obliging sort of Woman. I suppose it is, by much, the best Entertainment this Road affords. They have a tolerable Cook; and I was glad to find something I could eat at Three o'Clock, for we came in here at Two, and I can give you a little better Account of my Fellow-Travellers. The *Sir*, I spoke of,

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of, is a Baronet's Son, as he has carefully given me to understand: I take it for granted, he *likes* me, and would have me do the *same* by him. As he came in, he put off his Travelling Suit, for a Coat and Vest, designed to dazzle the Curate and all his Congregation. The Way I took to mortify his Foppery, was, not to speak a Word of the Change; which made him extream uneasy: At length, out of all Patience, he desired my Opinion, if his Taylor had used him well? What the Brocade was worth a Yard? How many Ounces of Silver-Fringe? And recommended to my Curiosity the exquisite Workmanship of the Loops; and then gave me the Sum Total of his Cost. I answered him, That Finery was lost upon me; I neither was, nor pretended to be a Judge. He pertly answered, He perceived by my Sullenness, that I had a great deal of Wit; tho' I understood he had but little by his Remark. Well, all this did not do: He would fain have had me enquired into his Family, Intrigues, and Fortune; which when he perceived I had no Curiosity for, 'Faith Madam, *(says he)* I beg your Ladyship's Opinion, if I am not the most unfortunate Man breathing: I'll tell you a very mortifying Adventure. Nay, you must hear me. I vow, this Indifferency does not look natural to you; your

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your Eyes promiſe us much more Fire. *I'll ſhut 'em, thought I, for ever, rather than ſuch a Fop ſhall find any thing to like them for.* What! no Anſwer, Madam, (*ſays he*) I perceive your Attention by your Silence. 'Gad, I love a Perſon of your Breeding, that know themſelves better than to interrupt a good Story. Perhaps Madam is not well with her Journey, *anſwered Mrs.* Mayoreſs *of* Totneſs. Alas! I wonder Riding in the Coach ſhould not have got you a better Stomach. Poor Gentlewoman, ſhe has ſcarce eat any thing. I'll recompence that by a Feaſt of the Mind, *anſwered my Fop.* How ſay you, Madam, ſhall I begin the *Regalio?* I had as good conſent, *quoth I:* With or without my Leave, I ſee you are reſolv'd upon it. Well then, Madam, *ſays he,* ſince you are diſpoſed to be delighted, I'll about it inſtantly.

It happened at *Oxford* three Months ago (where I often came, my Father's Eſtate being not far diſtant) I ſaw a Lady, and fell in Love with her; ay Gad, Madam, downright in Love with her. She was a Perſon genteely bred, and had ſeen the *Beau-Monde,* made the *Tour* of all the Places of Gallantry, ſhined in the Drawing-Room, languiſhed in the Boxes, adorned the Park; in a Word, was all a Man of my Circumſtances could

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could desire in one he was resolved to make an Oblation of his Heart to. But as her Honour was my Care, and not marrying my Design, I searched for a dexterous Pretence to visit, and be happy. I took Mr. *Slye* with me, a Gentleman of the Town, who had a Wife: To give you the Character of my Friend, He was naturally amorous, had a handsome Person, and Strains of natural Wit beyond whatever I saw in the most Acquired; and your Ladyship must allow me to be a Judge of Wit, by so dexterously finding out yours, maugre your Silence. I bowed for this extraordinary Compliment; and thought I could not more agreeably return it, than by continuing my Silence; and as the Poet has it, *left him to his dear Mistake.* Mr. *Slye*, continued he, was to propose a Marriage between me and my Lady *Conquest*, to the old People her Relations, whom she was just come to live with: But as soon as he saw her, if I was her First *Oxford* Victim, he was certainly the Second; and, as I found, presently took with her. She had a very fine Hand, which Mr. *Slye*, according to the Country Liberty, kissed; and then, with *Cleveland*, said,

So soft, 'tis Air but once remov'd;
Tender, as 'twere a Jelly Glov'd.

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She gave him a Look, which seemed to say, she wondered in that Place at such a Piece of Gallantry; and then pursuing with her Wit the Victory of her Eyes, charm'd my Friend to that Degree, that he told me, he must enjoy her, or die. *'Gad, Madam, was not this a very odd Turn? I carried him to speak for me; and he comes to make me the Confidant of his Designs?* We agreed then, as Friends should, to keep our mutual Confidence secret from her, and to endeavour each of us to make himself happy, and faithfully to relate the Progress of our Amours. But because the Country is much given to Tatling, the Pretensions of Marriage went on. Lady *Conquest* was Airy and Coquet; loved Company and Gallantry, if they could be purchased with Safety: But she knew so well how to manage every body, that none durst speak to her, more than she had a mind to hear. I was one of the awed Fools. *'Gad! would you believe, Madam, that Love could make so great an Ass of a Man of my Understanding?* And yet it was not altogether that neither, my Pride was concerned; I was resolv'd not to serve for her Diversion, till I was sure she was consenting to be mine; but could no more keep out of her Company, than I could hang myself. I desired her to walk: She consented, with a

Crony

Crony she picked up, upon Condition I would engage Mr. *Slye* of the Party. I was jealous, but to no Purpose; either my Rival's Company, or not my Mistress's. *Slye* pretended Fear of his Wife, that he durst not appear in public with any other Woman; for she already began to have Apprehensions of my Lady *Conquest*, whose Way of Living was remote to those of Country-Gentlewomens; and therefore he was resolved to think no more of her; tho' infinitely pleasing to him; for his Fortune depended, in a great measure, upon his Wife's Mother. I came back with this doleful News to Lady *Conquest*. *Go tell him*, answered she, *he who has pretended to love me, should fear nothing more than not being beloved; and that I command him to meet us at the appointed Place.* I ran, like a Fool, to do her Message, which I believed Raillery, because she ought to have been more cautious of a married Man's Love, if serious. *Slye* wanted but Intreaty: He consented, and we met, but not to my Comfort; tho' the Expence was mine, he had the Profit: She was not easy unless he sat nigh her; she talked to him, stared at him, did every thing to shew she was pleased; whilst I, by a Notion of Pride, would pretend nothing, for fear I should not have all: *For 'Gad, Madam, I do not love being baulked thus.* Several Times we met, but all

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as little to the Purpoſe. Undoubtedly, ſhe ſaw I loved her, but would not ſee, becauſe I was of Uſe in her Affair with *Slye*. The whole Town talked of our approaching Wedding, and I began to be Fool enough to reſolve on it, thro' *Slye*'s Perſuaſion, who continually extolled her Honour and Virtue, and tickled my Pride with the News of her Love; but that ſhe wanted a Declaration from me, before I could expect a Confeſſion from her. I told him, I would think on it; and ſo we parted. That Night (as Chance would have it) I paſſed along by the Houſe where ſhe lived, and I found the Gate open: I know not what Devil of Curioſity carried me in; and when in, to go to her Chamber: I did both unſeen, and concealed myſelf behind the Bed, which I ſaw fitted for Night. I reſolved to wait till ſhe ſhould be in Bed, and then to take Advantage of her Woman's Abſence, (who lay in the Anti-Chamber) and there to declare my Love, and offer her Marriage. Long I had not waited, *(tho' 'Gad, Madam, I was very impatient, and thought every Minute Seven)* when the charming Fair came from her Dreſſing-Room, with nothing on but her Night-Gown and Slippers, which were ſoon thrown off, and the Goddeſs appeared more beauteous than the naked Queen of Love. The happy Bed ſoon received her; and

and ſhe cryed, *Haſte, and bring my Lover to me.* At theſe Words her Woman went into the Anti-Chamber, and returned ſoftly with *Slye*; who flew to her Arms, ſighed, kiſſed, and died there.— *Imagine my Surprize!* 'Twas ſo great I could not in a long time ſhew myſelf to interrupt 'em: At length, ſeeing him undreſs for Bed, 'Gad, Madam, my Patience was quite expired; *Traytor*, ſays I, ſhewing myſelf, *Is it thus thou preſerveſt thy feigned Duty to thy Wife?* I laid my Hand upon my Sword, and he did the like on his; and we had certainly drawn, had not the Amorous Fair thrown herſelf out of Bed between us, and conjured us on her Knees to make no Noiſe, elſe ſhe was loſt for ever. I raiſed her naked Beauties, and carried them whence they came, but complained at my hard Fortune, which had made me the Inſtrument of my own Ruin. She ſaw I was extreamly touched at it, and after her Shame and Surprize was a little over, *You have no Reaſon, Sir*, (ſaid ſhe) *to complain of me: I could have no Engagements with a Man who never pretended to love me. Tho' you have given me the Glory of refuſing you as a Huſband (in the Eyes of the Town) it could not but nettle me, to know there was nothing ſerious on your Side, but done like a Gentleman, to ſecure my Reputation amongſt ill-bred*

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Fools, who know not the Charms of Converſation, and will not permit it (without Cenſure) to thoſe that do. But 'Gad, Madam, (anſwered I) *your Ladyſhip is not ſo dull, but to know I loved you: All my Aſſiduities, Uneaſineſs, Sighs, and Ogleings, muſt have informed you. Our Sex dares hardly believe yours* (ſhe replied) *when you take Pains to ſpeak: And ſure it were an unpardonable Vanity to draw ſuch Conſequences without it. Theſe Circumſtances you pretend, I have found common to all Gentlemen: Therefore muſt I conclude the whole World is in Love with me; and deny myſelf thoſe who tell me they are my Servants, for the vain Imagination that another is ſilently ſo? 'Gad, Madam,* (anſwered I) *I cannot poſſibly forgive the Preference of a dull, ſilly, ſober, married Man, to an airy, well-dreſſed, young, amorous One. I will be gone to* London *by Break of Day, for fear I ſhould not conceal my Reſentments, and ſo injure your Ladyſhip irreparably: For 'Gad, Madam, I muſt repeat again, you were to blame to ſlight all the Pains I took to breed you for nobler Game.* This laſt, I confeſs, broke my ſplenetic Silence, and I could not hold laughing heartily; which amply paid my Squire for the Pains he had taken in his Relation. He concluded it with telling me his Journey to *London,* and ſhort Stay there, only to accouter;

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couter; his Deſign of viſiting a Lady-Siſter, married into *Devonſhire:* And cloſed with Lauds to his good Fortune, that had thrown him into a Coach with a Lady of my Charms and Senſe, to whom he had ſacrificed the Relicks of Lady *Conqueſt* the firſt Minute that he ſaw me. I anſwered him, That I found Experience had made him reſolve againſt loſing a Second Miſtreſs for want of ſpeaking. He had Manners ſufficient (or rather Conſcience) to think he had given me enough of his *Beau*-ſelf for one Day, and withdrew.

I could not forbear, late as it was, ſending you an Account: If you laugh in your Turn, I am paid for my Pains, as well as the Squire. It is now paſt Eleven, and they will call us by Two: Good Night; I am going to try if I can drown in Sleep that which moſt ſenſibly affects me, the cruel Separation we have ſo lately ſuffered.

D. M.

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LETTER III.

DO not you think I am more conſtant than your Friendſhip could hope, or mine pretend to? I think it a great Proof of it, amidſt the Fatigues of a Weſt-Country Journey, to give you thus duly an Account of my inſignificant ſelf, and Travels. We parted from *Hartley-Row* at Three this Morning, thro' a Croud of Beggars who watch our Coach for Alms; and will never leave it unbleſſed. Hence my *Beau* took Occaſion of *Simile*; bid me to obſerve how wakeful thoſe Wretches were for ſmall Charities, that he would do the like, in hopes of greater; and that my divine Idea had ſo filled his Sight, he could not reſolve to let Sleep intrude, for fear of ſhutting me out. I perceived he took Pains to be thought uneaſy, and I have more good Manners than to diſappoint him. Mrs. *Mayareſs*, now ſhe is acquainted, has all the low, diſagreeable Familiarity of People of her Rank. She entertained us all the Morning with a ſorry Love-buſineſs about

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about her Second Huſband; Stuff ſo impertinent, I remember nothing of it. *Beau* continues in his Aſſiduities: I think none was ever ſo plagued with dying Eyes; his are continually in that Poſture, and my Oppoſites, that I am forced to take a good deal of Pains to avoid them. The two other Fellow-Travellers were never ſo promoted before, and are much troubled their Journey is to laſt no longer, and wiſh the four Days four Months. I hope every Jolt will ſquaſh their Guts, and give them enough of it: But they are Proof againſt any ſuch Diſaſters, and hugely delighted with what they are pleaſed to call *Riding in State.* After this ridiculous Account, you need not doubt but I am thoroughly mortified. The *Trouts* are juſt brought upon the Table, which are the only good Thing here; they look inviting, and will not ſtay for cooling Compliments. I hope Time will ſhew none, to ſay,

I am unalterably yours,

D. M.

SUTTON,
25 June.

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LETTER IV.

I Cannot give myſelf any Reaſon why theſe Coach-men are ſuch unreaſonable Rogues: They make us riſe at Two in the Morning, to bring us into our Inn at the ſame Hour in the Afternoon. After we were repoſed a little, *Beau* ſhined again (as Yeſterday) and waited upon me to Evening-Prayers. I need ſay nothing to you of *Salisbury* Cathedral: If in a foreign Country, as the LADY in her *Letters* of *Spain*, * I could entertain you with a noble Deſcription; but you have either ſeen, or may ſee it; and ſo I will ſpare my Architecture. There are abundance of pretty, innocent-looked Women, genteel enough; but I have loſt my Heart to a handſome Churchman. I never thought before that Dreſs was tolerable; but ſo wore, it ſeems a mighty Ornament. He was placed behind me; but I turned my Devotion, and kneeled to him, imagining him no leſs than (as in Antique Days) ſome High

* The Counteſs D'*Annois*'s Travels into *Spain*.

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High Prieſt of the Sun. The Canon gave me Cauſe to think he had dined too well, and was obliged to his Snuff, more than Religion, for keeping him awake. Well, Devotion done, I was forced to break up mine, and leave him without a Knowledge of his Conqueſt. As we were walking to our Inn, I aſked *Beau* what we ſhould do to paſs the next Day without being very weary of each other, for *Sunday* does not permit Travelling. He (you may be ſure) did not fail to tell me, he could never be weary of me, tho' (himſelf) expiring by my Sight and Cruelty. I waved his Compliment, and told him my Deſign of engaging the People in the *Exeter* Coach (if they ſeemed worth it) to live with us for the Time. When we returned, we were told it was not yet come in, occaſioned by the breaking of the Axle-tree five Miles off; but that a Fellow was gone to mend it, and they were expected every Moment. My Chamber-Window anſwered the Court; I roſe to it at the Noiſe of the Coach, and preſently ſaw alight, a tall, bluſtering, big-bon'd, raw Thing, like an over-grown School-Boy, but conceited above any Thing. He had an Appurtenance, called a *Wife*, whom he ſuffered to get out as well as ſhe could. As long as he had lain by her, he did not think her worth the Civility of his Hand.

She

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She ſeemed a Giant of a Woman, but very fine, with a right Cit's Air. He bluſtered preſently for the beſt Lodging, which he ſaw taken up by her that held the fine Fan before her Face: You may gueſs this was your humble Servant. The Chamberlain told him, it was their Cuſtom, firſt come, firſt ſerved; but that there were very good Chambers beſides. The reſt of the Company were *two* Things that looked pert and aukward; Tradeſmens Daughters I judged them. But methoughts, caſting my Eyes upon a Gentlewoman and her Servant, that came out laſt, I found ſomething pleaſed me; whether it were becauſe ſhe really deſerved it, or that the Stuff ſhe was with ſet her off. I had a Baſin of fine Heart-Cherries before me, juſt come from the Garden: I cauſed them to be brought after me into the Gallery, and deſigned them as a Bait to the Woman whom I was to begin the Acquaintance with; for *Beau* deſigned to ſet up to get a Fortune in *Devonſhire*, and was unwilling to ſhew any Irregularity; and I thought myſelf above their Reflections. The firſt that appeared was the Wife, with a riſing Belly: This ſeemed a good Hint; I offered them to her, not knowing but ſhe might *long*. The Sight (I ſuppoſe) did not diſpleaſe her, for ſhe readily accepted, and eat very greedily. The Genteel-looked

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looked Lady had much to do to be perſuaded. As for the other *two*, they were gone to chuſe a Lodging. We preſently grew acquainted, taking Travellers Liberty, and ſupped together. But, ſhall I tell you! the Wife grew jealous of me. It ſeems, her Temper was ſuch; and her Huſband (no ſmall Man in his Country, though himſelf juſt ſet up in Merchandizing at *London*; his Father, one of the Canons at *Exeter:*) thought he might carry all Hearts before him, as well as the Country-Laſſes. They were come from viſiting their Friends, and returning to their Houſe in *London*. Mrs. *Stanhope* (for that was the Lady's Name whom I liked) told me, I was not to count upon the Conqueſt, for he had given her *Douceurs* all the Way, and made her extream uneaſy, becauſe his Wife appeared to be ſuch. We grew into an Intimacy, and left the Company. My *Beau* was to me faithleſs and inconſtant. One of the aukward little Things I told you of, and who had a tolerable Face, was a Goldſmith's Daughter of *Exeter*, and acquainted with his Lady-Siſter; that began their Acquaintance. She ſeemed free and fond: He took the Hint, and applied himſelf to her; which I was very glad of. Mrs. *Stanhope* went with me to my Chamber; and after much Diſcourſe, offered Friendſhip, and mutual

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mutual Knowledge of each other; she gave me this Account of her last Adventure:

I came now from *Falmouth*, *(says she)* where I have been ever since the Beginning of the Spring, to visit a Brother and his Wife who live there. Until within these six Weeks I saw nothing that pleased me: At last it was a Captain of a Man of War had the Chance; my Brother brought him to his House: And for my Excuse, I must tell you, he is a very pretty, genteel young Gentleman, of a good Family and Education, and in Prospect of coming to very good Fortune. They talked of the Town and Country Beauties: At last, a young Creature was named, whom I had not seen; but the Captain set her before every thing he had. I was concerned at his Opinion, and asked him his of the Duchess of *Grafton?* He gave her due Praise; but yet in his Esteem, this exceeded. I could not but think him extreamly in the Wrong; and was angry when I heard him wish himself a Man of mighty Fortune, to deserve her. He sailed that Night; and after ten Days Cruise, came in again. His first Visit was to me. I asked him if he had seen his Mistress? He said he had none. I remembned him of what he had spoke. He answered, that I had

had taught him better. He continued his Applications, visited me three Times a Day: And because I was still jealous of his Words, I had him watched, and an Account brought of all his Visits. The young Lady's Uncle made a Ball; but because my Brother and he were not well together, there was no Hopes of my being invited; which my Lover very well knew, and therefore said, he would not be there, having received Orders to sail. He took his Leave with transporting Sorrow; and had the Glory to find mine was real. However, I would not lose the Ball, because I desired to see my reputed Rival. I forgot to tell you he had never seen her but once, when he praised her to that Degree; and dexterously told me, a second Sight had undeceived him. I dressed myself like a Farmer's Wife, with a Basket on my Arm; and by the Help of one of the Servants, was placed like a Country Gazer at the Corner of the Room. I needed not to be told my Rival, a thousand dazzling Charms distinguished her; and tho' I looked with jealous Eyes, must acknowledge I never saw any Beauty more perfect. All my Hopes lay in a certain Softness, which did not promise much Wit. In a little Time my Traytor (whom I imagined in the wide Ocean) came to the Ball, danced with

with his Miſtreſs, and was as aſſiduous as ſhe deſerved. I was ſo well pleaſed at the Diſcovery, I ſtayed not for any more, for fear I ſhould not eſcape myſelf. About Midnight he came (for a Minute) to ſee me, and told me he was juſt come aſhore, the Ship under Sail; yet without another Sight, it was impoſſible for him to depart. I confounded him with telling him what had ſo lately paſſed at the Ball: Yet he drew himſelf out of the Embarraſs, and ſaid every thing to make me think he loved me; and we were ſeriouſly treating upon the Affair of Matrimony. I told him he muſt get my Father's Conſent who lived at *London*, where I was going. He begged me to defer my Journey till he came in; which I too readily promiſed; and ſo we parted. I knew my Fortune fairer than my Rival's, and began to be perſuaded I had the better of her. For, what elſe could draw him to addreſs me? When I ſaw him return, it was with mutual Joy: But he was ordered that ſame Night to ſail to *Plymouth*, and did not expect to be back in a Week; therefore we agreed upon my Journey. He ſwore an inviolable Love, and would have contracted himſelf, if I durſt, without my Father's Conſent: He intended to write to his Friends above to aſk it. And thus we once more parted, but not till he had

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had ſeverely exclaimed againſt any Deſigns upon my Rival, before a whole Crew of Town-Goſſips, that I was ſure would tell her. You may conclude we agreed upon Writing. I took my Journey, and ſtayed at an Aunt's Houſe in *Exeter* Ten Days; where I heard that within Four of my Departure, my Lover returned; and in three more was publickly married to my Rival. I wrote to thank him for ridding me of a knaviſh Huſband, wiſhed him Joy, took Coach, and reſolved againſt too eaſily believing any Man again.

The Poſt has juſt brought me a Letter from you: I find you curſe me with the Continuation of *Egham* Uneaſineſs, till I return to (the World in) *London*. Methinks it is unreaſonable to impoſe the continued Slavery of Writing: I aſſure you, I ſhall take Truce with it till at my Journey's End, unleſs ſomething happen worth your Notice. General *Talmaſh*'s Body was brought in here this Evening: His Secretary I am acquainted with, and have ſent to deſire the Favour of his Company To-morrow at Dinner; and if any Thing in his Relation be entertaining, you ſhall not fail of it, from

Your Sincere,

Saturday *Night*, *Faithful Servant,*

from Saliſbury. D. M.

F LET-

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LETTER V.

THE Account of ſo great a Man's Death as General *Talmaſh* * (in the middle of all his Enterprizes, when Fortune ſeemed to promiſe him much greener Laurels than he had yet gathered) has ſo added to my Melancholy, that I will not deſcribe his Misfortune to you, for fear it be contagious; but rather ſuffer you to expect the public Account: For I am one of thoſe that eſteem you more than to make you uneaſy; as I think none can be otherwiſe that hears the Particulars of his Loſs. Something there was extreamly touching.

After this doleful Subject, methinks my *Beau* may juſtly complain I have ſo long a time neglected his moſt ſingular ſelf. We parted this Morning from our *Sunday* Acquaintance. Fop told me (when I gently reproached him for Inconſtancy,) 'Gad, Madam, it is but to make myſelf the newer to

* This fine Gentleman died of his Wounds at *Portſmouth*, which he received in the unfortunate Expedition before *Breſt*, Anno 1694.

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to your Ladyſhip To-morrow. I rather thought it was to keep me ſuch to him. He has given me a Relation of his Succeſs with the Damſel. She treated him (in her Chamber) with *Roſæ Solis*, and what he calls *Sucket*. The reſt he could willingly have acquainted me with, but I recommended Diſcretion in Ladies Affairs; and he (almoſt burſting) is yet forced to be ſilent. How long he will keep ſuch I do not know, for he has often offered at breaking his moſt painful Penance. We have paſſed *Dorcheſter* and *Blandford* To-day, but I found nothing in either Place worth your Notice. The Toils of the Body influence the Mind: I ſuppoſe by my Dullneſs, you find I ſpeak woeful Truths. We are lodged at *Bridgeport*, and very ill; but it is but for a Night. Here is juſt come into the Inn an Acquaintance of *Beau*'s, who promiſes yielding Matter for To-morrow's Letter. This was infected in the Beginning by General *Talmaſh*; and the moſt uneaſy Journey as dully concludes it.

Your ever Conſtant, and

Obliged Servant,

Bridgeport,
June 26.

D. M.

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LETTER VI.

BEAU is now grown ſo *inſipid*, that I ſhall ſay very little of him for the future; and I have Reaſon to believe myſelf *ſuch* to him; for theſe two laſt Evenings (contrary to Cuſtom) he has not redreſſed: The Fatigue which he ſeems more ſenſible of than any of us, has tarniſhed the Luſtre of his Eyes; and inſtead of any farther Ogleing, drowns all his amorous Pretenſions in as profound Sleep as the uneaſy Jolting of the Coach will permit. This is what I can never be ſo happy to gain. But to tell you ſomething of our laſt Night's Entertainment: Whilſt Supper was getting ready, the Gentleman I told you of, at *Beau*'s Intreaty, gave us an Account of what Affairs were carrying him to *London:* The ſhort of it is this,

Your Ladyſhip *(ſays he)* may ſoon perceive by my Accent, that I am a Foreigner. I had the Glory of following the Prince of *Orange* (now our auſpicious King) in his Expe-

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Expedition into *England.* We landed in the Weſt, with all thoſe Particulars, which are needleſs to repeat. During our Stay at *Exeter*, I rendered my conſtant Devotion at the Cathedral; and in coming thence one Evening, an old Woman (with a Look as mean as a Beggar) preſented me a Letter; which when I had opened, I found from an Unknown, who ſtiled himſelf my Friend, and gave me this Advice, that a Lady of good Country-Quality and Fortune (and who was then in *Exeter)* was going to be diſpoſed of by her Mother to a Man ſhe no way affected: But that ſhe had been heard to ſay, *If the handſome* Switzer *were in his Place, ſhe ſhould obey without Reluctancy.* And concluded the Letter with giving me Advice, like a good Friend, to improve my growing Fortune; for ſo conſiderable an one as Twelve Thouſand Pounds was not every Day thrown into a Soldier's Lap. I had forgot to tell your Ladyſhip the Letter was writ in *French*, the Lady's Name, and Directions to her Lodgings. My Heart gave me a ſecret Preſage that the Matter would not be lucky to me, which I followed, and therefore took no Notice of the Letter. Three Days after, the ſame old Woman brought me another, much more preſſing: Upon which I gave myſelf blindly up to my Deſtiny. I viſited, and found

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the Lady, tho' not a Beauty, yet genteel and taking. It was eaſy to gueſs by my Reception, that the Letters came from her. I will omit the Diſcourſe we had, and only reſt upon Matter of Fact. She obliged me to leave my Command, and go with her to her Eſtate. Her Mother looked upon me with an evil Eye, but my Miſtreſs was tranſportingly kind, and much concerned that none of the Miniſters round durſt marry us, for fear of the old Lady. Whereupon we concluded I ſhould pretend to take my Leave, as deſigning for *London*; but inſtead of that, go directly into *Cornwall*, where ſhe had a conſiderable Eſtate, and would meet me. The Matter happened as we agreed; but for fear her Mother ſhould purſue us, ſhe conſented to *take me for her Husband*, before the Parſon could be got to make us *ſuch*. That happy Night I had all the Reaſon in the World to believe myſelf agreeable to her; and all was confirmed in the Morning by the Prieſt. Thus careſſed and bleſſed, we returned to her Houſe. The old Lady (who had no Command of her Daughter's Fortune, and ſaw the Buſineſs beyond Remedy) was one of the firſt to make her Court to me, and wiſh me Joy. Three happy Months I had all the Satisfaction that innocent Marriage and exceſſive Love in a Bride, could give me. Then I began to

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to consider a little my Affairs, and proposed to my Wife my being naturalized, that I might look after hers. She swooned at the Name; and when she recovered, she snatched a Bayonet of mine, and wounded herself under the Left Breast, but not much. I cannot express my Surprize: We hushed the Matter for fear of her Mother; and I employed some of my Soldiery Skill to cure it, which had the Effect. I enquired into the Reason of this Extravagancy. She told me the Discovery of *Interest* in me, when she had believed *Love* was the only Motive of our *Marriage*. Some Days passed, and as often as I offered at it, she received such mighty Disgust, that I resolved to get it done without her Notice; for she took me not as a Husband, but a Lover. It was true, I was received as a Guest, but not a Master; and my Circumstance (having left my Command) required that. I got her Leave for my Journey: She shewed such extravagant Passion at our Separation, that I swore a speedy Return; and resolved to leave my Naturalization depending, look after my other Affairs and return within a Fortnight to her: But before that Time I had a dangerous Fit of Sickness at *London*. I wrote often to her, and gave her an Account that the *Act was passed*, and I could now happily call myself an

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Engliſh Husband. She only anſwered, She knew how to interpret it; but ſhe was out in her Cunning, if I ſhould find an *Engliſh* Wife at my Service, who knew not the true Value and Uſe of one. This Letter damped me; but truſting to the Greatneſs of that Power Love had given me in her Heart, I did not queſtion but my Preſence would make all Things eaſy. I took Poſt, my Impatience would not ſtay the Coach, tho' the Remains of my Fever ſeemed to expect it. I gave myſelf no Reſt during the whole Journey. I ſent to give her Notice of my Arrival: but what was my Surprize, to find all ſhut at home! I called under her Window where I perceived Light: It was a heavy Night of Rain: I knocked at the Gates, and ſtormed, but all to no Purpoſe; I was glad to take up my Lodging in the Porch. At Six in the Morning an Under-Servant appeared: I aſked for her Lady. She told me ſhe was gone none knew whether, and had conveyed away her Plate, *&c.* ſo that, if I pleaſed, an empty Houſe was at my Service. I calmly bore all this, imagining it but a Tryal, ſought her round the Country, but in vain; ſhe often ſhifted Places, and went diſguiſed. Not long after, ſhe commenced a *Proceſs* againſt me, and by a Pretence (which will for ever make her notorious) rendered

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rendered me to the Court as *Incapable.* I was ſtill ſo tender of her Fame, as to ſuffer the Aſperſion. Common Law ſeparted us: She got the better, by my refuſing to vindicate myſelf; and I Fifteen Hundred Pounds of her Fortune and the Charges of the Court. It is ſince laſt *Auguſt* that this has happened. I have vainly tried to remove her implacable Averſion, or to learn the Cauſe of it: But I ſee my Endeavours are all fruitleſs; and I am now going to leave *England* (I think) for ever.

I complimented him upon his Misfortunes, and really, in my Opinion, he could not be deſerving of them. 'Gad, Madam, *(ſays* Beau) ſee what inconſtant Things you Ladies are! I happened to be at this Gentleman's Houſe when he was firſt married, and never ſaw any thing ſo fond of him as his Wife. 'Gad, I do not believe whatever Woman I make happy, tho' her Eſteem be equal to my Merit, ſhe can poſſibly be fonder.

I am now got ſafely, weary into *Exeter*; and I thank God, rid of the Impertinency of my Fellow-Travellers, *Beau* excepted, who will ſee me ſafe home, tho' diſtant from his. The Cathedral here is very fine; the Biſhop's Seat, in it, ſurpaſſes *Salisbury*; tho' ſhort in every thing elſe.

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elſe. Forgive me for leaving you thus abruptly, ſince it is more pleaſingly to entertain myſelf with a Letter of yours juſt brought to me.

I am,

Moſt Conſtantly, and

Sincerely yours,

Exeter,
June 28.

D. M.

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LETTER VII.

IF I have omitted anſwering your Three laſt, it proceeded from nothing but the Deſire of doing ſomething new; and you know it is extremely ſo in me, not eagerly to ſhew you all Teſtimonies of Friendſhip. My Solitude is much more pleaſing than I fancied it: As yet I am not weary of that happy Indifferency, which leaves me nothing either to hope or fear.

Thus Empty, and thus Idle do I live;
Nor Lov'd, nor Loving; can, nor take, nor give.

I have moſt foppiſh Letters from *Beau*, who parted with a World of ſeeming Regret; and yet I hear he is endeavouring at a Miſtreſs: I ſuppoſe I may bid his Impertinence farewel for ever. I think I bid you hope (in one of mine) to hear no more of him; I know not how I am fallen upon the nauſeous Repetition. *Themiſtocles* refuſed *Simonides*, when he would have taught him

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him the *Art* of *Memory*; pertinently saying, *He had more need of* Forgetfulness *than* Memory. *I* remember *what I would* not, *but I cannot* forget *what I* would. My Study has fallen upon Religion; I am searching into all Sorts: You shall not fail to hear what that Chance-Medley produces. I can now with cold Indifferency shake Hands with all Things beyond this Solitude. How long the extraordinary Humour may last, I cannot inform you. At present, I repeat with Stoical Pride,

Keep Me, ye Bounteous Gods, my Cave and Wood
In Peace: Let Tares and Acorns be my Food.

Yours, &c.

July 10,
1694.

D. M.

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LETTER VIII.

I Am ſorry I cannot make good my Promiſe to ſo indearing a Friend as yourſelf. Looking over my Papers, I find but one of Colonel PACK's Letters in Imitation of the *Portugal* NUN's: I certainly had *Three*, which he ſent to me for my Opinion; but *Two* are loſt, which I very much regret; and the more, becauſe I know not where he is, to repair it. I would hear how you approve his Stile. I think *Imitation* the hardeſt Part of Writing: It confines a free-born Genius, which naturally loves untrod Wilds; at leaſt, if I may gueſs at another's by my own. And now I am ſpeaking of that, let me tell you all thoſe romantic Ideas of *Retirement*, which viewed at a Diſtance, give a raviſhing Proſpect, now I am wedded, and bedded to, prove the worſt ſort of *Matrimony*; but it is only to ſuch a particular Friend as yourſelf, that I dare complain; to the remoter Sort I aſſume a Stoical Appetite and Air—Tell them, *The World, with all its gaudy Pleaſures, are but rich Deluſions, which at once corrupt our*

our Senſes and our Fame: That the little Spot of Earth I have choſe to fix my Fate in, has more ſolid Entertainments, more real innate Delights, than the Glories of a Court. Then ſigh, and ſeem to pity the more elevated Part of the World, that can bury themſelves in Noiſe and Crowd. But let me tell you, there is no real Satisfaction without *Converſation.* I have had ſo much of the *Dead* ſince I ſettled here, and (as I may ſay) nothing of the *Living*, (for I find none deſerves the *Name)* that I wiſh for the conjuring Art; and would rather converſe with the Ghoſts of the Departed, than always with their Books, or with myſelf. But I forget, I detain you from better Company; I mean the incloſed. Write to me ſtill, but nothing of News; I deſire to hear none till I ſee *London* again; and when that will be, I have not the Pleaſure ſo much as to imagine: It will be new (to lie *forgotten*, and *forgetting*, and as it were, be born with Underſtanding) to all the Vanities and Virtues (if any) of that *Hydra.*

I am, Sir,
With great Eſteem,
Your Moſt Obedient Servant,

March 15, 1694-5. D. M.

P. S. I incloſe Colonel *Pack*'s Imitation of the Nun's Love Letters to a Cavalier.

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A

LETTER

FROM

A NUN in *Portugal*,

TO

A GENTLEMAN in *France*.

OH my *fled Heart!* and he that ſo unjuſtly keeps it from me! Was not your barbarous Reſolution ſufficient that I ſhould never poſſeſs *Yours*; but you muſt add the Uſe of all your beſt Art to keep me from my *Own?* In what Diſorder do I ſpeak and write, for want of *a poor tender Heart!* That is gone a Pilgrimage to Love, and (the unkind Heavens not hearing its Prayer) has thro' Diſtraction loſt its Way, and never will return again? Fire ſets on Fire:

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Fire: Why then does not my Flame make you burn? It is a falſe Maxim: *Extremity of Cold ſcorches.* Had I at firſt put on a Behaviour more cool and remote to your pretended Affection, and treated you with Unkindneſs, how many Bows and Vows would you have offered at *Love's-Altar?* With what Ardency would you have continued your Proteſtations? Who would have thought that a Fire (at firſt) ſo well kindled as yours, ſhould need Fanning with an infectious Blaſt to preſerve its Heat? Or that the wholſome Sun ſhould put it out? But that alas! was my Misfortune: My Burning was the greater, and drew yours away.——How can I then with any Confidence blame you, for what I myſelf was truly and principally the Occaſion of? You too eaſily perceived how earneſtly I was wont to watch your Eyes, that they looked not on others; as if mine took it unkindly they were not gazed on altogether. How perverſe are our Fates! Why elſe was it not contrived that you might be as happy in me, as it was poſſible for me to be in you? Say what you will, you was to blame. What Care you took to aſſault my Affections, was ſufficiently diſcoverable in the conſtant Ardour and Formality of your Approaches; contriving to appear at all Times as engaging as poſſible.

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ſible. Your Conqueſt was not ſo great: You could not well have met with a Heart leſs fortified for a Defence: Ye Gods! that I ſhould yield upon your very *firſt Summons*; and ſo diſhonourably, that I was not allowed *Flying Colours!* Nay, what is yet more, that I ſhould bear ſo mean, ſo low, and ſo contemptible a Spirit, as to take infinitely more Delight in my own Captivity and Vaſſallage, than in the moſt flouriſhing Tranquillity! What do I thus rave upon? What would I have? If I am happy in my Condition, why do I not reſt and retain my Senſes like others of my Sex? But that ſtill (and I fear ever) I have the ſame ſad Tune to ſing;

My Conqueror (whom I adored for being ſo) is gone; and my Cloyſter is now as much a Priſon to me, as it was Heaven, and Liberty, and all Things, when I had him there. It was an unworthy Thing to ſteal my better Part, my Soul, away, and not think this little Frame, its old Companion, worth taking with you. But what you had got, you thought was of light Carriage, needed little Stowage, paid no Freight, and (I dare ſtake my Life) was the All you ever intended to have of me: And to be ſo ſerved, is (it ſeems) the All I am ever likely to expect from you. How groſly did I flatter myſelf, and abuſe you,

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whenever I imagined you would be kind and true to me! You that are so cruel, that could you reduce any other Woman into my ill Circumstances, if there was a Third in the World, you would certainly leave the former, and there feign fresh Adorations. If there was not, yet purely to gratify your Inhumanity to her, even I, now slighted and neglected, should then have your Company; for you could not brook being put by a Pleasure of that Kind, though it cost you the Trouble of going to one who loved you more than the World.

How very odd (and as tho' you were writing to some public Place of Intelligence) was that *Discourse* of yours in your last Letter! *concerning the great Lightning and Thunder which you say happened in your Parts!* Also, *you desire to know what Weather we have had here.* Are these proper Enquiries for a Love-Letter? Truly it might have *Thundered, Lightened,* and *Rained,* or it might have been very *pleasant delightful Weather* for aught I know; for I am not capable of making any Remarks of that kind: But this I can inform you, being too sure of the Truth of it, that it has been very *stormy Weather* in my *Eyes* ever since your Departure; and until you return (the only *Sun,* whose Influence

can

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can diſperſe theſe *Clouds*) I fear it will ever be *Tempeſtuous.* This Account (it may be) pleaſes you more than if I had ſent you Word the ill *Weather* had reached our Country, demoliſhed our Monaſtery, ſet me at Liberty, and I was in Purſuit of you. Then, then, how I would glut my Revenge by the Incurſions of my Love! For it ſhould hunt you in all Places and all Countries. And ſince it wore ſo much the *Viſage* of an evil Spirit in your Conceit here, as to make you quit the Spot, I would try whether Change of Air would alter its Complection and Features, ſo as to force you into a better Opinion of it, and be thoroughly revenged on you that Way: For *to love*, I find is the Unhappineſs you would avoid above all other things: But your Appetite and Taſte is as much depraved as my Project is vain and impracticable: I find the Sour of *France* gratifies your Palate above the Sweets of *Portugal*; and a *French* LADY (with her diſtant Regards to your Addreſs, and, at laſt, counterfeit artificial Acceptance) ſhall engage you much more than the Loyalty, Integrity, Truth and Freedom of my unlimited Paſſion. Will not the World ſwear we are both mad? You for preferring a Counterfeit, (becauſe it gliſters, before the true Metal itſelf, which is known to every

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Child by its Weight:) I for my Fidelity to ſo much Ingratitude. But let the World blame us as it pleaſes, I am reſolved to be as true to you, as you to your natural Inconſtancy. To what a Degree of Bliſs ſhould I be advanced, if I could find you complaining of the Remiſſneſs of my Love, and admiring the Intenſeneſs of your own: Then I ſhould be but too happy if that Fault was not found on your Side, as alas! to all the World too viſibly it is: And the ſame Conceptions you make of an Immenſity, will but juſt ſerve you to fathom my Zeal, which (although cheriſhed and pruned after the moſt careful Manner) is productive of nothing but the moſt bitter, ſour, and unpleaſant Fruits imaginable.— Your unkind Dealings and Actions to me, are the Fruits of my extraordinary Paſſion. What Soul could imagine ſuch diſſonant Notes ſhould ſtrike, to interrupt the Harmony of my Affection? In what had you been the worſe, had you retaliated my extream Kindneſs with but a little of yours; and although more than a little be my Due, yet with the leaſt Grain I could have wrought my own Contentment: But you are ſo unjuſt to deny all, and leave me to a racking and a miſerable Deſpair; one Hour's Torment of which, I would not wiſh you ſhould endure Ages to come, to be

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be ſet free myſelf; and yet no otherwiſe fond of my Condition, but as it is a Gift of yours, and which (for any Thing leſs than your Love) I will never part with. O! barbarous, barbarous Man! to deny me that which you take more Pains to throw away upon another, than I can do to obtain it. You ſhall not uſe me thus; indeed you muſt not: It is I ſay it, but you regard not that, ſo inſenſible are you of my Condition; which though never ſo unfortunate as to my own particular, yet is aggravated with Cares for your Welfare, who are the ſole Cauſe of my Unhappineſs. How you will reliſh this *Letter* I know not; I fear you will think there are too many Invectives againſt your Tyranny; in which I will agree with you myſelf, and aſk your Forgiveneſs: But alas! they are as gentle as I could poſſibly perſuade my Pen to drop; for ſince you take ſo much Pleaſure in a hard Heart, I would not for the World any ways croſs you, by making you leſs obdurate; ſo tenderly I value your Satisfaction, and ſo little (for your ſake) my own. But oh! the infinite Pleaſures you would find in *Love*, if you thought them worth the looking after! *Love* (as it is, or is not mutual) is the trueſt Epitome of the ſupernatural States: If mutual, the Joys are laſting, and never cloy; if not, the Tor-

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ments are intolerable, yet muſt be endured. Oh! that any thing I could ſay might diſſolve you to a Senſe of my miſerable Life; or, indeed rather your own! And yet if it could in the leaſt enter into my Thoughts, that you are altogether at Repoſe, I aſſure you, I would never interrupt you; no Noiſe of my Afflictions ſhould ever be your Diſturbance: But I am very much miſtaken, if you are altogether without Remorſe for the Sufferings you have brought upon me. I remember you once was flexible, and of a compaſſionate Nature, and your Behaviour very like a Gentleman; whatever has miſguided you to the Abuſe of my Favours, which (if I have Knowledge of my Heart) were at firſt, much more for your ſake than my own, you were the Aggreſſor, and not I; and whatever Kindneſs I ſhewed you, was more to make me happy, than yourſelf; that by Charity to a Serpent, I at laſt was ſtung. It is ſaid that venomous Creatures have a balſamick Quality in themſelves, to cure the Wounds they make: But you (more unnatural than all the reſt) have none; at leaſt, moſt cruelly you withhold it from me. Oh Heaven! that I had but Power to contain myſelf! that I had but Temper to be a little calm! But it is a Condition I have long ſince abandoned, and (till I ſee you again) will never re-aſſume,

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ſume. In the Rage I am in, I could think in you as many Unkindneſſes, as by and by the Fury of Love would find a Taſk to unravel; for if one Half Hour I blame you, in the next I call it Injuſtice. So careful am I, that no ill Thought of you appear deſerving, that were you worſe than you are, my Pleaſure would conſiſt in being flattered that you are better than I think you: Nay, ſometimes I perſuade myſelf that you are a Man of the greateſt Juſtice in the World; and that it is not even in your Nature (wilfully) to do an unequal Thing. But it is moſt certain, I am doomed to a fruitleſs Love, without the leaſt Poſſibility of a Deliverance. Indeed, formerly I had a faint Proſpect (as I thought) of being in ſome meaſure reſtored; but I looked through falſe Opticks, that preſented me with a wrong Object; and ſince that, I have done the great Work, of learning to be well ſatisfied with my intolerable Condition. Did my Love run parallel with what is commonly found in the World, it would not be ſo deſperate.—Happy they, who (in a Pet, or upon ſome ſmall Diſguſt) can recede from their Paſſions, and ſet up for new Ones elſewhere; and whatever they pretend, Self-Intereſt is the greateſt Thing. This is the Way of Amouring moſt in Faſhion: This is that

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Impoſture which prevails upon ſo many tender Hearts: And in Caſes of Denial, very artificially can uſurp languiſhing Eyes, want no expreſſive Inſinuations, counterfeit Melancholy and Diſtraction; and all to ſerve ſome baſe Bye-End. If this had been the Quality of my Love, the Vengeance you aſſign me had then been merited. I verily believe, if it had had but the leaſt Tincture of Treachery, I ſhould have won your Heart, ſhould have made you jealous: And that Temper would have been very inconſiſtent with your Reſolutions to make a thorough Conqueſt: Nothing leſs than which (to a Man of Proweſs like you) could have been a real Pleaſure. Yes, yes; it is very plain, if my Paſſion had been forged, and bore a falſe Accent, it would certainly much better have agreed with yours, as being much nearer related; but the fatal Conſequence (of a true Fervency, returned with fair Aſſurances, and foul Actions) none knows but the wretched, ſolitary I. Upon the whole, I think verily I love you, becauſe you make me miſerable. If that be true, go on, be ſignalized to the World for your Unkindneſs, that the more I may be ſo, for my unaccountable Affection. That I love you, Heaven knows; you know elſe I ſhould ſee you here again, cringing out the feigned Allega-

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Allegations of your Sincerity, though much more distant than we are. O, that we were to begin again! What Course would I then take! I fear, even fool myself, as I have done; for since I know no greater Pleasure than the Love of you, I should too willingly run the Risque of any Disadvantage that could happen by it. I die a thousand Deaths every Hour, and still revive, to die them over again: Adieu. What could I not endure for your sake? I have at this Moment so lively an *Idea* of you, that I almost fancy you here in Person. Methinks, how very kind you are! How affectionately you condole me for the Torments I have suffered in your Absence; and how thankful I am to you for them! How you press my Hand, and swear you will never part with me! And Ah, *Monsieur!* How I believe you, for being hitherto so faithful!—Once more Adieu. I think I never writ Letters to you in my Life, but their Length made them stayed for. The Post (at my Request) has waited a great while, and I am now sent to; I wonder else, when I should give over. You may judge a little of my Condition, when you see even hurrying-Post-haste itself can admit of a Delay to please me. The Actions of all People that see me, are designedly kind, and of a Desire to divert me. One takes

me

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me by the Hand, begging of me to be chearful, and leave my unprofitable Thinking; ſhewing me good Reaſon for it: But, alas! I find *Reaſon* and *Love* two very ſeparate Things, not at all influencing each other. To-day a *Siſter* brought me Variety of the beſt Fruits; of which, nothing but a Piece of a *Pomgranate*, could I be perſuaded to eat. I might thank her, but I am not ſure I had ſo much Manners: Every body excuſes my ill Breeding, but much wonder at my Alteration. The Rigour and Severity of our Religion can diſpenſe with many great Faults in me, that it will not allow in others. What ſhall I do? Well, I have only one Thing more (beſides a Thouſand) to ſay to you; which is, That if you can have Regard for any *one* Sentence in this long Letter; it may be to *this* laſt, *I implore you to let me ſee you in* Portugal *before I die.* Adieu, Adieu.

SOPHIA.

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M.V.d. Gucht sculp.

The Right Honourable
GEORGE Lord LANSDOWNE

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LETTERS

Of the HONOURABLE

GEORGE GRANVILLE, *Esq*;

To the Hon. Mr. BERNARD GRANVILLE, *at the Earl of* Bathe's, St. James's.

SIR,

Mar near *Doncaster*, *Oct.* 6. 1688.

YOUR having no Prospect of obtaining a Commission for me, can no way alter or cool my Desire at this important Juncture, to venture my Life in some Manner or other, for my King and my Country.

I cannot bear living under the Reproach of lying obscure and idle in a Country Retirement,

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tirement, when every Man, who has the leaſt Senſe of Honour, ſhould be preparing for the Field.

You may remember, Sir, with what Reluctance I ſubmitted to your Commands upon *Monmouth*'s Rebellion, when no Importunity could prevail with you to permit me to leave the Academy; I was too young to be hazarded; but give me Leave to ſay, it is glorious at any Age to die for one's Country, and the ſooner, the nobler the Sacrifice.

I am now older by three Years; my Uncle *Bathe* was not ſo old, when he was left among the Slain at the Battle of *Newbury:* Nor you yourſelf, Sir, when you make your Eſcape from your Tutors, to join your Brother at the Defence of *Scilly.*

The ſame Cauſe is now come round about again: The King has been miſ-led; let thoſe who have miſ-led him be anſwerable for it: Nobody can deny, but he is Sacred in his own Perſon, and it is every honeſt Man's Duty to defend it.

You are pleas'd to ſay, it is yet doubtful, if the *Hollanders* are raſh enough to make ſuch an Attempt: But be that as it will, I beg Leave to inſiſt upon it, that I may be preſented to his Majeſty, as one, whoſe utmoſt Ambition it is to devote

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vote his Life to his Service, and my Country's, after the Example of all my Anceſtors.

The Gentry aſſembled at *York*, to agree upon the Choice of Repreſentatives for the County, have prepared an Addreſs, to aſſure his Majeſty, they are ready to ſacrifice their Lives and Fortunes for him, upon this, and all other Occaſions; but at the ſame Time, they humbly beſeech him to give them ſuch Magiſtrates, as may be agreeable to the Laws of the Land; for at preſent, there is no Authority to which they can legally ſubmit.

They have been beating for Volunteers at *York*, and the Towns adjacent, to ſupply the Regiments at *Hull*, but nobody will liſt.

By what I can hear, every body wiſhes well to the King, but they would be glad, his Miniſters were hang'd.

The Winds continue ſo contrary, that no Landing can be ſo ſoon as was apprehended; therefore, I may hope, with your Leave and Aſſiſtance, to be in Readineſs before any Action can begin.

I beſeech you, Sir, moſt humbly and moſt earneſtly, to add this one Act of Indulgence more to ſo many other Teſtimonies, which I have conſtantly received of

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of your Goodneſs; and be pleas'd to believe me always, with the utmoſt Duty and Submiſſion, Sir,

Your moſt Dutiful Son, and

Moſt Obedient Servant,

GEORGE GRANVILLE.

N. B. *The above Letter was wrote before his Lordſhip was 22 Years old.*

TO

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TO

WILLIAM-HENRY, *Earl of* Bathe, *&c.*

At the Camp in Flanders, Sept. 4. 1711.

My Dear Lord,

WHILST you are purſuing Honour in the Field, in the earlieſt Time of your Life, after the Example of your Anceſtors, I am commanded by the Queen, to let you know, ſhe has declared you her Lord-Lieutenant of the County of *Cornwall*; the Earl of *Rocheſter* to act for you till you are of Age.

You will do well to write your moſt humble Thanks to her Majeſty, for ſo graciouſly remembring you, unſollicited, in your Abſence: You ſhould likewiſe do the ſame to my Lord *Rocheſter*, for accepting the Trouble.

This, my dear Lord, is a Preparative to bring you upon the Stage with ſome Luſtre at your firſt Appearance in the World. You are

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are placed at the Head of a Body of Gentry, entirely disposed in Affection to you, and your Family: You are born possess'd of all those amiable Qualities, which cannot fail of fixing their Hearts: You have no other Example to follow, but to tread in the Steps of your Ancestors: It is all that is hoped or desired from you.

You are upon an uncommon Foundation in that Part of the World: Your Ancestors, for at least five hundred Years, never made any Alliance, Male or Female, out of the *Western* Counties: Thus there is hardly a Gentleman, either in *Cornwall* or *Devon*, but has some of your Blood, or you some of theirs. I remember, the first Time I accompany'd your Grandfather into the *West*, upon holding his Parliament of *Tinners*, as Warden of the *Stannaries*, when there was the most numerous Appearance of Gentry of both Counties, that had ever been remember'd together; I observ'd there was hardly any one but whom he call'd *Cousin*; and I could not but observe, at the same Time, how well they were pleased with it. Let this be a Lesson for you, when it comes to your Turn to appear amongst them. Nothing is more obliging, than to seem to retain the Memory of Kindred and Alliances, tho' never so remote: And by Consequence, nothing more disobliging, than a Forget-

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Forgetfulneſs of them; which is always imputed to an affected, diſdainful Superiority and Pride.

There is another Particular, in my Opinion, of no ſmall Conſequence to the Support of your Intereſt, which I would recommend to your Imitation; and that is, to make *Stowe* your principal Reſidence. I have heard your Grandfather ſay, if ever he liv'd to be poſſeſs'd of *New-Hall*, he would pull it down, that your Father might have no Temptation to withdraw from the ancient Seat of his Family. From the *Conqueſt* to the *Reſtauration*, your Anceſtors conſtantly reſided amongſt their Countrymen, except when the public Service call'd upon them to ſacrifice their Lives for it.

Stowe in my Grandfather's Time, till the Civil Wars broke out, was a Kind of Academy for all the young Men of Family in the Country: He provided himſelf with the beſt Maſters of all Kinds for Education; and the Children of his Neighbours and Friends ſhared the Advantage with his own. Thus he, in a Manner, became the Father of his Country; and not only engaged the Affection of the preſent Generation, but laid a Foundation of Friendſhip for Poſterity, which is not worn out at this Day.

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Upon this Foundation, my Lord, you inherit Friends without the Trouble of makeing them, and have only to preſerve them: an eaſy Taſk for you, to whom Nature has been ſo liberal of every Quality neceſſary to attract Affection, and gain the Heart!

I muſt tell you, the Generality of our Countrymen have been always *Royaliſts*; you inherit too much Loyal Blood to like them the worſe. There is an old Saying amongſt them, That a *Godolphin* was never known to want Wit; a *Trelawney*, Courage; or a *Granville*, Loyalty. Wit and Courage are not to be miſtaken; and to give thoſe Families their Due, they ſtill keep up to their Character: But it is the Misfortune of Loyalty, not to be ſo clearly underſtood or defined. In a Country, ſubject to Revolutions, what paſſes for Loyalty To-day, may be Treaſon To-morrow; but I make great Difference between Real and Nominal Treaſon. In the Quarrel of the Houſes of *York* and *Lancaſter*, both Sides were proclaimed Traitors, as the other prevailed: Even under *Cromwell*'s Uſurpation, all who adhered to the King were proclaimed Traitors, and ſuffered as ſuch; but this makes no Alteration in the Thing itſelf: It may be enacted Treaſon to call black, black; or white, white: But black will be

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be black, and white will be white, in Spite of all the Legiſlators in the World.

There can be no Doubt about Allegiance, unleſs Princes become Tyrants, and then they ceaſe to be Kings: They will no longer be reſpected as God's Vicegerents, who violate the Laws they were ſworn to protect. The Preacher may tell us of paſſive Obedience; that Tyrants are to be patiently ſuffer'd, as Scourges in the Hands of a righteous God, to chaſtiſe a ſinful Nation; and to be ſubmitted to, like Plagues, Famines, and ſuch like Judgments from above. Such Doctrine, were it true, could only ſerve to miſlead ill-judging Princes into a falſe Security; Men are not to be reaſon'd out of their Senſes: Human Nature, and Self-Preſervation, will eternally arm againſt Slavery and Oppreſſion.

It is therefore not to be ſuppoſed, that even the weakeſt Prince would run that Hazard, unleſs ſeduced by Advice, wickedly palliated by evil Counſellors. *Nero* himſelf, under the Influence of a good Miniſtry, was the mildeſt, the moſt gracious, and beſt beloved of the Emperors: The moſt ſanguinary, the moſt profligate, and the moſt abhorr'd under a bad one. A Prince may be deceiv'd, or miſtaken in the Choice of his Favourites; but he has this

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Advantage, he is ſure to hear of it from the Voice of the Public: if then he is deaf, he ſeems to take upon himſelf the Blame and Odium of thoſe Actions which were chargeable before but upon his Adviſers.

Idle Murmurs, groundleſs Diſcontents, and pretended Jealouſies and Fears, the Effect of private Prejudice and Reſentments, have been, and will ever be, under the wiſeſt Adminiſtrations: We are peſter'd with them even now, when we have a *Queen*, who is known to have nothing ſo much at Heart, as the Contentment of her People: Theſe are tranſitory Vapours, which ſcatter at the firſt Appearance of Light: The Infection ſpreads no farther than a particular Set of four, ſplenetic *Enthuſiaſts* in Politics, not worth minding or correcting. Univerſal Diſcontent can never happen but from ſolid Provocations.

Many well-meaning Perſons however, abounding in Zeal, have been often unwarily caught by popular Pretences, and not undeceived, till it was too late. Have a Care, my dear Couſin, of ſplitting upon that Rock: There have been *falſe Patriots*, as well as *falſe Prophets*.

To *Fear God, and Honour the King*, were Injunctions ſo cloſely tack'd together, that they ſeem to make but one and the ſame Command: A Man may as well pretend

to

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to be a good Chriſtian, without fearing God, as a good Subject without honouring the King.

Deo, Patriæ, Amicis, was your Great-Grandfather Sir *Bevil*'s Motto: In three Words he has added to his Example a Rule, which in following you can never err in any Duty of Life. The brighteſt Carriage, and the gentleſt Diſpoſition, is Part of the Lord *Clarendon*'s Character of him; ſo much of him you may have begun to ſhew us already; and the beſt Wiſh I can make for you, is to reſemble him as much in all—but his untimely Fate.

My Dear Lord,

I am for ever, &c.

GEORGE GRANVILLE.

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TO

WILLIAM-HENRY, *Earl of* Bathe.

At the Camp in Flanders, 1711.

EVery living Creature, my dear Lord, is entitled to Offices of Humanity: The Diſtreſs, even of an Enemy, ſhould reconcile us to him: If he thirſts, give him Drink; if he hungers, give him Food; overcome Evil with Good. It is with this Diſpoſition I would have you enter into the Exerciſe of that Authority, [*Lord-Lieutenant of* Cornwall] with which her Majeſty has honoured you over your Countrymen. Let no body inſpire you with Party-Prejudices and Reſentments. Let it be your Buſineſs to reconcile Differences, and heal Diviſions; and to reſtore, if poſſible, Harmony and good Neighbourhood amongſt them: If then there ſhould be any left to wiſh you ill, make them aſham'd and confounded with your Goodneſs and Moderation.

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Moderation: Not that I would ever adviſe you to ſacrifice one Hair of the Head of an old Friend to your Family, to gain fifty new ones; but if you can encreaſe the Number by Curteſy and Moderation, it may be worth the Trial.

Believe me, my dear Lord, Humanity and Generoſity make the beſt Foundation to build a Character upon: A Man may have Birth, and Riches, and Power, Wit, Learning, Courage; but without Generoſity it is impoſſible to be a great Man: Whatever the Rich and Powerful may think of themſelves, whatever Value they may ſet upon their Abundance and Grandeur, they will find themſelves but the more hated and deſpis'd for the ill Uſe they make of it.

You ſhould look upon yourſelves but as Stewards and Truſtees for the Diſtreſſed: Your Over-abundance is but a Depoſit for the Uſe and Relief of the Unhappy; you are anſwerable for all Superfluities miſpent: It is not to be ſuppoſed that Providence would have made ſuch Diſtinctions among Men, ſuch unequal Diſtributions, but that they might endear themſelves to one another by mutual Helps and Obligations. *Gratitude* is the ſureſt Cement of Love, Friendſhip, and Society.

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There are, indeed, Rules to be obſerv'd, and Meaſures to be kept, in the Diſtribution of Favours. We know who have both the Power and Inclination to do Good, but for Want of Judgment in the Direction, they paſs only for good-natur'd Fools inſtead of generous Benefactors.

My Lord——will grudge a Guinea to an honeſt Gentleman in Diſtreſs, but readily give twenty to a common Strumpet. Another ſhall refuſe to lend fifty Pounds to his beſt Friend without ſufficient Security, and the next Moment ſet his whole Fortune upon a Card or a Die; a Chance, for which he can have no Security. My Lord —— is to be ſeen every Day at a Toy-Shop, ſquandring away his Money in Trinkets and Baubles; and at the ſame Time leaves his Brothers and Siſters without common Neceſſaries.

Generoſity does not conſiſt in a Contempt of Money, in throwing it away at Random, without Judgment or Diſtinction; tho' that indeed is better than locking it up, for Multitudes have the Benefit of it; but in a right Diſpoſition to proper Objects, in Proportion to the Merit, the Circumſtances, the Rank, and Condition of thoſe, who ſtand in Need of our Service.

Princes are more expoſed than any others to the miſplacing their Favours; Merit is ever

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ever modeſt, and keeps its Diſtance: The Forward and Importunate ſtand always neareſt in Sight, and are not to be put out of Countenance, nor thruſt out of the Way.

I remember to have heard a Saying of the late King *James*, *That he never knew a modeſt Man make his Way in a Court. David Floyd*, whom you know, being then in waiting at his Majeſty's Elbow, reply'd bluntly, *Pray, Sir, whoſe Fault's that?* The King ſtood corrected, and was ſilent. If Princes could ſee with their own Eyes, and hear with their own Ears, what a happy Situation it would be both for themſelves and their Subjects? To reward Merit, to redreſs the Injured, to relieve the Oppreſſed, to raiſe the Modeſt, to humble the Inſolent; what a God-like Prerogative, were a right Uſe made of it!

How happy are you, my dear Lord, who are born with ſuch generous Inclinations, with Judgment to direct them, and the Means to indulge them! Of all Men moſt miſerable is he, who has the Inclination, without the Means. To meet with a deſerving Object of Compaſſion, without having the Power to give Relief, of all the Circumſtances in Life is the moſt diſagreeable: To have the Power is the greateſt Pleaſure.

Me

Methinks I see you ready to cry out, *Good Cousin, why this Discourse to me? What Occasion have I for these Lectures?* None at all, my dear Lord; I am only making my Court to you, by letting you see, I think as you do.

But one Word more, and I have done.

In Trust, Intimacy, and Confidence, be as particular as you please: In Humanity, Charity, and Benevolence, universal.

I am, for ever, &c.

GEORGE GRANVILLE.

TO

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To my Nephew,

Mr. BEVIL GRANVILLE,

Upon his entring into Holy Orders.

WHEN I look upon the Date of your laſt Letter, I muſt own myſelf blameable for not having ſooner return'd you my Thanks for it.

I approve very well of your Reſolution of dedicating yourſelf to the Service of God; you could not chuſe a better Maſter, provided you have ſo ſufficiently ſearch'd your Heart as to be perſuaded you can ſerve him well: In ſo doing you may ſecure to yourſelf many Bleſſings in this World, as well as a ſure Expectation in the next. There is one thing which I perceive you have not thoroughly purg'd yourſelf from, which is Flattery: You have beſtow'd ſo much of that upon me in your Letter, that I hope you have no more left, and that you meant it only to take your Leave of ſuch Flights of Fancy, which, however well meant, oftener put a Man out of Countenance than oblige him.

You

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You are now become a Searcher after Truth: I ſhall hereafter take it more kindly to be juſtly reprov'd by you, than to be undeſervedly complimented.

I would not have you underſtand me, as if I recommended to you a ſour Preſbyterian Severity; that is yet more to be avoided. Advice, like Phyſick, ſhould be ſo ſweeten'd and prepar'd, as to be made palatable, or Nature may be apt to revolt againſt it. Be always ſincere, but at the ſame Time always polite: Be humble without deſcending from your Character; reprove and correct without offending good Manners: To be a Cynick is as bad as to be a Sycophant: You are not to lay aſide the Gentleman with your Sword, nor to put on the Gown to hide your Birth and good Breeding, but to adorn it. Such has been the Malice of the World, from the Beginning, that Pride, Avarice, and Ambition, have been charg'd upon the Prieſthood in all Ages, in all Countries, and in all Religions. What they are moſt oblig'd to combat againſt in their Pulpits, they are moſt accus'd of encouraging in their Conduct. It behoves you therefore to be more upon your Guard in this, than in any other Profeſſion: Let your Example confirm your Doctrine; and let no Man ever have it in his

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his Power to reproach you with practiſing contrary to what you preach.

You had an Uncle, Dr. *Dennis Granville*, Dean of *Durham*, whoſe Memory I ſhall ever revere; make him your Example: Sanctity ſate ſo eaſy, ſo unaffected, and ſo graceful upon him, that in him we beheld the very Beauty of Holineſs: He was as chearful, as familiar, and condeſcending in his Converſation, as he was ſtrict, regular and exemplary in his Piety: As well bred and accompliſh'd as a Courtier, as reverend and venerable as an Apoſtle: He was indeed in every Thing apoſtolical, for he abandon'd all to follow his Lord and Maſter.

May you reſemble him; may he revive in you; may his Spirit deſcend upon you, as *Elijah*'s upon *Eliſha*; and may the great God of Heaven, in guiding, directing, and ſtrengthening your pious Reſolutions, pour down his beſt and choiceſt Bleſſings upon you.

You ſhall ever find me, dear Nephew, your moſt affectionate Uncle, and ſincere Friend, *&c.*

LANSDOWNE.

TO

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TO

The QUEEN.*

MY MUSE *expiring*, who, with *earlieſt Voice*,
Made *Kings*, and *Queens* †, and *Beauty's Charms* her Choice, ‡
Now on her *Death-bed* the *laſt Homage* pays,
O QUEEN, to Thee; accept her *dying Lays*:
So at th' Approach of Death the *Cygnet* tries
To warble *one Note more*, and, *ſinging*, dies.——

Hail *Mighty* QUEEN, whoſe pow'rful *Smile* alone
Commands *Obedience*, and ſecures the *Throne*.
Contending Parties, and *Plebeian* Rage
Had puzzled *Loyalty* for half an Age;

Con-

* Theſe Verſes were written by his Lordſhip in the blank Leaf of a Copy of his Works in 4*to*, preſented to her Majeſty, 1732. He died *Anno* 1735.

† King *James* and Queen *Mary* II. Queen *Anne* his MYRA (*i. e.* the Counteſs of *Newburgh*) &c.

‡ Alluding to his Poem, intituled, *The Progreſs of Beauty*.

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Conqu'ring our Hearts, YOU end the *long Diſpute,*
All that have *Eyes* confeſs YOU *abſolute.*
To *Tory* Doctrines, even *Whigs* reſign;
And, in *Your Perſon,* own the *Right Divine.*
Thus *ſung* the MUSE, in her *laſt Moment fir'd*
With CAROLINA's Praiſe, and then *expir'd.*

LANSDOWNE.

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A

DIALOGUE

Concerning

WOMEN,

BEING

A DEFENCE *of the* SEX.

Written to

EUGENIA.

By WILLIAM WALSH, *Esq;*

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TO THE

READER.

THE Perusal of this DIALOGUE, in DEFENCE of the FAIR SEX, written by a GENTLEMAN of my Acquaintance, much surprized me: For it was not easy for me to imagine, that one so young, could have treated so nice a Subject with so much Judgment. It is true, I was not ignorant that he was naturally ingenious, and that he had improved himself by Travelling; and from thence I might reasonably have ex-

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pected that Air of Gallantry, which is so visibly diffused thro' the Body of the Work, and is indeed the Soul that animates all Things of this Nature: But so much Variety of Reading, both in ancient and modern Authors, such Digestion of that Reading, so much Justness of Thought, that it leaves no Room for Affectation, or Pedantry, I may venture to say, are not overcommon amongst practised Writers, and very rarely to be found amongst Beginners. It puts me in Mind of what was said of Mr. *Waller*, the Father of our *English* Numbers, upon the Sight of his first Verses, by the Wits of the last Age, that *he came out into the World Forty Thousand strong, before they had heard of him.* Here, in Imitation of my Friend's Apostrophes, I hope the Reader need not be told, that Mr. *Waller* is only mentioned for Honour's sake, that I am desirous of

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of laying hold on his Memory, on all Occaſions, and thereby acknowledging to the World, that unleſs he *had* written, none of us *could* write. I know my Friend will forgive me this Digreſſion; for it is not only a Copy of his Stile, but of his Candour. The Reader will obſerve, that he is ready for all Hints of commending Merit, and the Writers of this Age and Country are particularly obliged to him, for his pointing out thoſe Paſſages which the *French* call *Beaux Endroits*, wherein they have moſt excelled. And tho' I may ſeem in this, to have my own Intereſt in View, becauſe he has more than once mentioned me, ſo much to my Advantage, yet I hope the Reader will take it only for a *Parentheſis*, becauſe the Piece would have been very perfect without it. I may be ſuffered to pleaſe myſelf with the Kindneſs of my Friend,

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without valuing myſelf upon his Partiality: He had not Confidence enough to ſend it out into the World, without my Opinion of it, that it might paſs ſecurely, at leaſt amongſt the fair Readers, for whoſe Service it was principally deſigned. I am not ſo preſuming, to think my Opinion can either be his Touchſtone, or his Paſſport: But I thought I might ſend him back to *Arioſto*; who has made it the Buſineſs of almoſt Thirty *Stanzas* in the Beginning of the 37th Book of his *Orlando Furioſo*, not only to praiſe that beautiful Part of the Creation, but alſo to make a ſharp Satire on their Enemies; to give Mankind their own, and to tell them plainly, that from their Envy it proceeds that the Virtue and great Actions of Women are purpoſely concealed, and the Failings of ſome few amongſt them expoſed with all the aggravating Circumſtances

cumſtances of Malice. For my own Part, who have always been their Servant, and have never drawn my Pen againſt them, I had rather ſee ſome of them praiſed extraordinarily, than any of them ſuffer by Detraction: And that in this Age, and at this Time particularly, wherein I find more *Heroines* than *Heroes*. Let me therefore give them Joy of their new Champion: If any will think me more partial to him than really I am, they can only ſay I have returned his Bribe: And the worſt I wiſh him, is, that he may receive *Juſtice* from the *Men*, and *Favour* only from the *Ladies*.

1691. JOHN DRYDEN.

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SOME

ACCOUNT

OF

WILLIAM WALSH, *Esq*;

THE AUTHOR of the following excellent Treatise, was "* *William* "*Walsh*, Esq; Son of *Joseph Walsh* of "*Abberley* in *Worcestershire*. He became a "Gentleman-Commoner of *Wadham-Col-* "*lege*, *Oxford*, in *Easter-Term*, 1678, "aged 15 Years; left it without a Degree; "retired to his native Country, and some- "times to *London*.

"He wrote *A* DIALOGUE *concerning* "WOMEN; *Being a Defence of the* FAIR "SEX, and *addressed* it to EUGENIA, 1691.

"He also wrote another small Piece, "intitled, *Letters and Poems, Amorous and* "*Gallant*, 1692."

Mr.

* *Athen. Oxon.* Vol. II. pag. 1106. Edit. ult.

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Mr. *Wood* will have it, that the LADY characterized by Mr. *Walsh* under the Name of EUGENIA, was his Miſtreſs. For this he could not have any other ground than his own malevolent Conjecture. But that our Author was a Gentleman very ſuſceptable of the *ſoft Paſſion*, appears plainly from his own Pen; ſending forth his *Love-Letters* and *Poems* with the following *Addreſs* to the Public:

Go, little Book, and to the World impart
The faithful Image of an Am'rous Heart;
Thoſe who Love's dear, deluding Pains have known,
May, in my fatal Stories, read their own.
Thoſe who have liv'd from all its Torments free,
May find the Thing they never felt, by Me.
Perhaps, adviſ'd, avoid the gilded Bait,
And, warn'd by my Example, ſhun my Fate.
While with calm Joy, ſafe landed on the Coaſt,
I view the Waves on which I once was toſt.
Love is a Medley of Endearments, Jars,
Suſpicions, Quarrels, Reconcilements, Wars;
Then Peace again. O! wou'd it not be beſt,
To chace the fatal Poiſon from our Breaſt?
But ſince ſo few can live from Paſſion free,
Happy the Man, and only happy he,
Who with ſuch lucky Stars begins his Love,
That his cool Judgment does his Choice approve.
Ill grounded Paſſions quickly wear away;
What's built upon Eſteem, can ne'er decay.

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As for *three* Amours I have had in my Life-time, (says Mr. *Walsh* *) I valued the *one* Mistress after I left loving her; I loved *another* after I left valuing her; I love and value the *third*, after having lost all Hopes of her: So that, methinks, according to the Course of my Passions, I ought to love and value the next, after having obtained her. However, from this time forward, upon what Follies soever you fall, be pleased, for my sake, to spare those of Love; being very well satisfied, there is not one Folly of that kind (except Marriage) which I have not already committed. I have been, without Railery, in Love with the Beauty of a Woman whom I have never seen; with the Wit of one whom I never heard speak, nor seen any thing that she has written; and with the heroic Virtues of a Woman, without knowing any one Action of her Life, that could make me think she had any. —— *Cupid* will have it so; and what can weak Mortals do against so potent a God? Adieu; live pleasantly, that is, *philosophically*; and guard your *Heart* from the *Pains of Love*. Such were the Sentiments of our Author when about Thirty Years of Age.

Mr.

* See his xxth *Letter* to a *Friend*.

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Mr. *Walſh* purſued the Advice he gave his Friend, and left *Cupid* in the Lurch, wholly gave himſelf up to a *Literatum Otium*, became one of the beſt of Subjects to his Soveraign, King WILLIAM, whom he has immortalized in his inimitable Verſion of that *Ode* of *Horace*, begininng,

Juſtum & Tenacem propoſiti virum, &c.

And his immortal Succeſſor Queen ANNE conſtituted Mr. *Walſh* her Maſter of the Horſe.

This Gentleman was, in the Opinion of Mr. DRYDEN *, "*the beſt Critic of our Nation in his time.*" And, Mr. *Pope*, ſpeaking of the Earl of *Roſcomon*, thus concludes his *Eſſay* on *Criticiſm*, viz.

To him the Wit of *Greece* and *Rome* was known,
And ev'ry Author's Merit, but his own.
Such late was *Walſh*: the Muſe's Judge and Friend,
Who juſtly knew to Blame, or to Commend;
To Failings mild, but zealous for Deſert;
The cleareſt Head, and the ſincereſt Heart.

In the Year 1714, the Public were obliged with a ſmall Poſthumous Piece of Mr. *Walſh*'s, intitled, ÆSCULAPIUS: Or, *The Hoſpital of* FOOLS. An Imitation of LUCIAN; hereunto ſubjoined.

A

* See his *Poſtſcript* to his Tranſlat. of *Virgil*.

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A

DEFENCE

OF THE

FAIR SEX.

To EUGENIA.

IT is a dangerous thing, MADAM, it muſt be confeſſed, this Converſing with fair Ladies; and it draws us into Inconveniencies, of which we do not at firſt ſee the Conſequences. I little thought, when I talked with your Ladyſhip, of the Virtues of your Sex, that you would have commanded me to have given my Sentiments upon that Subject in Writing. I grant you, *Madam*, you might have ſpoken

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ken to ſeveral of your Acquaintance, who would have undertaken the Buſineſs at firſt Word, with all the Courage imaginable; but to me, who never durſt take Pen in Hand to write any thing beyond a Billet, the Enterprize ſeems very terrible. I confeſs, when you ſpoke to me of it firſt, I was well enough pleaſed with the Deſign; for I thought a Defence of the Sex, would be a Means of obliging all of the Sex, who were worth defending; and therefore look'd upon it as the writing a Circular Love-Letter to all the fair Ladies in the Kingdom. But as Men generally mix Intereſt with Honour, ſo, upon ſecond Thoughts, I conſidered what I ſhould get by it, beſides Fame, if it ſhould ſucceed; and I found, if I perſuaded all Men to be as paſſionate Servants to the Ladies as myſelf, I ſhould make but a very indifferent hand of it: Thus, *Madam*, you would engage me in a Controverſy, where it would be a Scandal to be vanquiſhed, and a Diſadvantage to overcome: For I, who could never ſucceed in an Amour where there was any Fool pretended beſides myſelf, ſhould have great Hopes indeed, when I had perſuaded all Mankind to be my Rivals. After all, *Madam*, there were your Commands to encourge me to it; and the Commands of a fair Lady are to me beyond all the Arguments

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guments in Nature; I therefore reſolved upon the Undertaking. But as it is no new thing to ſee People undertake a Buſineſs that they are altogether unable to perform, ſo I muſt own, I found a thing of this Nature quite beyond my Strength: You may believe, *Madam*, I was very melancholy at it, and it was then that a Friend coming into my Chamber, asked me the Occaſion. As I never love to conceal any thing that afflicts me from a Friend, ſo I preſently told him the Buſineſs, That a Lady had commanded me to write her a Treatiſe in Defence of Women. If that be all (ſays he briskly) I am come to your Deliverance; for this very Morning have I been at a Converſation, where the Queſtion concerning the Virtues and Vices of that Sex, has been handled as fully as can be deſired. Thou appeareſt to me, my dear Friend, (ſaid I, embracing him) like my better Genius, and therefore, without any farther Ceremony, ſit down, and give me an Account of the Conference.

Taking a Walk (ſays he) this Morning in St. *James's Park*, with ſeveral of my Acquaintance, there was one among the reſt who was all the while, either gazing upon the Ladies as they came by, or ſpeaking with that Indifference to us, that made

us

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us very plainly ſee, he did not mind the Subject of our Diſcourſe, tho' we talked of all the moſt conſiderable Things that offer themſelves in ſuch Converſations. (A very ſtrange Man this, *Madam*, who was thinking upon ſome Miſtreſs, I warrant, when they were raiſing Taxes, and beating the *French.)* Another, who was a Perſon of excellent Senſe, and had a particular Friendſhip for this, tho' they would often diſpute about their ſeveral Thoughts of Women, in which Point they could never agree; (I wonder they ſhould diſpute about that, *Madam*, for the greateſt Diſputes in thoſe Caſes are, when they do agree) began to rally him upon this Subject; which he did ſo handſomely, that he pleaſed the reſt of the Company very well, without diſpleaſing his Friend in the leaſt. PHILOGYNES (which was the Name of the firſt, as MISOGYNES was of the other) (Here, *Madam*, I muſt confeſs, I fancied my Friend put falſe Names upon me; for beſides, that I remember neither of theſe Families in *England*, the one, you muſt know, ſignifies a Woman-hater, and the other, a Woman-lover) cried to MISOGYNES, Tho' I allow you to rally me as much as you pleaſe, and am glad of any Occaſion I can give you, to exerciſe a Talent you poſſeſs in ſo eminent a Degree, yet I hope you do not in earneſt think

think the Converſation of Women ſo ridiculous as you would make us believe. Ten times worſe, ſaid MISOGYNES, than I can repreſent it; and ſince we have often had ſlight Skirmiſhes upon that Occaſion, and we have now Time enough to fight it out, if you have the Courage to loſe one Morning's gazing at them, I challenge you to the private Walk by the Canal-ſide, to defend their Cauſe; and theſe Gentlemen, if they pleaſe, ſhall be our Judges. Tho' I am very unwilling, anſwered PHILOGYNES, to loſe a Morning that has called out all the beſt Company of the Town, yet ſince it is in Defence of the Ladies, and you ſo boldly challenge me, I take you at your Word, upon Condition, that if I get the better in the Judgment of theſe Gentlemen, you ſhall engage to be in Love by To-morrow Morning. Upon Condition, that if I overcome, ſaid MISOGYNES, you will engage to be out of Love by the ſame Time, I agree. That is no equal Stake, replied PHILOGYNES, for it is to lay Happineſs againſt Unhappineſs; however, I am ſo well ſatisfied of my Cauſe, that I will undertake you, even upon thoſe Odds.

Upon this Agreement we walked all to the other ſide of the Park, full of Expectation of the Event of the Debate; when we were come thither, we found we had

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the whole Walk to ourſelves, and ſo MISOGYNES who gave the Challenge, began in this manner:

The Propagation of Mankind being the only Way to preſerve it from Extinction; and the Copulation with Women being the only Means that Nature has ordained to that End; there is no doubt but all Commonwealths ought to give any reaſonable Encouragements to it; I have therefore always admir'd the Wiſdom of thoſe Governments that incited, or compelled their Subjects to marry, as a Thing ſo much more neceſſary to Mankind in general, than pleaſing to any one in particular; but that a Man ſhould, out of a mere Act of Judgment, run after Women; that he ſhould find Delight in their Company, is ſo very extraordinary, that the wiſe Men of old thought it hardly poſſible, otherwiſe they had had no need of making ſuch ſevere Laws to force them to it, as they did.

Your Ladyſhip, who is ſo well verſed in *Greek* and *Roman* Authors, knows, that amongſt the * *Spartans*, they who lived long Batchelors were condemned to ignominious Puniſhments, and debarred the Privileges of other Citizens. That the † *Cretans* had a Law to compel all the hand-

* *Plutarch* in Life of *Licurgus*.
† *Strabo*, Lib. 10.

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handſomeſt young Men to marry; as the * *Thurians* had to invite them to it, both by Honours and Rewards. That † *Plato* ordains, that whoever lived a Batchelor to the five and thirtieth Year of his Age, ſhould be capable of no Honour in his Commonwealth: And that the ‡ *Romans* did not only take all Care imaginable, to encourage People to Marriage, but frightned them into it by Puniſhments, if they refuſed.

Notwithſtanding this, had you a Deſign of marrying them, I ſhould not altogether ſo much condemn you; nay, had you but a Deſign of enjoying them without it, there might be ſomewhat ſtill alledged in your Excuſe. How unjuſtifiable ſoever ſuch a Deſign may be, as to the moral Part, the Action itſelf is very agreeable to the natural. But to pick them out only for the Benefit of their Converſation, to fall in Love with their Underſtandings, and to leave the Company of wiſe Men for handſome Women, is juſt the ſame Thing, as if you ſhould chuſe rather to eat Jays and Parrots, than Woodcocks and Partridges, becauſe the Feathers of the former make the finer Shew.

* *Diod. Sicul.* B. 1.
† *Ibid.* Lib. 4, & 6.
‡ *Aul. Gell.* Lib. 1. Cap. 6. *Sueton.* in Life of *Auguſtus*. *Dion.* in *ibid.* *Lucius Florus.* *Livy*, Lib. 59.

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It is a very good, as well as a very general Way, to gueſs at People by the Company they keep; and thus we may give a great Judgment of the Female Sex, by a View of thoſe with whom they are the moſt pleaſed of our own. Well, let them appear then; what do you find? Fine Coats, large Cravat-ſtrings, and good Perriwigs, I muſt own, but for any Thing elſe, they, and their Perriwig Blocks are Critics alike. It is true, to do them Juſtice, they talk moſt learnedly of Points and Ribbons; have moſt mathematical Heads for the erecting of Ladies Top-knots, make as conſiderable Figures, talk as loud, and laugh more than any in Drawing-rooms and Play-houſes; and thoſe who know nothing of their Language, would take them, by their Geſtures, to be the wittieſt Perſons in *Chriſtendom*; but if unluckily you underſtand them, you will find it only falſe Fire, and that all this violent Laughter is produced by no Jeſt. Then take them out of their own Element, begin a Diſcourſe of any Thing that is worth knowing, they are dumb; out of Modeſty? No; but they hate to talk of Things that are *groſſier*; and the Pedantry of Scholars, and Gravity of Men of Buſineſs, is utterly unfit for a Gentleman.

Were

Were it nothing but the Company of ſuch ſort of Creatures as theſe, it would be enough, I ſhould think, to frighten a Man of Senſe from them. Can you ſee theſe Fops, as much as you are uſed to them, without laughing? except it rather makes you bluſh to think you ſhould bring yourſelf into Competition with ſuch Tools as they are: I am far from blaming them for following the Ladies: They avoid the Company of Men who deſpiſe them, for that of Women who admire them: Nor do I find fault with the Ladies, for being pleaſed with them; for ſince Likeneſs, they ſay, breeds Love, what Wonder is it they are fond of thoſe Men whoſe Follies make them moſt like themſelves? but for a Man who has ſome Pretences to Wit and Learning; for one who might be acceptable to Men of Senſe, to run after them; nay, for a Man who ſpends all the Morning in the Study of *Homer* and *Ariſtotle*, to ſpend the Afternoon among the Impertinencies of Women, puts me in mind of the Mountebank Stages in *Naples*, where the Jeſuits and Jackpuddings entertain the Spectators by Turns.

It is poſſible, you will ſay, that all this makes for you; that the Faults of your Rivals render your Virtues the more remarkable, and that there is no doubt, but

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a Man of Merit may ſucceed in any Place where a Man of no Merit may pretend; but, alas! Sir, you deceive yourſelf very much, if you encourage that Opinion. Had you fit Judges, there is no doubt but you were in the right: But if the faireſt Lady in *Chriſtendom* were amongſt the *Indians*, where they paint the Devil of her Colour, do you expect they ſhould do her Beauty Juſtice? Or if a ſlender Man were among the *Muſcovites*, do you think they would admire him for being well ſhaped, where they thought none but big-belly'd Men to be ſo? Credit me, Sir, a Man who leaves his Parts to the Judgment of Women, is very near the ſame Circumſtances: Will you not believe me in that Caſe, becauſe I profeſs an Enmity to them? You do well: but will you believe themſelves? View all the Town, take good Notice: Among all the young Heireſſes who run away from their Guardians, is there any one who does it with a Man of Senſe? Among all thoſe Widows who ruin themſelves by ſecond Marriages, is there any one who does it with a Man of Senſe? Among all thoſe Ladies who cuckold their Husbands, is there any one who does it with a Man of Senſe? We ſee them do theſe Things every Day, with Chaplains, Dancing-maſters, Butlers, and Footmen. Who are the Men that ſhew

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the tender Billets received? What are they who boaſt of the Favours of all the fineſt Women in Town? Are they not the moſt deſpicable of Mankind? Are they not ſuch whoſe Converſation is the Jeſt of Men of Senſe? And have they above one Thing about them, that diſtinguiſhes them from the other Sex?

After all, Sir, are not the *Women* in the right in this Point? Or do they ever ſhew more Judgment, than when they pitch upon ſuch Men? What do they look for in a Husband, but one who will admire them, who will be governed by them, and upon whom all their little Tricks will paſs? And who but Fools are fit for that? What do they propoſe in a Gallant, but giving them Pleaſure without Scandal? And to the former Part they have a received Notion of the Ability of Fools: Then for the Scandal, who ſo likely to give none as thoſe Men, whom the World will hardly believe were favoured by them, tho' they took their Oaths upon it? For notwithſtanding Experience teaches us the contrary, yet People are apt to fancy, a Man of Senſe muſt ſucceed before a Coxcomb; and will rather believe the former are favoured, tho' they ſwear they are not; than the latter, tho' they ſwear they are.

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But, alas! Sir, Men of Senſe they think know them, and that they take, as well as I do, to be a ſure Means to hinder their being in Love. It was upon this Account that (1) *Solomon* gives ſuch ſevere Characters of them in his *Proverbs*; that (2) *Euripides* repreſented them ſo faithfully, as to get the Name of the Woman-hater; that (2) *Simonides* has diſtinguiſhed them into ſo many ſorts of evil Things; that (3) *Lucian* has ſo naturally deſcribed their Tricks; that (4) St. *Chryſoſtom* has made ſuch a ſevere Invective againſt them; that (5) *Juvenal* has given his Friend ſuch Counſel againſt having any Thing to do with them; and, in fine, it is upon the ſame Account that all the Epigrammatiſts, Comic Poets, and Satiriſts are ſo continually expoſing them to the World, making their Follies ridiculous, and their Vices odious. It is upon the ſame Account likewiſe, that to call a Man Effeminate, has always been reckoned ſuch a Reproach; and that to ſay a Man is governed by a Woman, has been one of the worſt Characters you could give of his Underſtanding.

See

(1) Chap. 7, &c.
(2) *V. Stobæi Senten.* cap. *de Vituperio Mulierum.*
(3) See the *Dialogues* of the *Courteſans*, and that of *Love.*
(4) *Homily* on the Beheading St. *John Baptiſt.*
(5) *Satire* 6th.

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See here a dreadful Army, *Madam*, againſt us. I aſked my Friend what theſe Gentlemen had ſaid upon this Occaſion? He told me, *Juvenal* had written a very ſevere Satire (the XIth) againſt Women, which I ſhould ſee very much to its Advantage, if I would conſult Mr. *Dryden*'s Tranſlation of it. For *Simonides*, he told me, he had written *Iambics* againſt them, in which he divides them into *ten* Sorts. The *firſt* he ſaid was deſcended from a *Sow*, (you will find very noble Families among them, *Madam*) and ſhe was ſluttiſh: The *ſecond* from a *Fox*, and ſhe underſtands every thing, and has a great deal of Good in her, and a great deal of Ill too: The *third* from a *Dog*, and ſhe is prying about, and ſnarling at every Body: The *fourth* is made of the *Earth*, and ſhe underſtands nothing but how to fill her Belly, and ſit by the Fire-ſide: The *fifth* of the *Sea*, and ſhe is changeable and inconſtant; ſometimes in a Calm, and then on a ſudden in a Storm: The *ſixth* is made of *Aſhes*, and a *Labouring Aſs*, (an odd Compoſition you will ſay) and ſhe is ſcarce driven to her Buſineſs with Threatnings or Force, but crams herſelf Night and Day, and lies with every one that comes; (now whether ſhe takes this Quality of lying with all who come, from the Father's-ſide, or the Mother's-ſide, I cannot

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cannot abſolutely determine.) The *ſeventh* was deſcended from a *Pole Cat*, and ſhe is nauſeous and ſtinking: The *eighth* from a *Mare*, and ſhe never cares to do any Work, and minds nothing but appearing neat and fine: The *ninth* from a *Monkey*, and her Ugline ſs is a Jeſt to every body: The *tenth* from a *Bee*, and ſhe makes an excellent Wife. (1) There is a Story alſo of this *Simonides*, that being aſked about a Wife, he ſaid, ſhe was the Shipwreck of Man, the Tempeſt of a Houſe, the Diſturber of Reſt, the Priſon of Life, a daily Puniſhment, a ſumptuous Conflict, a Beaſt in Company, a neceſſary Evil. And (2) St. *Chryſoſtom*, beſides the Homily upon the beheading St. *John Baptiſt*, which is almoſt all an Invective againſt Women, ſays in another Place, What is a Wife? The Enemy of Love, the inevitable Pain, the neceſſary Evil, the natural Temptation, a deſirable Calamity, a domeſtical Peril, a pleaſing Damage. Thus you ſee theſe Ancients, Madam, had a very commendable Faculty of calling Names: What think you, might not the Matrons of *Billinſgate* improve in their Converſation? But it is natural, when

(1) *Camerar. Hiſt. Med. L.* 3. *C.* 11.

(2) On *Matt.* Chap. xix.

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when People cannot convince our Reason, to endeavour to move our Passions.

I know you will object against these, *Anacreon*, *Theocritus*, *Catullus*, *Tibullus*, *Ovid*, *Horace*, *Propertius*, and all those Poets and Wits, ancient and modern, who pleas'd themselves, whilst they lived, in the Pursuit of Women, and have render'd themselves immortal after their Death, by the Trophies they raised to them. It is confessed, that spending their Time upon the Sex, they ought to know them best: But on the other side, to excuse their own spending their Time, ought to represent them as favourably as possible; and yet, pray what is the Account they give us of them? Do they not all with one Consent complain, either of the Cruelty, or Falshood of their Mistresses? Are not their Books full of Quarrels, Picques and Jealousies? and do they not shew the Levity, Perjury, and Lewdness of the Sex? Does not (1) *Anacreon*, and a hundred more, tell you, they mind nothing but Wealth? (This Complaint of the Love of Wealth, and Invectives against it, has been very ancient, and very general amongst the Poets; be-

(1) Γένος ὐδὲν οἷς ἔρασσα
Σοφίν, τρόπος πιθῆται,
Μόνον ἄργυρον βλέπουσιν.

Od. 44.

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beſides this *Greek*, (1) *Horace*, (2) *Ovid*, (3) *Tibullus*, and (4) *Propertius*, make them, amongſt the *Romans*; (5) *Marino*, (1) *Gua-*

(1) ——— fore enim tutum iter & patens
Converſo in pretium deo. *Lib.* 3. *O.* 16. ſpeaking of *Jupiter* and *Danae*.

(2) Ingenium quondam fuerat pretioſius auro,
At nunc barbaria eſt grandis, habere nihil.
Ecce recens dives, parto per vulnera cenſu,
Præfertur nobis, ſanguine factus, eques.
Curia pauperibus clauſa eſt. Dat cenſus honores.
V. Amor, &c. *L.* 3. *El.* 8.

(3) Ad dominam faciles aditus per carmina quæro;
At mihi per cædem, & facinus ſunt dona paranda.
Sed precium ſi grande feras, cuſtodia victa eſt,
Nec prohibent claves, & canis ipſe tacet.
L. 2. *El.* 4.

(4) Nulla eſt poſcendi, nulla eſt reverentia dandi,
Aut ſi qua eſt precio, tollitur ipſa mora.
Aurea nunc verè ſunt ſæcula, plurimus auro
Venit honos, auro conciliatur amor.
L. 3. *El.* 11.

(5) Da te chi ſe defende?
Quâ penſier fermi, e caſti
Non atterri, e non guaſti?
Chi teco unqua contende?
Chi vinto non ſe rende?
Qual non cade, o non cede
Forte cor, ſalda voglia, intera fedé?
Anch' egli amor lo ſtrale
Già d'oro, e d'or lo cocea
Onde qual honor lo ſcocca,

E bel-

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(1) *Guarini* among the *Italians*; (2) *Conde de Villa Mediana*, and (3) *Quevedo* amongſt the *Spaniards*; (4) *Ronſard* among the *French*; and (5) *Cowley* amongſt us: For you muſt know, Madam, theſe Poets were a ſort of People, who were never very remarkable for their making large Jointures; their Eſtates generally lye upon *Parnaſſus*, where Land lets worſe than it does in *Ireland*: Nor do I remember to have read in any Hiſtory, of Poets who deferr'd the Enjoyment of their Miſtreſſes for the drawing of Writings.) Does not (6) *Theocritus* make continual Complaints of the Cruelty of his Miſtreſs?

E bella Donna aſſale,
Stampa piaga mortale
Là dove ogni altra punta
D'impiombate quadrel ſi ſpezza, e ſpunta.

Mar. Rim. par ſecunda Canzon. 15. *L'oro.*

(1) Le Richezze, li Teſori
Son inſenſati Amori Paſt. Fido. Chor. del Atto 2do.

(2) De tus flechas por ſer d'oro
Ninguna lei ſe deffiende.

(3) El Rico eſtà en toda parte,
Siempre a propoſito viene,
No ay coſa que ſe le eſconda,
No ay puerta que ſe le cierra. *Quev. Thal. Rom.* 37.

(4) Celuy devroit mourir de l'Eclat du Tonnetre
Qui premier deſcouvrit les Mines de la Terre.
Ronſard. El. 8.

(5) *'Tis all againſt the Love of Money.*

(6) Idyll. 3. 10, 11, 14, 20.

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Miſtreſs? Does not (1) *Catullus* tell you, that his *Leſbia* lay with all the Town? and (2) that what any Woman ſays to her Lover, ought to be writ in Wind, or running Streams? Does not (3) *Tibullus* complain, that he had taught his Miſtreſs to deceive her Guards ſo long, that ſhe learnt to deceive him too? Does not (4) *Ovid* lye at his Miſtreſs's Door all Night, whilſt an inconſiderable Fellow has got into her Arms? Does not *Horace* complain of the (5) Cruelty of two Miſtreſſes, and the (6) Perjury and Inconſtancy of three or four more? And does not (7) *Propertius*, beſides his own *Cynthia*'s Falſhood, cry out of

(1) Illa Lesbia quam Catullus unam
Plus quam ſe atque ſuos amavit omnes,
Nunc in quadriviis, & angiportis
Glubit magnanimos Remi nepotes. *Catul.* 59.

(2) ——mulier cupido quod dicit amanti,
In vento, & rapidâ ſcribere oportet aquâ.

(3) Ipſe miſer docui quo poſſet ludere pacto
Cuſtodes, eheu nunc premor arte meâ.
Lib. 1. *El.* 7.

(4) Ergo ego neſcio cui quem tu complexa tenebas
Excubui clauſam ſervus ut ante domum.
Lib. 3. *El.* 11.

(5) *Lib.* 1. *Od.* 23. *L.* 3. *Od.* 10. 26.

(6) *Lib.* 1. *Od.* 13. *Lydia*, *Lib.* 2. *Od.* 8. *Barine*. *Lib.* 3. *Od.* 9. *Lydia* again, *Epod.* 15. *Neæra*.

(7) *Lib.* 2. *El.* 18. upon *Cynthia*'s Falſhood. *Lib.* 3. *El.* 17. *De incontinentiâ mulierum.*

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of the Incontinence of the Sex in general? I know not what your Succeſs in Love may have been; but till you tell me the contrary, I can hardly believe it better than theſe Mens. For what Qualification can there be to make a Woman kind and conſtant, that they had not? *Anacreon* appears to be one of the gayeſt-humour'd Men that ever was born; *Theocritus* the moſt tender and natural in his Poems; *Catullus* was without a Rival the greateſt Wit of his Age; *Tibullus* was not only the ſmootheſt and delicateſt of the *Roman* Poets, but alſo the moſt beautiful Perſon of his Time; *Ovid* and *Propertius*, as neither of them wanted Love, ſo never had any a more ſoft and tender Way of expreſſing it; and *Horace*, beſides the Talent of crying up his Miſtreſſes, and pleaſing their Vanity that Way, had the pleaſanteſt Manner of expoſing the Follies of this Rivals, and the ſevereſt of revenging the (1) Falſhood or Unkindneſs of his Miſtreſſes, of any Man in the World. And yet none of all theſe could, by their own Confeſſion, keep a Woman to themſelves, or even teach them Cunning enough to jilt them ſo, that they ſhould never find it out;

(1) See *Lib.* 1. *Od.* 25. *Lib.* 3. *Od.* 15. *Lib.* 4. *Od.* 13. *Epod.* 8, 12.

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out; which (1) *Ovid* tells us frankly, was all he desir'd from them.

From this, Madam, you may please to observe, that Jilting is no such new Thing as some People would make us believe, tho' methinks these Poets are dangerous Persons to jilt; since it is remember'd against their Mistresses, near two thousand Years after.

And in Effect, what but Ruin and Desolation proceeds from them? Who was the Betrayer of (2) *Samson*, but *Dalilah*? Who was the Cause of the Destruction of (3) *Troy*, but *Helen*? Of (4) *Agamemnon*'s Death, but *Clytemnestra*? Of (5) *Hercules*'s, but *Deianira*? Who advised the burning of (6) *Persepolis*, but *Thais*? Who ruin'd (7) *Hannibal*'s Army, but the *Capuan* Women? Who lost (8) *Mark Antony* the World, but *Cleopatra*? Why should I burden

(1) Non ego ne pecces cum sis formosa, recuso;
Sed ne sit misero scire necesse mihi. *Lib.* 3. *El.* 14.

(2) Judges, Ch. 16.

(3) V. Homer.

(4) Velleius, Lib. 1. Euseb. Chron Soph. in Electra. Euripid. in Oreste.

(5) Ovid. Metam. L. 8.

(6) Quint. Cur. Lib. 5.

(7) Livy, Lib. 3. Dec. 3.

(8) Plutarch in Vit. Anton.

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den you with Inſtances, when every Country can furniſh Examples enow of their own? What made ſuch Confuſion in (1) *Juſtinian*'s Court, but *Theodora?* What cauſed the Revolt in the Low Countries, but the Government of the (2) Princeſs of *Parma?* Who made ſuch dreadful Diſturbances in (3) *Scotland*, as *their* Queen *Mary?* And who raiſed the greateſt Perſecution for Religion, that ever *England* ſaw, but our *own* Queen of the ſame Name?

But certainly they muſt have ſome very great Perfections to make Amends for all theſe Faults: Well then, let us ſee what they are! Let us view theſe pleaſant Comfits that are to make the Poiſon go down: Let us enjoy a little of that Converſation, that is diverſitive enough to make People neglect all their Danger. Sit in one of their Drawing-Rooms all Day; obſerve the Diſcourſe which paſſes; is it not a tedious Repetition of the ſame Impertinencies over and over again, to every new Viſitant? And is not one Half of that ſpent in cenſuring all the Town, and the other Half in railing at thoſe who cenſure? Do they not inveigh againſt the Lampooners, and at the ſame time talk as ſcandalouſly as they can write?

(1) Procop. Arec.

(2) Strada, Bentivoglio, Garnier, *&c.*

(3) *Buchanan* and *Knox.*

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write? The horrid Affectation, the ridiculous Vanity, the groſs Diſſimulation, and the inveterate Malice that appears in all their Diſcourſes, are Things for which I ſhould think all the Paint on their Faces could not make Amends. For my own part, I confeſs, I have been Fool enough to be in Love too, and have follow'd Women upon that Account, but to another ſort of End, than you ſay you do: But when that End was once ſatisfied, to talk with them afterwards, was as great a Penance to me, as it would be to ſit in a greaſy Cook's Shop, when my Belly was full.

This MISOGYNES is a very rude Fellow, and I am ſure your Ladyſhip will be of my Opinion, that his laſt Simile was very fulſome. It is a Sign he hates Women; for had he converſed with them, they would have taught him better Manners.

But there are doubtleſs, you will ſay, Women of Underſtanding: Pray where are they? Is it your prudent Woman, your good Houſewife, who is plaguing all the World with her Management, and inſtructing every body how to feed Geeſe and Capons? Or is it your Politician, who is always full of Buſineſs, who carries a Secretary of State's Office in her Head, and is making her deep Obſervations upon every Day's

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Day's News? Or is it your learned Woman, who runs mad for the Love of hard Words, who talks a mixt Jargon, or *Lingua Franca*, and has ſpent a great deal of Time to make her capable of talking Nonſenſe in four or five ſeveral Languages? What think you, Sir, do you not wiſh for your Viſitant again, as the more tolerable Folly of the two? Do not you think Learning and Politics become a Woman as ill as riding aſtride? And had not the Duke of (1) *Brittany* Reaſon, who thought a Woman knowing enough, when ſhe could diſtinguiſh between her Huſband's Shirt and his Breeches?

Do not you, in Anſwer to theſe, fetch me a *Sappho* out of *Greece*; a *Cornelia*, the Mother of the *Gracchi*, out of *Rome*; an *Anna Maria Schurman* out of *Holland*; and think that in ſhewing me Three learned Women in Three thouſand Years, you have gained your Point; and from ſome few particular Inſtances, proved a general Concluſion: If I ſhould bring you half a Dozen Magpies that could talk, and as many Horſes that could dance, you would not, I ſuppoſe for all that, chuſe out the one to converſe with, or the other to walk a Corant.

(1) Montagne's *Eſſays*, *B*. 1. *C*. 24. *Mad*. Gournay *L'Egalite des Deux Sexes*.

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'But would you ſee them to their beſt Advantage? Would you have their Wit, Courage, and Conduct diſplay'd? Take them upon the Buſineſs of Luſt; that can make *Sapho* witty, *Aloiſia* eloquent, a Country-wife politic; that can humble (1) *Meſſalina*'s Pride to walk the Streets; can make tender (1) *Hippia* endure the Incommodities of a Sea-Voyage; can ſupport the Queen of (2) *Sheba* in a Journey to *Solomon*, and make (3) *Thaleſtris* ſearch out *Alexander the Great*: In this Particular, I muſt confeſs, we ought to ſubmit to them, and with Shame allow them the Preference. I cannot reflect upon the Stories of (4) *Sewiramis*'s lying with all the handſomeſt Men in her Army, and putting them to Death afterwards; of her offering her Son the laſt Favour; of (5) *Meſſalina* the Empreſs's proſtituting herſelf in the public Stews; and of Queen (6) *Joan* of *Naples* providing a Bath under her Window, where ſhe might ſee all the luſtieſt young men naked, and take her Choice out of

(1) *Vide Juvenal.* 6. *Sat.*

(2) 1 *Kings* x. 2. 2 *Chron.* ix.

(3) *Quint. Curt. Lib.* 6.

(4) *Diod. Sicul. C.* 2.

(5) *Juven. 6th Sat.*

(6) This Bath is now ſhewn in the Ruins of her Palace, a little Way out of the City of *Naples*.

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of them, without ſuch an Admiration as their heroic Actions deſerve. (1) *Sapho*, as ſhe was one of the wittieſt Women that ever the World bred, ſo ſhe thought with Reaſon it would be expected ſhe ſhould make ſome Additions to a Science in which all Womankind had been ſo ſucceſsful: What does ſhe do then? Not content with our Sex, ſhe begins Amours with her own, and teaches us a new Sort of Sin, that was follow'd not only in (2) *Lucian*'s Time, but is practiſed frequently in (3) *Turkey* at this Day. You cannot but be ſenſible, Sir, that there is no Neceſſity of going ſo far for Inſtances of their Lewdneſs, and were it civil to quote the Lampoons, or write the Amours of our own Time, we might be furniſhed with Examples enough nearer Home.

Here, Madam, I could not forbear telling my Friend, that his Diſputant grew ſcurrilous. He told me, conſidering him as a Woman-hater, he thought it was no more than his Character required; and that if I compared his Diſcourſe with what others had ſaid againſt them, I ſhould think him a very well-bred Man.

(1) *Lilius Giraldus, Dial.* 9. *de Poetis.*

(2) See his Dialogue between *Cleonarium* and *Leæna.*

(3) See *Tavernier*'s Travels.

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After this to talk of their Levity or Babling, what were it but trifling? All the Lovers and Poets who have had any thing to do with them, can furniſh themſelves with Inſtances enough of the firſt; and any Man who will give himſelf the Trouble of reading any one Hiſtory, ſhall find Inſtances enough of the other, if his own Wiſdom has hindered him from makeing them at his own Coſt. (1) There being a Senate called in *Rome*, upon ſome very extraordinary Occaſion, one of the Senators was deſired by his Wife to tell her what it was? He reply'd, He was obliged to Secrecy; ſhe ſwears it ſhall never be known to any one by her Means; upon that Promiſe he informs her, that there was a *Lark* ſeen flying over the Senate-Houſe with a golden Helmet on his Head, and a Spear in one of his Claws, and that they had thereupon called the Soothſayers together, to know what it portended. No ſooner was the Huſband gone, but the Wife tells it too, under a Vow of Secrecy to her Maid; ſhe to another who was her Fellow-Servant, who told it to her Lover; ſo that, to be ſhort, it ran ſo faſt, that as ſoon as the Senator came into the Market-Place, one took him aſide, and told it him for a great Secret; aways goes he, and tells his

(1) *Plutarch of Garrulity.*

his Wife ſhe had undone him, in divulging what he had truſted with her: She denies it, with a true feminine Impudence: How could it come to be known then? ſays he. Alas (reply'd ſhe) are there not three hundred Senators, and might it not come from any of them as well as you? No, ſays he, for I invented it on a ſudden, to ſatisfy your Curioſity, and thus had I been ſerved, if I had truſted you with the Secret. It is ſuch another Story they tell us of young *Papirius* to his Mother, who aſking him what had been debated that Morning in the Senate, told her, They were making a Law for Men to have a Plurality of Wives. But it is ſomewhat a more tragical Relation *Plutarch* gives of *Fulvius*. *Auguſtus* complained to him, that he was diſſatisfied with what he had done, in adopting *Livia*'s Sons, and diſinheriting his own Nephews; *Fulvius* goes home, and tells it his Wife, ſhe tells it to the Empreſs, who upbraids the Emperor with it. *Auguſtus*, when he ſaw *Fulvius* next, checked him for it; by which he perceived himſelf ruined, and therefore went immediately, told his Wife what ſhe had done, and that he reſolved to ſtab himſelf: But certainly the Wife's Anſwer was very ſufficient; Nor did you deſerve leſs, ſaid ſhe, who having lived ſo

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long with me, did not know I could not keep a Secret.

But omitting these, whose Actions are recorded to their Infamy, let us see a little of those who are quoted as the Glories of their Sex. And who more cry'd up amongst them than (1) *Judith?* What Action more celebrated than her murdering *Holofernes*, when he had treated her with all the Kindness and Respect imaginable in his Tent? For my part, I must own my Virtue does not arrive to so high a Pitch; and should rather have suffered my Town to have been ruin'd, than have been guilty of an Action that appears to me so barbarous; but I confess that of (2) *Jael* is yet worse, to invite a Man into her Tent, promise him Protection, and when he had trusted his Life in her Hands, to murther him whilst he was asleep. What shall we say to *Penelope*, who is instanced as a Pattern of Chastity, and conjugal Love? I will not with (3) *Ovid* and (4) *Virgil* (if the *Priapeia* are

(1) *Jud.* xiii.

(2) *Judges* iv. *v.* 17.

(3) Penelope vires juvenum, tentabat in arcu,
Qui latus argueret, corneus arcus erat.
Ovid Amor. *L.* 1. *El.* 8.

(4) (Speaking of *Ulysses*)
Ad vetulam tamen ille suam properabat, & omnis
Mens erat in cunno, Penelopea tuo.

Quæ

are his) make malicious Reflections upon her trying her Lovers Strength in a Bow; but take the Story as it lies in the *Odyſſes*, I am ſure ſhe would hardly paſs for ſuch a Saint in our Days; and if a Lady had her Houſe full of Lovers for twenty Years of her Husband's abſence, and if her Husband were forced to fight all theſe before he could have his Wife again, it is poſſible the Lampooners of the Town would not have repreſented her Caſe ſo favourably as *Homer* has done. But what ſhall we ſay to * *Lycophron* even amongſt the *Greeks*, who ſpeaks of her as a moſt profligate ſort of Woman, or to † *Duris Samius*, who aſſerts her to have been ſo very common, as to have lain with all Comers during her Husband's Abſence, from whoſe promiſcuous Copulations *Pan* was born, and therefore took the Name. (*Pan*, your Ladyſhip knows, in *Greek*, ſignifies *All*.) For *Lucretia*, I ſhall not

Quæ ſic caſta manes, ut jam convivia viſas,
Utq; fututorum ſit tua plena domus.
E quibus ut ſcires quicunque valentior eſſet,
Hæc es ad arrectos verba locuta procos;
Nemo meo melius nervum tendebat Ulyſſe,
Sive illî laterum, ſeu fuit artis opus.
Qui quoniam periit, modò vos intendite: qualem
Eſſe virum ſciero, vir ſit ut ille meus. *Priapeia.*

* *V. Domin. in Ovid.* El. 8. L. 1. See alſo *Seneca's* Epiſtles.

† *Lilius Giral. Hiſt. Deorum Gent. Pan.*

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not insinuate, as a * great Wit seems to do, that she stabbed herself, rather than return to the Embraces of a Husband, after having been so much better pleased by a Gallant; but if she were one who valued her Chastity so much, and her Life so little, as they would make us believe, it is somewhat odd that she should rather let *Tarquin* enjoy her alive, than a Slave lie in the Bed with her when she was dead; and that she should chuse to commit the Sin, rather than bear the Shame.

But let us forgive them all these Things I have mentioned; and since † *Le Chambre* assures us, that there is no Beauty in a Woman, but what is a Sign of some Vice; let us attribute it to Nature's Fault, not theirs; and reckon that the more vicious they are, the nearer they come to the Perfection of the Sex; and indeed, not spending much Time in their Conversations, I will pardon them all their Levity, Babling, Malice, and Impertinence; and, being unmarried, shall not be so severe upon their Lusts and Adulteries; provided they will stop there. Let *Helen* run away from her Husband with a handsomer Man; but let her not suffer all *Troy* to be ruined for the keeping

* Sir *Charles Sedley*, in his Translation of *Ovid*'s VIIIth Elegy B. 1.

† *L'Art de Connoitre les Hommes*. Or, Art how to know Men. C. 1.

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keeping her there: Let *Clytemneſtra* lye with another Man, during her Husband's Abſence; but let her not murder him for it when he comes home: Let † *Semiramis* make uſe of all the handſomeſt Fellows of her Army; but let her not put them to Death for fear they ſhould tell Tales: And tho' I would forgive her, yet her own Sex would never pardon her being the firſt Maker of ‡ Eunuchs: Let *Phædra* and *Fauſta* invite their Husbands Sons to ſupply their Fathers Defects; but let them not accuſe them, and have them put to Death for refuſing: Let *Joan* of *Naples* make uſe of all the Men in her Kingdom; but let her not ſtrangle her Hushand for his Imperfections in a Point that he could not help: That Cruelty and Barbarity, I confeſs, is what provokes me ſo much againſt the Sex: I can ſee *Tibullus*'s Miſtreſs jilt him, for a Fool who is not half ſo handſome; I can ſee *Ovid* waiting all Night at his Miſtreſs's Door, whilſt another Man is in her Arms; and I can ſee half a Score impertinent Women plaguing you with nonſenſical Stories, and be very well diverted all the while: But I confeſs I cannot hear of *Medea*'s cutting her Brother in Pieces, and ſtrewing his Limbs in the Way to

† *Diodor. Sicul.* B. 2.
‡ *Ammian. Marcellin.* B. 14.

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to ſtop her purſuing Father, without Horror and Dread; nor of her treating her own Children after the ſame manner, to revenge herſelf upon *Jaſon*, without a like Emotion: I know not how other People may bear ſuch Things; but for my Part, when I ſee all the Murders and Barbarities they commit, to revenge themſelves on their inconſtant Lovers, to get rid of their Husbands for ſome one they like better, or to prevent the Diſcovery of their Lewdneſs; but my Hair ſtands on end, my Blood ſhrinks, and I am poſſeſs'd with an utter Deteſtation of the Sex. Go but one Circuit with the Judges here in *England*; obſerve how many Women are condemned for killing their Baſtard Children; and tell me if you think their Cruelties can be equalled; or whether you think thoſe who commit ſuch Actions fit for your, or for any civil Converſation. But I ſee by your Looks you are convinced, I ſee you abandon your Cauſe, and I ſhall ceaſe to expoſe any farther a Sex, of whoſe Patronage you ſeem already aſhamed.

Here MISOGYNES left off, and PHYLOGYNES began to anſwer him: But I muſt beg your Pardon, Sir, ſaid my Friend, for my Time is come, and I muſt neceſſarily be gone. The Devil you ſhall, ſaid I; you would engage me in a pretty Affair; I promiſe

miſe a Lady a Defence of her Sex, and you will make me ſend her a Satire againſt it. Truly, my dear Friend, ſaid he, I deſigned to have told you all, but it is later than I thought, and I have Buſineſs waits for me. No Buſineſs, ſaid I, can be ſo conſiderable to you, as the ſatisfying a fair Lady is to me, therefore ſit down, and bring me fairly off what you have told me already, or you and I ſhall be Friends no longer. After all, *Madam*, to tell you the Truth, tho' there is no great Matter in this Speech of MISOGYNES, yet I can hardly believe he made it upon a ſudden; 'tis poſſible tho', they two having diſcourſed the Matter as they told us before, might have provided themſelves each with Arguments. But ſuppoſing that, I can ſcarce believe one Man would be ſuffered to talk ſo long without Interruption; at leaſt I am ſure, ſome who we know were none of the Company. But it is poſſible, that he who told me, might leave out all that was ſpoke by others, for Brevity ſake, being as you ſee in haſte.

If you are as apt to be miſtaken in your Judgment of Things as of Looks, replied PHILOGYNES, it is no wonder you ſhould make ſuch ſtrange Concluſions. Whatever Seriouſneſs you may ſee in my Face, does not, I'll aſſure you, proceed from any Diſtruſt of my Cauſe, but an Aſtoniſhment at what

what ſtrange Arguments the Invention of Man can ſuggeſt againſt the beſt Things that are. I ſay, the Invention of Man, for I am far from believing you in earneſt in this Point; I have too juſt an Opinion of MISOGYNES, to think he does any Thing but put on this Humour for a Trial of Skill; and I no more believe you a Hater of Women, for the Invective you have made againſt them, than I believe *Eraſmus* a Lover of Folly, for the Encomium he has writ upon it. If you have therefore any thing more to urge, forbear it not upon any ſuppoſed Conviction you ſee in my Countenance; for, notwithſtanding that I think you have handled the Subject as fully as any one who has undertaken it, yet I will aſſure you I cannot ſubmit to your Arguments; and therefore am very ready to hear any thing you have further to urge. No, ſays MISOGYNES, I am ſenſible I have troubled the Company long enough about a Trifle, and it is very fit you ſhould have your Turn of ſpeaking now. Part of the Company was already convinced by his Arguments, the other Part thought he had ſaid as much as the Matter would bear, and therefore both agreed in deſiring PHILOGYNES to ſpeak what he had to ſay, which he did in this Manner:

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I confeſs, Sir (ſaid he ſmiling) when I ſaw the Aſſociates you allotted me at firſt, I began to deſpair of my Cauſe; I own I was aſhamed of my Company, and reſolved to pack up Baggage inſtantly, and quit a Trade in which none but Fops and Fools were engaged; but when I ſaw the *Anacreons*, the *Ovids*, and all the Wits, antient and modern, in the ſame Circumſtances, I even took Heart again. Courage, ſaid I, the Buſineſs is not ſo bad as I thought, and it is poſſible his Heart may relent, and allow us ſome better Company than he condemned us to at firſt. At leaſt, thought I, if it is a Folly to converſe with Women, it is ſome Comfort that he owns it to be a Folly of which the greateſt Wits of the World have been guilty before us: And when I ſaw all *Greece*, and the greater Part of *Aſia* venturing their Lives for *One* Woman, I thought I had ſomewhat the Advantage of them, whilſt I ventured nothing but my Rhetoric for them *All* together. And when you named *Samſon*, *Achilles*, *Hannibal*, and *Mark Anthony*, I enquired who thoſe Gentlemen were; for certainly, thought I, if they were ſuch brave Men, and great Soldiers, as I have heard them repreſented, we have no Reaſon to deſpair of the Victory when we have them to lead us on.

You

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You might have ſpoken more generally of them too, if you had pleaſed; you might have told us, that there never was a great Soldier *who was not as famous for his Amours, as his Battles*; that a Poet was ſcarce thought free of his Trade, *who had not paid ſome Duties to Love* *; and you might have added to theſe all the Wiſe-men and Philoſophers of the World: You might have informed us, that *David*, tho' a Man after God's own Heart, was not contented without ſome Share in the Womens: That *Solomon*, who knew the Virtue of every Plant, from the Cedar of *Libanus*, to the Hyſop that grows upon the Wall, took as much Pains to have as general a Knowledge of the Ladies: That † *Socrates*, who was the uglieſt as well as the wiſeſt Man of his Time, would in ſpite of Nature aim at Love too, and, not terrified by one ill Wife, would try to mend his Hand in another: That † *Plato*, whom Antiquity has called Divine, did not ſpend all his Time in erecting Commonwealths, but that ſome of it was beſtowed upon the *Xantippe*'s and *Archeanaſſa*'s: That † *Ariſtotle*, whom *Philip* made Governor to *Alexander*, made himſelf a Slave to his Miſtreſs; that this was

* *Cowley*'s Preface.

† See *Diogenes Laertius* in his Lives of theſe Three Philoſophers.

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was not an Effect of his Paſſion alone, but of his Reaſon; *That he ſaid, Love was not only upon the Account of Copulation but Philoſophy; and commands his Wiſeman to be in Love, before he bids him meddle with the Commonwealth: And in fine, that this great Man, who fathomed all Arts and Sciences, who has given us the beſt Rules of Philoſophy, Politics, Poetry, &c. did alſo not think it unbecoming his Gravity to write one Treatiſe of Love, and four Amatory Theſes. You might have mingled Sacred Story with Profane: You might have told us that St. *Peter* was married, that St. *Paul* defended the leading about a Siſter; that we owe one of the moſt celebrated †Fathers of the Church to the Endeavours and Converſion of a Woman; and that St. *Jerom* had ſo great an Eſteem for the Sex, as to dedicate a great Part of his Works to ſome of them. You might have added to theſe a thouſand more, which you ſee I purpoſely omit to avoid Prolixity, and mention none but whom you will allow to be the moſt celebrated of their Profeſſion, without doing your Cauſe any Injury in the leaſt; for after all, it is

* Εἶναι δὲ καὶ τὸ ἐρᾶσθαι μὴ μόνον συνουσίας ἀλλὰ καὶ φιλοσοφίας, καὶ ἐρασθήσεσθαι δὲ τὸν σοφὸν, καὶ πολιτεύσεσθαι: Diog. Laert. *in Vit.* Ariſtot.

† St. *Auſtin* was converted by his Mother.

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but shewing us a Drawing-room of Fops, reading a Dialogue out of *Lucian*, seeing a Scene of a Play, quoting a Sentence out of *Solomon's* Proverbs, searching all History for two or three ill Women, and the Business is done, the Cause is gained, let the Trumpets sound, and *Io Paan* be sung for the Victory.

I am sorry, Sir, that I cannot be as civil to you, as you have been to me: It goes against my Conscience to place you with so bad Company, considering with what you have obliged me; and of those few great Men whom you have seduced to your Party, I am concerned that I must take better Part from you. I fancy, after what I have already said of *Solomon*, after reflecting upon his History, you cannot think him a true Friend to your Cause; and therefore will not, I hope, depend too much upon him. I shall say nothing of his Wives and Concubines, I shall not so much as mention his *Canticles*, which * *Grotius*, as well as I, affirms to be a Love-Poem, and which *Rapin*

* *Est autem*——— It is a Dialogue between *Solomon* and the King of *Egypt*'s Daughter; two Chorus's, one of young Men, the other of Virgins, who lay near the Bed-chamber, speaking between. The Nuptial Secrets lye hid here under modest Words, which was the Cause the ancient *Hebrews* would not suffer this Book to be read, but by those who were near Marriage. *Grot. in Cantic.*

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* *Rapin* reckons both the first and best of Pastorals; but I shall attack you at your own Weapon; I shall oppose Proverb against Proverb; if he has been severe in them upon ill Women, whose Cause I do not undertake, he has spoken as favourably of the † Wise and the Good; for whom we appear: In like manner, if *Euripides* has represented Women so in his Tragedies, as to get the Name of the Woman-hater, I appeal from his Writings to his Life and Conversation, which shew him far otherwise. If *Simonides* gives you severe Characters of several Women, he gives you one at last that makes amends for all; one in whom no Fault can be found; and if you think that is not enough to take him off from your Party, if you are still so very fond of him, we will tell you, that Men who are deformed and ugly, as ‡ *Simonides* was, naturally declare themselves Enemies to Women, because they fancy Women are Enemies to them; and upon that Account, not upon the Account of his Wit, we will allow him to you. As for St. *Chrysostom*, tho' we have all the Respect imaginable for a Father of Church, and upon that Account

* Rapin *de Carmine Pastorali*.

† *Proverbs*, Chap. last, *&c.*

‡ Girald. *in vit.* Simonidis. Plutarch *in vit.* Themistoclis.

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ſhall not enter into the Merits of the Cauſe betwixt *him and the Empreſs *Eudoxia*; yet this we ſhall ſay, Sir, that as Fathers of the Church are ſubject to Paſſions, as well as other Men; ſo it is no Wonder that a Man, who is uſed very ill by one Woman, and converſes with few elſe, ſhould conclude them all alike. Thus after having taken two of your Patriots from you, and if not taken, at leaſt diſabled the other two from being very credible Witneſſes, you are reduced to *Lucian* and *Juvenal*. For the former, if I ſhould quote you what the old Fathers ſay of him, if I ſhould tell you, that he did not only abuſe the Chriſtian Religion, but even his own; that he rallied all the Philoſophers, Orators, and Hiſtorians of his Time; that not content with that, he falls foul upon thoſe his own Religion taught him to worſhip as Gods; I fancy you would not think what ſuch a Man ſays of any great Weight; but truly, Sir, there is no need of that in this Caſe: What does this *Lucian* do, pray? Why † he deſcribes the Bawds griping, covetous, and encouraging their Daughters in Lewdneſs; his Courteſans falſe, jilting, and true Courteſans throughout. And what of all this, pray? what does this make for you? It

* *V. Socrat. Schol. Sozomen. Evagr.*

† See the Dialogues of the Courteſans.

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It is not the Cauſe of Bawds, or Courteſans that we undertake; tho' even amongſt them he repreſents a great part eaſy, loving, good-natur'd Fools, and us'd accordingly by their Lovers. But does *Lucian* pretend that there are no good Women? Does he fall upon the Sex in general? or does not he bring in * *Charicles* in one place defending them, and does not he make the greateſt Encomium that can be of *Panthæa* in another, and ſpeak with abundance of Eſteem of ſeveral other Women in the ſame? And if he does introduce *Callicratides* in one of his Dialogues railing at the Sex, in Oppoſition to *Charicles*, he does it in the Defence of a Sin, which I am ſure you will ſcarce think it civil to name. What ſhall we ſay to *Juvenal*, but what *Plato* did to *Xenocrates*, bid him ſacrifice to the Graces. He is always violent, always declaiming, always in a Paſſion; and what Wonder if he falls upon the Women in one of his Fits? After all, you will make no great Matter of him; for if he has writ one Satire upon the Women, he has writ fifteen upon the Men. For the comic Poets and Satiriſts, whom you mention in general, when you name them in particular, I ſhall give them particular Anſwers. And now truly, Sir, ſee yourſelf reduced to a miſerable Equipage;

* In the Dialogue of Love.

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ſome old Huſbands, and jilted Lovers; ſome Men with ill Faces, and worſe Mien, may poſſibly ſtick to you ſtill; but that is all: I am ſorry to ſee a Man ſo well made, of ſo much Wit, and who has been ſo ſucceſsful amongſt the Ladies, rank himſelf with ſuch a Tribe; but you do it, I ſuppoſe, by way of Variety only; and ſo let *Miſogynes* appear, at the Head of his Regiment, that makes a worſe Figure than Sir *John Falſtaffe*'s; let them be encouraged with ſtummed Wine and muddy Ale; let them give Fire to their Mundungus, and ſo let the Battel begin, whilſt we with all the Heroes, Wits, and Philoſophers, ſee how we can defend the Cauſe we have undertaken.

I am ſenſible, Sir, that I have broken the Order of your Diſcourſe, and I beg your Pardon for it: But I thought it was neceſſary to diſtinguiſh our Enemies from our Friends, before the Armies joined, that ſo we might know whom to attack, and whom to ſpare; and having done that, I ſhall now confine myſelf to your Method, and follow the Courſe that you pleaſe to lead me.

Though I perfectly agree with you in the Eſteem of the Laws made for the Encouragement of Marriage, and conſequently cannot but regret the Want of them amongſt

amongſt ourſelves; yet I muſt beg your Pardon, Sir, if I wholly diſſent from you, in the Inference you would draw from it: For it is very apparent to me, and to any unbyaſſed Perſon elſe, I ſuppoſe, that thoſe Laws were never made, as you fancy, for the forcing Men to the Love of Women, to which all Countries were naturally enough enclined; but for the reſtraining them to Particulars; that whilſt they followed the general Pleaſures of the Sex, they might not loſe the uſeful Part, which was the Procreation of Children. Had there been ſo few Virtues amongſt them, as you pleaſe to imagine, there had been no Need of this; When we have but one Diſh of Meat that we like, we fall upon that without any Deliberation; but when the Fancy is diſtracted with Variety of Dainties, we often loſe more Time in the making our Choice, than would otherwiſe be requiſite to the ſatisfying our Appetites.

It is true, Sir, it is a very good Way to judge of People by the Company they are fond of; but it is not a certain Way to judge of People by the Company that is fond of them. There was a Taylor in Love with Queen *Elizabeth*, but it does not neceſſarily follow that Queen *Elizabeth* was in Love with a Taylor. If there are ridiculous Fellows who follow the Ladies,

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before we run down the Ladies for it, let us ſee if they do not laugh at them as well as we our ſelves. And I cannot think their purſuing them any Reaſon at all for Men of Senſe to avoid them. You would think it very hard, that *Alexander* and *Cæſar* ſhould quit the Art of War, becauſe ſome *Thraſoes* and bragging Bullies pretended to it as well as they; and *Virgil* and *Horace* would take it very ill, that you ſhould damn all Sorts of Poetry, becauſe of the *Bavius*'s and *Mævius*'s, who ſet up for it; and whatever Reaſon you would give againſt the being a Miniſter of State, I dare ſay, Sir *Politic Woudbee*'s aiming at it would be none. (Here *Philogynes* ſeems to me not to underſtand the right Uſe of that conſiderable Part of Mankind call'd Fools; For it is only the Half-Wit that is intolerable, and a true Fool, is next a true Wit the beſt Company in the World; for as a noble Author has extreamly well obſerved,

Wit, like Terce Claret, when't begins to pall,
Neglected lies, and's of no Uſe at all;
But in its full Perfection of Decay,
Turns Vinegar, and comes again in Play.

DORSET.

After

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After this I need not tell you, Sir, that it is very ill judging of People by their Out-side; and as I laugh at thoſe who like a Man only for his being well dreſſed, ſo I fancy you will allow them to be as ridiculous, who run him down only for the ſame Reaſon. It was objected againſt * *Ariſtotle* and † *Cicero*, that they were too ſumptuous in their Apparel, and overcurious in their Dreſs; and without doubt there were deep ‡ Critics in thoſe Times, ſaid they minded nothing but making themſelves fine; who yet, without any Offence to their Learning, we may ſuppoſe, could not give ſo good an Account of their Studies, as theſe two great Men have done of theirs.

(Courage! there are two good Precedents for the Beaux.)

After all, Sir, I know there are a great many of theſe gay Coxcombs, of theſe eternal Pretenders to Love; and I have nothing to ſay in their Behalf; let them even ſhift for themſelves amongſt the *Thraſoes*, and *Bavius*'s. But they do not only pretend (you ſay) they are ſucceſsful too. It is very poſſible, Sir; I do not know but there may be

* Diogenes Laertius *in vit.* Ariſtot.

† Plutarch *in vit.* Ciceronis.

‡ *See* Verres's *Jeſts upon* Cicero *for his Effeminacy.* Plut.

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be Fools enough of the other Sex, to like the Fools of ours. But it is with the beſt Sort of Women too (you ſay) that they ſucceed. And who tells you ſo, pray? They themſelves. I ſwear, Sir, though I have a very great Eſteem for thoſe Gentlemen, yet I muſt beg their Pardon for my Faith in this Point; I can never think a Woman, whoſe Wit we all allow, can be fond of a Man whoſe Folly we all ſee: On the other ſide, I know how natural it is, for every one to avoid Contempt; and when a Man is deſpiſed in one Place, what ſo reaſonable as to make you believe he is eſteemed in another. And I hope the Gentlemen themſelves will take it for a Compliment, when I tell them I do not believe a Word they ſay in this Point; ſince certainly a Man of Honour would rather of the two, tell a Lye to the Prejudice of a Woman who uſes him ill, than a Truth to the utter Ruin of one who grants him all the Favours he can aſk.

But let us judge them by their Actions, ſay you! Do not moſt of the young Heireſſes run away with the pitiful Fellows? If they do, Sir, it ſhould rather deſerve your Pity than your Anger; or if you muſt be angry, be angry with the Guardians whoſe Severity frighten them away, and yet hinders them the Sight of any

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any Man of Merit to run away with. It is no Wonder that one who has never seen any Town, but where he was born, should think that the finest in the World; and you cannot blame a Woman for being in Love with a Man who does not deserve her, if she never saw any who did. All that we can reasonably expect in that Point is, that she should make some Satisfaction when she sees the World better; and if she shews her Contempt of her Choice then, it is as much (if not more) than can be required. In like manner you cannot say a Widow makes an ill choice, except you prove she was offered a better. If a Man, who is obliged to ride a Journey, does it upon an ill Horse, you will be very well satisfy'd certainly, when he tells you, it is the best he could get. (I confess, Madam, this seems to me but a very indifferent Excuse for the Widows; for he would make us believe, it is but next Oars with them; and so I told my Friend; but he reply'd, I must consider, it is only those Widows who make an ill Choice, about which he is to speak; and as he cannot say of them, as of the young Maids, that it was for want of seeing the World; so they must be contented with this Excuse, or make a better for themselves.) For the Wives, who you say cuckold their Husbands, there may be some-

what

what more to be ſaid. Modeſty being almoſt an inſeparable Quality of Wit, there is no Wonder that a Man who is poſſeſſed of that, ſhould ſo ſeldom ſucceed in theſe Undertakings; whilſt Fools, by their natural Impudence puſh on the Thing; and married Women are a ſort of Forts that are ſooner taken by Storm than Treaty. So that this ſhews rather the great Confidence of the Man, than the little Judgment of the Woman; who it is forty to one had much rather a Man of Senſe was poſſeſſed of her, if he would take the ſame Methods to gain her as the other had done.

(After all, Madam, I think none of theſe Excuſes extraordinary; therefore if I were worthy to adviſe the Ladies, they ſhould rather make Uſe of Men of Wit in all theſe Capacities, than put their Friends to the Trouble of inventing ſuch pitiful Defences for them.)

Now, Sir, as I cannot ſee any Reaſon why Women ſhould naturally love Fools more than Men of Wit, ſo I ſhall very hardly be brought to believe they do. In a Huſband I ſuppoſe they propoſe a Man whoſe Converſation ſhall be agreeable as well as his Perſon; and who ſhall have Wit to entertain them, as well as Wiſdom to direct them; and in whom can this be found, but in Men of the beſt Senſe? If in a Gal-

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a Gallant, as you say, they propose Pleasure without Scandal, tis very hard the Heat that warms a Man's Brain, should so entirely settle there, as to render him incapable of pleasing them otherwise; though it is possible, by reason of his having Variety of Thoughts to divert him, he may not give himself so entirely up to those Pleasures, as People less capable of thinking do: And for the Scandal, who so proper to hinder that, as those who have Prudence to manage Things so as not to be found out, and Wit enough to turn it off if they are? Whilst a Fool by his Want of Sense shall quickly make the Thing public, if there be an Intrigue, or by his Vanity brag of one, though there be none. Add to this, that when a Woman seems pleased with a Man of Wit, every body is apt to attribute it to the Pleasure of his Conversation; whereas, when she is fond of a Man, in whom we can see nothing to be liked, we naturally suppose she likes him for something that we do not see: And though it is possible it may be only Want of Judgment in the Lady, yet the World is apt to compliment her Understanding in that Case, to the Prejudice of her Reputation. And to conclude, Sir, though I do not believe all those Men successful who say they are not, yet I am very much inclined to believe

all

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all those Men not to be successful, who say they are.

For your Examples of Women-haters, I have sufficiently I think reply'd to them already; and for your other Arguments, if it be an Affront to call a Man effeminate, I hope you do not think it any great Compliment to tell a Woman she is masculine; and had that Argument been urged against you, I dare answer for you, you would have said, that that only proved the Perfections of the Sexes different; and as Man was made for the ruder Labours, it was requisite he should be strong and coarse; and the Women, being made for the easier Things, ought to be soft, tender, and delicate: And as for Mens being governed by their Wives, though the being hector'd by them is not so commendable; yet it * was observed by † *Cato* of the *Romans*, that they governed all the World, and that their Wives governed them: Amongst the ‡ *Assyrians* it was a Custom introduced by *Semiramis*, (who had ruled that Kingdom with so much Glory) that the Wives should have Dominion over the Husbands: The same Custom prevailed likewise among the

* *V. Alex. ab Alex. L. 4. C. 8.*

† *Plutarch in vit. Cato.*

‡ *V. Leges* Connubiales.

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the * *Sauromatæ*; and the † *Egyptians* had an expreſs Law to that Purpoſe. We know how much the ‡ *Spartans* (the braveſt Men of the World) were commanded by their Wives, and that all the Care and Management of domeſtic Affairs was committed to them. So that I cannot imagine how a Thing ſhould be ſo very ſcandalous, that was practiſed by moſt of the braveſt People under the Sun.

Here are very good Precedents for married Women, which it is to be hoped they will lay up in their Hearts, and practiſe in their Lives and Converſations.

I have as great a Veneration for thoſe Poets you mention, as any Man can; and upon that Account I ſhall not believe all the Ill they ſay of their Miſtreſſes, becauſe I ſuppoſe they would not have me: As I have been a Lover myſelf, ſo I know very well that People are apt in thoſe Caſes to take Suſpicions for Realities, and Surmiſes for Matter of Fact. Does not ‖ *Aurengzebe* call *Indamora* faithleſs, and ingrate? And yet I believe he would be very angry that you ſhould call her ſo too; and

* *Nicholaus περὶ δίκης*, and from him *Stobæus*. Serm. 42.

† *Diodor. Sicul. L.* 1.

‡ *Ariſtot.* Politic. L. 2. Cap. 7.

‖ See the Tragedy by Mr. *Dryden.*

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and would not any one who came in when he was in one of his Rants, conclude, a Man who loved ſo well, would not be enraged againſt a Miſtreſs at that rate, unleſs her Falſhood was very apparent? And yet when we come to examine the Cauſe of this Diſorder, what is it, but *Morats* giving him his Life at her Requeſt, or his leaning upon her Lap when he died. I rather mention this than any of the Poets you ſpoke of, not only becauſe all the Motions and Paſſions of a Lover are deſcribed with as much Art and Delicacy, as in any of thoſe Antients, but alſo, that ſeeing the whole Buſineſs before you, you may judge of every little Cauſe of his Diſorder, as well as he himſelf, which in Odes and Elegies you cannot do. You ſee the Lover there in a Fury, but what Cauſe he has to be ſo, there is no body to tell you, but he who is in it. Add to this, that a Man often feigns Jealouſy of his Miſtreſs, to hinder her from being ſo of him, and will upbraid her Falſhood to defend his own. (That is a Thing, now I confeſs, Madam, which I can hardly believe.) And it is evident, they had not really any ſuch bad Opinion of Women, ſince with all this they did not ceaſe to run after them. However, if you think theſe general Anſwers not ſufficient, let us ſee what we can ſay to Particulars.

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For the Complaints of Cruelty and Scorn, I look upon them as Things of Course; and therefore, shall say nothing to them. If *Anacreon*'s Mistress did ask him nothing but Money, why did he chuse one whose Necessities drove her upon it. And if other Men have made Complaints of the Womens minding Wealth more than Love; I desire to know whether Women have not as much Reason to make the same Complaints of the Men. And for those who talk of their Mistresses Inconstancy, let us see first whether they were constant to them. For *Ovid*, he does not pretend to put it upon you, but complains in * one Place of his being in Love with two at once, and tells you frankly in † another, that he was in Love with all the Town. For *Horace*, *Suetonius*, (or whoever it was that writ his Life) informs you that he was intemperately given to Women; and what Wonder then, that a Man who try'd so many, should find one or two false. *Tibullus* had two ‡ Mistresses whom he celebrates by Name, and there are some more Elegies that it does not appear whether they are writ to them or others; and though

* *Eleg.* 1 *L.* 10. 1.

† *Eleg.* 4. *L.* 1.

‡ *Delia. Nemesis.*

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he tells us the * Report was, that his Miſtreſs was kind to other Men; yet the Report gave him ſo much Torment, that he deſired it ſhould be ſtifled; if therefore you have any Friendſhip for him, endeavour to fulfil his Deſire in that Point. For *Propertius*, beſides his † intemperate Love of all Women, he tells you his ‡ Miſtreſs caught him with two Wenches at the ſame Time; and confeſſes that he rails at the Incontinence of Women, only becauſe ſhe upbraided him with his. Thus whatever Qualifications thoſe great Men had, Conſtancy, you, ſee was none; and though we allow you, each of them had Merit enough for any one Woman, yet one Man can hardly have enough for half a Score.

Now if Ruin and Deſolation has come to great Men, and States, from Women, it ſhewed they had a good Opinion of the Sex in general, that they would ſuffer for them; and had they not been ſenſible the greateſt Part were good, they could never have been impoſed upon by the Bad. Then as for thoſe ill Women whom you have men-

* Rumor ait crebro noſtram peccaſſe putam,
Quid miſerum torques Rumor acerbe tace.

† Aſpice uti cœlo modo Sol, modo Luna miniſtrat,
Sic etiam nobis una puella parum 2 *Lib. El.* 18.

‡ *Lib.* 4. *El.* 9.

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mentioned, as I ſuppoſe you will not undertake to defend all the Actions of Tyrants and Murderers; ſo I do not think myſelf at all obliged to defend all the Women who have been guilty of ſome of their Crimes. The Diſpute is not whether there have been any ill Women in the World, but whether there are not more Good. And when I have told you that the Book that condemns *Dalilah*, cries up *Deborah* and *Jael:* That if *Homer* has repreſented *Helen* guilty of ſome Faults (for you will ſee that *Homer* does not repreſent her Cauſe ſo violently bad) he tells us of *Hecuba* and *Andromache*, and a Thouſand others who were very good ones; That if *Clytemneſtra* was falſe to *Agamemnon*, *Penelope* was as famous for her Truth to *Ulyſſes*; and ſo put you Example againſt Example, which I forbear to do, only becauſe it is ſo very eaſy; ſhould I, I ſay, do but this, you could not complain that your Arguments were unanſwered. But truly, Sir, we might carry the Thing much farther; we might defend ſome of thoſe Women you mentioned, and excuſe the reſt. For *Dalilah* I ſhall ſay ſay nothing, out of Reſpect to the Scripture, that repreſents her as an ill Woman; it is poſſible, were ſhe alive, ſhe might tell you in her own Defence, that what Account you have of her, is from

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her profeſſed Enemies: That however taking the Thing as they tell it; if ſhe did commit a Piece of Treachery, it was againſt an Enemy of her Country; and that it was very hard ſhe ſhould be ſo much run down for the ſame Thing they have ſo much admired in *Jael* and *Judith*, as well as every body elſe did in *Marcus Brutus*; ſhe would perhaps puſh her Defence further, and tell you, that though ſhe deliver'd *Samſon* to the *Philiſtines* to be kept Priſoner, yet ſhe neither drove a Nail through his Head, nor cut it off. But for *Helen*, give me Leave to tell you, it is a great Diſpute amongſt the Hiſtorians, whether ſhe was forced away by *Paris*, or went by her own Conſent; ſeveral are of the former Opinion; and * *Hoelzteim* ſays plainly, he wonders *Homer* will put ſuch a ridiculous Story upon the World, as to make her the Occaſion of the *Trojan* War. (*Menelaus*, it muſt be confeſſed, Madam, if the Story be true, was a very eaſy good-natur'd Huſband, who would be at ſo much Pains and Charge to fetch back a Wife who run away with another Man. I do not remember in my own Memory, to have known above five or ſix Examples like it.) And *Plato* in *Phæd.* ſpeaks as if the

* Prologom. ad Apollon.

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the belying her were the Cauſe of *Homer*'s Blindneſs, as well as of *Steſichorus*'s; but that the latter underſtood the Way of expiating his Fault better, and made his Recantation to this Effect, That there was not a Word of Truth in the Story of her going to *Troy*. If *Clytemneſtra* was conſenting to her Huſband's Death, yet it was *Egiſthus*, a Man, who gave the Blow: And if *Thais* did adviſe the burning *Perſepolis*, yet it was no leſs a Perſon than *Alexander* the Great who put it in Execution. And as for *Deianira* and *Cleopatra*, whatever Fatality arrived to their Lovers from them, may certainly be very well excuſed upon the Innocence of their Intentions, and their Puniſhment of themſelves afterwards, the one hanging, the other poiſoning herſelf. If the *Capuan* Women deſtroyed *Hannibal*'s Army, they deſtroyed a Body of Enemies that all the Men in *Italy* could not. In like manner, for your other Inſtances we might tell you, that *Procopius*, who tells thoſe terrible Stories of *Theodora*, *Anecdota*, is ſo very paſſionate all along, and mixes ſuch ridiculous Fables with what he tells, that there is no great Credit to be given to him. (This *Procopius* was a Soldier under *Juſtinian*, and has writ, amongſt other Things, a ſecret Hiſtory of thoſe Times: In this he repreſents the Empreſs *Theodora*

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more like a Devil than a Woman; he makes her and the Emperor converſe frequently with Spirits, and makes her put them to an Employment, that ſavours more of the Fleſh than the Spirit.) Though granting ſhe was as lewd as he repreſents her, what Wonder is it, that one who had been a ſtroling Play-wench, and common Strumpet before the Emperor married her, ſhould not turn Saint after? If the * Princeſs of *Parma* embroiled *Flanders*, ſhe did it by the Command of *Philip*, for whom ſhe governed. And as for your two Queen *Mary*'s, *Cauſſin*, in his *Holy Court* you know, makes a Saint of the One, and *Parſons*, of the Other, with whom I leave you to fight it out, not thinking our Diſpute very much concerned in it.

Then, Sir, if there are Impertinents, if there are ridiculous Perſons of the other Sex, I hope you do not think they are all *Platos*, nor all *Ariſtotles* of our own; And I will undertake, for every Woman who plagues you with her Buſineſs, for every woud-bee Politician, and for every Pedant amongſt them, to bring you double the Number of the Men. If *Olivia* is impertinent in the *Plain-Dealer*, I hope there are *Novels* and *Plauſibles* who keep her Com-

* See *Bentivoglio*, *Strada*, *Garnier*.

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Company; And if I ſhould carry you to a City Coffee-Houſe, and there ſhew you a Parcel of People talking of Things that they underſtand nothing at all of; and ſettling the Governments of Countries, which they never ſaw as much as in a Map: From thence to a Play-Houſe, and ſhew you the pert and inſipid Railery of the Sparks upon the Vizard-Maſks: From thence to a *New-Market* Courſe, and enter you at a Table, where you ſhould hear nothing talked of but Dogs and Horſes: From thence to a Tavern, and ſhew you a Set of Men in their drunken Frolics: I fancy you would wiſh yourſelf in your Drawing-Room again, as a more agreeable Folly than any of thoſe I have mentioned. And I appeal to you, whether *Lucian* in his *Timon*, *Boileau* in his eighth Satire, and my Lord *Rocheſter* in his upon the like Subject, ſay not as much againſt Mankind, and make them as ridiculous as you can do the Women. And I will aſſure you, Sir, I am far from being of the Duke of *Britanny's* Mind, that Learning is unfit for a Woman; and ſhall, without any Offence, either to him or you, continue of the ſame Opinion, till you have anſwer'd *Anna Maria Schurman's* Arguments in their Behalf, and till you have taken away herſelf, who is one of the beſt Arguments.

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(This *Anna Maria Schurman* was a *Dutch* Lady of *Utrecht*, of whom you will hear more anon. There was a long Diſpute between her and *Rivetus*, Whether Learning was fit for Women? 'Tis printed in her Works in *Latin*. Here, Madam, there follows a tedious Chapter, of Women who have been famous for Wit and Learning; which though it may be convenient for thoſe who queſtion their Abilities that Way, yet I do not ſee of what Uſe it can be to your Ladyſhip, or to any who have the Honour of being acquainted with you; therefore if you pleaſe, Madam, we will caſt off here, and take Hands again at the Bottom.)

Nor indeed you fear that I ſhould ſearch three ſeveral Countries, and three ſeveral Ages, to furniſh me with a learned Woman apiece. No, Sir, even *Greece* itſelf, to go no further, had nine Muſes, nine Siblys, and nine Lyric Poeteſſes, if you are delighted with the Number Nine, which is three times three. And if you have more Mind to Particulars, we will ſhew you there * *Megaloſtrate* the Miſtreſs of *Alcman*, who had a Gift of Poetry as well as he; the Daughters of † *Steſichorus*, who were

* *Voſſius* de Poet. Græcis.

† *Lilius Girald.* in vit. *Steſich.*

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were as good Poets as their Father. We have also an *Eretrian Sapho*, as well as she who was in Love with *Phaon*; *Erinna*, and *Demophila*, the first the Mistress of *Sapho*, the other equal to her, who flourished all four in the same Time. After these we have *Theano*, the Wife of *Pythagoras*, who undertook his School when he was dead, with two others of the same Name (if you will believe *Suidas*) whereof one was a *Lyric* Poetess, the other a *Thurian*, who writ of *Pythagoras*. We have also about the same time *Cleobulina* (the Daughter of *Cleobulus*, one of the seven Wise Men of *Greece*) a Poetess, and *Corinna* who had the Surname given her of *The Lyric Muse*. We have presently after *Telesilla*, an *Argive* Poetess, not only famous for her Wit, but for her inspiring her Country-women with so much Courage, as to make them put to Flight the *Spartiates*, who came upon them in the Absence of their Husbands. At the same time lived *Praxilla*, one of the nine *Lyrics*, and of whom we have a Copy of Verses to *Calais* yet extant; What will you say to *Aspatia Milesia*, who is celebrated as a Sophistress, (you know the Word * *Sophister* was not then abused) a Teacher of Rhetoric, and a Poetess? There was also *Hestiæa*, mentioned by *Strabo*; *Antyte*, by *Tatian*;

* *Plutarch* in Vit. *Themistocl.*

Tatian; and *Nyſſis*, by *Antipater Theſſalus*; of the two laſt of which there are ſome Things yet extant. If you have a Mind to ſee what they did after they turned *Chriſtians*, we will produce *Eudocia*, the Wife of *Theodoſius*, inſtructed in all ſort of Learning, and who writ ſeveral Treatiſes, very much cried up by *Photius*. I have not ſaid a Word here of *Laſthemia* the *Mantinæan*, nor *Axiothea* the *Phliaſian*, tho' they are mentioned amongſt the Diſciples of *Plato*, by *Diogenes Laertius*; and I own I forgot *Hipparchia*, whoſe Life he writes, and commends both as a Philoſopher and a Writer of Tragedies, and *Hedyle* the Poeteſs, whom *Athenæus* quotes, and * *Voſſius* it ſeems has forgot them as well as I. I queſtion not but there are ſeveral others whoſe Names we want, and I queſtion not but there are ſeveral named whom I remember not: However this is enough to let you ſee we are not ſo hard put to it as you imagine, ſince one little Country can furniſh us with all theſe. What ſay you, Sir, are you yet ſatisfied there are Women of Wit and Learning? or ſhall we fetch you the † *Cornelia* you mentioned, ‡ *Sempronia*, *Corni-*

* *Voſſius* mentions neither of theſe two in his *Poetis Græcis*.

† *Quintil.* L. 4.

‡ *Saluſt.* Bell. Catil.

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* *Cornificia, Polla Argentaria* the Wife of *Lucan*, and who aſſiſted him in his Poem; *Sulpitia, Proba Falconia, Helpine* the Wife of *Boetius*, from among the *Latins*? Or if theſe are not enow, ſhall we bring up our Reſerves of *Italian, Spaniſh, French, German*, and *Engliſh*? And if you are not yet contented, becauſe I fancy every Body elſe is, I ſhall refer you to *Jacobus a Sancto Carolo*'s Library of Women, illuſtrious for their Writings; or to *Anna Maria Schurman*, who was indeed a Library herſelf, ſince you mention her. Pardon me, Sir, if I detain you a little longer than ordinary with this Woman; and though you may think it loſt Time, becauſe you knew it before, yet it is poſſible every Body does not know, that ſhe was very well skilled in the *Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, Arabic, Turkiſh, Greek, Latin, French, Engliſh, Italian, Spaniſh, German, Dutch*, and *Flemiſh* Languages; that ſhe had a very good Faculty at Poetry and Painting; that ſhe was a perfect Miſtreſs of all the Philoſophies; that the greateſt Divines of her Time were proud of her Judgment in their own Profeſſion; and that when we had this Character of her, ſhe was not above thirty Years of Age. What think you, Sir, is not this Woman ſufficient of herſelf? Or ſhall we refer you to Mademoiſelle

* *Voſſius* de Poetis Latin. *for the reſt.*

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demoiſelle * *Gournay* among the *French*, or † *Lucretia Marinella* among the *Italians*, who have both writ in Defence of their Sex, and who are both Arguments themſelves of the Excellency of it? I ſhall not as much as mention any of thoſe Ladies whoſe Wit *Balzac* and *Voiture* ſo much admire; I ſhall ſay nothing of the Meſdemoſelles *Scuderie* and *Le Fevre*, to the firſt of which we do not only owe ſeveral excellent Treatiſes publiſhed under her own Name, but who is ſaid alſo to have had a great Share in thoſe that appear under her Brother's; and to the latter of which we are obliged for ſo many admirable Verſions, and judicious Obſervations upon moſt of the *Greek* and *Latin* Poets. I ſhall not as much as trouble you with our own Country-Women. I ſhall ſay nothing of Sir *Thomas More*'s Daughters, about whoſe Education ‡ *Eraſmus* has written; I ſhall paſs by Sir *Nicholas Bacon*'s, who were as learned as they; ſhall ſay nothing of Sir *Philip Sidney*'s Lady *Pembroke*; nor as much as mention Mrs. *Philips*, or any of the reſt of our *Engliſh* Poeteſſes; but I can hardly forbear ſaying ſomething of the Lady *Jane Gray*, of whom all Nations elſe ſpeak, and whoſe Fame is more

* L'Egalite des Deux Sexes.
† Nobilità delle Donne.
‡ Epiſt. ad *Budeum*.

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more celebrated in *Italy*, both for her Learning and Piety, by the Account that *Michael Angelo* has given them of her, than it is here at home. Should I reckon up all thoſe Ladies whoſe Wit and Learning has been celebrated by our own Poets; ſhould I but enter upon the Praiſes of Queen *Elizabeth* of *England*, or *Mary* of *Scotland*, in that Particular, I ſhould never have done. But I can hardly omit two Ladies who are Strangers, and however I am ſtraitned for Room, yet methinks I ought to be juſt to thoſe who were civil to me; ſince therefore I received particular Favours from the Procurator *Cornara*, during my Stay at *Venice*, let me not paſs over in ſilence his Daughter, for whom moſt of the greateſt Princes, and Learned Men of *Europe* have teſtified ſuch an Eſteem. This Lady, beſides her Skill in *Rhetoric*, *Logic*, *Muſic*, and *Aſtronomy*, writ and ſpoke perfectly well ſeven ſeveral Languages; and made the Courſe of all the ſpeculative Sciences with ſo much Succeſs, that ſhe might very well profeſs herſelf a Miſtreſs of them; and all this before ſhe was thirty Years of Age. Her Siſter, whom I had the Honour to ſee (ſhe herſelf being dead ſome Time before) is likewiſe a Perſon of very ſingular Endowments; and all this whilſt they are one of the beſt Families of a Town, where the

the Nobility ſeem almoſt as proud of their Ignorance, as their Liberty. The other I ſhall mention, is *Chriſtina* Queen of *Sweden*, a Princeſs whoſe Accompliſhments are ſo generally known, that it is enough to have named her; a Lady of that true Judgment, that ſhe knew how to eſteem Wit and Learning at the ſame Time that ſhe deſpiſed Crowns; and ſeemed to be born as a ſufficient Recompence to the Commonwealth of Letters, for all the Miſchiefs her Predeceſſors the *Goths* and *Vandals* had done it before; I am ſatisfied it is impoſſible for me to add any Thing to a Glory ſo eſtabliſhed as that of this Princeſs is; yet as I never paſſed any Time either with greater Benefit, or greater Satisfaction, than what I paſſed in her Converſation, ſo I am very well pleaſed, methinks, with any thing that gives me Occaſion to call it to my Remembrance. There might be as advantageous Characters, perhaps, given of ſome Ladies of our own Country now living, did not their Modeſty, that inſeparable Quality of Wit and Women, deter me from it.

We might tell you farther, Sir, that this Modeſty too often hinders them from makeing their Virtues known: That they are not of thoſe eternal Scriblers who are continually plagueing the World with their Works; and that it is not the Vanity of

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getting a Name, which ſeveral of the greateſt Men of the World have owned to be the Cauſe of their writing, that is the Cauſe of the Womens. Had not *Sapho* been ſo much in Love, it is poſſible we had never heard any Mention of one of the greateſt Wits that ever was born; had not *Cicero* and *Quintilian* given us Accounts of *Cornelia*, and the Daughters of *Lælius*, and *Hortenſius*, they had never done it themſelves; had not *Jane Gray* been put to Death, her Virtues had never been ſo much taken notice of; had not the *Portugueze* Nun been deſerted by her Gallant, we had miſſed ſome of the moſt paſſionate Letters that theſe latter Ages have produced; and had not *Anna Maria Schurman*'s Works been publiſhed by a Friend, without her Conſent, we had loſt the Benefit of them. We may tell you too, that it is not only in reſpect of their own Sex that they are admired, but even of ours. That of thoſe two Odes we have yet of *Sapho*, we owe one to *Dionyſius Halicarnaſſæus*, the other to *Longin*, the two beſt Critics of *Greece*, who choſe them out for Examples to their Rules, before any of the Mens: That the Epiſtle of *Sapho* to *Phaon*, which is eſteemed the moſt delicate of *Ovid*'s, is ſuppoſed to be taken out of her Writings: That *Corinna* was five Times victorious

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victorious over *Pindar*, the beſt Lyric Poet of our Sex. And were we here in *England* as forward in printing Letters, as they are in *France* and *Italy*, we might furniſh Volumes of them written by our own Ladies, that would make all the Women-haters bluſh, or make all Men elſe bluſh for them.

(Here, *Madam*, I muſt own to you I grew jealous, for I could not imagine that PHILOGYNES would have ſaid this, without having ſeen ſome of your Ladyſhip's Letters.)

We may tell you too, that granting the equal Capacities of both Sexes, it is a greater Wonder to find one Learned Woman, than a hundred Learned Men, conſidering the Difference of their Educations. If you ſhould go into *Greece*, and, ſeeing the Ignorance is among them at preſent, tell them their Countrymen were incapable of learning, would you not be very well ſatisfied, when they told you of the *Platos* and *Ariſtotles* of Antiquity? And that if they had not as famous Men now, it was becauſe they have not the ſame Advantages they had then? And pray why may not the Women be allowed the ſame Excuſe? Will you by your Laws and Cuſtoms endeavour to keep them ignorant, and then blame them for being ſo? And forbid all Men,

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Men of Senſe keeping them Company, as you do, and yet be angry with them for keeping Company with Fools? Conſider what Time and Charge is ſpent to make Men fit for ſomewhat; Eight or Nine Years at School; Six or Seven Years at the Univerſity; Four or Five Years in Travel; and after all this, are they not almoſt all Fops, Clowns, Dunces, or Pedants? I know not what you think of the Women; but if they are Fools, they are Fools, I am ſure, with leſs Pains, and leſs Expence than we are.

Upon ſecond Thoughts I hope, Sir, you will allow, that Women may have Wit and Learning; for their Courage and Conduct we may poſſibly ſay more anon. But for Heaven's ſake, do not aggravate their Faults always at that Rate; for whatever *Sapho*'s Life and Converſation were, there is nothing in her Writings, but what repreſents the moſt tender, and delicate Paſſion in the World: And as for *Aloiſia Sigæa*, (I give you Thanks for putting me in mind of * *Aloiſia Sigæa*,) who was as remarkable for her Wit and Learning as any of the other, I am very well aſſured you do not believe that infamous Book which goes under her Name, to have been written by her; † all who ſpeak of it aſſure us the

* *Vaſæus* Chron. Hiſp. *Thuanus*.

† Vid. Eloges des hommes illuſtres de Monſieur de *Thou*.

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contrary; and that ſhe was ſo far from writing it, that ſhe † never publiſhed any Thing: On the other ſide, all Hiſtorians repreſent her as remarkable for her Virtue as her Learning. For the Queen of *Sheba*, there is no mention in Scripture of her Travelling for any Thing but to be ſatiſfied with the Wiſdom of *Solomon*; however, if you will believe ſhe went to him, for the ſame Reaſon that ‡ *Thaleſtris* did to *Alexander* the Great; it was no ſuch great Matter, in Countries where is was thought no Sin, if the one had a Mind to have a Child by the wiſeſt Man in the World, and the other by the braveſt. After all, we muſt own if there are lewd Women, they endeavour to conceal their Lewdneſs, they do not brag of it, nor fly openly in the Face of Religion; and if they once come to be publicly diſcovered, they are rendered infamous to all the World, and their neareſt Friends and Relations avoid their Company: Whilſt there are ſeveral Men who boaſt of their Iniquities, value themſelves upon their being thought lewd, and what is worſe, find others to value them upon it too; nay, by their Incitements and Encouragements to Wickedneſs, often bring themſelves to that Paſs, that the leaſt Part

† Vid. Biblioth. Hiſpan.
‡ Vid. *Quint. Curtius*, B. 6.

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Part of the Sins they are to anſwer for, are what they have committed themſelves. But not a Word more, I beſeech you, of *Sapho*, nor her new Crime, let *Lucian* be forgotten for putting us in mind of it, and let it be cloiſtered up within the Walls of a *Turkiſh* Seraglio; I ſpeak not this in Behalf of the Female Sex, but of our own; for if they ſhould once hear of this Argument, and fall upon us with * *Socrates*, † *Plato*, and all thoſe Heroes of Antiquity whom *Plutarch* and *Lucian* produce in Defence of a like Sin in our Sex; ſhould they mention *Anacreon*, *Tibullus*, *Martial*, and all thoſe Poets who have eternized their Infamy in their Writings; and after that ſhew you what Progreſſes this Crime has made, not only in the *Turk*'s Dominion, but even in *Spain* and *Italy*, I am ſure, Sir, you would wiſh you had ſaid nothing of a Point, that may be ſo ſeverely made uſe of againſt our ſelves.

Now tho' you are pleaſed to quote the Lampoons, yet you think, as well as I, that ſuch Things are not worth any bodies takeing notice of; we both know there are a ſort of People about this Town, who pleaſe themſelves with Defamations: One of theſe,

* *Socrates* was in Love with *Alcibiades*.

† *Plato* writes Verſes to *Aſter*, a Boy, with whom he was in Love.

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if they ſee a Man ſpeak to a Woman, make their little Signs, their politic Winks, and poſſibly when they meet him, in their inſipid Way of Railery, tax him with it: If he is angry at them, then he is piqued, and afraid the Intrigue ſhould be found out; If he ſays nothing (as it deſerves nothing) then he is out of Countenance, and cannot ſay a Word; and if he laughs at them (which is all the Anſwer a Man would make to ſuch Stuff) then he is pleaſed with the Thing; ſo that every Way the poor Lady's Reputation ſuffers; and theſe Sparks ſhall not fail to blow it about Town, that there is an Amour; not that they think ſo of you, but that you may return the Compliment, and ſay ſo of them, when they ſpeak to any Lady themſelves.

For their Garrulity, if you would ſee Things which are againſt you, in that Treatiſe of * *Plutarch*, from whence you bring two of your Inſtances, you might have been furniſhed with enow of the Mens. But tho' it is lawful to forget Stories that are not for you, yet methinks you ought to tell out thoſe you do mention; and when we have heard that the Wife of *Fulvius*, ſeeing what ſhe had done, ſhewed her Huſband the Way to avoid the Conſequences of it, by ſtabing herſelf firſt; we muſt certainly

* De Garrulitate.

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tainly own, that such a Woman had Virtue enough to make Amends for all her Faults. And if in Answer to the Instances you bring, I should mention the * *Melitiss*, or the *Saxon* Women, who tho' they were all engaged in Plots with their Husbands, yet not one discovered it; If I should shew you † *Leæna* at *Athens*, or ‡ *Epicharis* at *Rome*, who being both engaged in Plots, one against the Tyrant *Pisistratus*, the other against *Nero*, yet could not by all their Tortures, be brought to discover them; and that the former, for fear her Torments should make her reveal it, bit off her Tongue; certainly, Sir, you would have a better Opinion of their Taciturnity. But we need not go so far for Instances; our own Country, and our own Time, will furnish us with enow. In all the Plots we have had continually on foot, tho' we have had Women engaged and accused; tho' there was one pilloried in the first, three executed in another, and sixteen or seventeen excepted in a General Pardon; though there have been several seized upon like Accounts since, yet, you see, there has not been one of them who ever made a Dis-

* *Plutarch*, de Clar. Mulierib.

† *Plin.* B. 3. *Plutarch*, de Garul.

‡ *Tacitus* Annal. B. 15.

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covery. Give me leave, Sir, to commend them for their Virtues at the ſame Time that I am far from defending their Faults; and though I have a very good Opinion of thoſe Men who diſcover a Conſpiracy upon Remorſe of Conſcience, yet I muſt take leave to believe that there are ſome, at leaſt, who do it upon another Account; and without any Sorrow at all for their Deſign, except that it did not ſucceed, think to ſave their own Lives, by the Sacrifice of other Peoples; and make Amends for their Treaſon againſt the Government, by their Treachery to their Friends.

But no Wonder you are ſo ſevere upon the Faults of modern Women, when you fall upon thoſe whom all Antiquity has reverenced. It is hard that *Jael* and *Judith*, whoſe Actions have been ſo long admired, ſhould be called to Account for them ſo many thouſand Years after. It would be an Injury to their Cauſe, to ſay any Thing in their Defence; and a Preſumption in me to juſtify Actions, that the Scripture has celebrated ſo much. But muſt poor *Penelope* fall under your Diſpleaſure too? I am ſenſible how much ſhe is like to ſuffer, who is defended by ſo dull a Fellow as *Homer*, againſt thoſe moſt ingenious Gentlemen, who are the Lampooners of our Age: However, as their Ability in Scandal

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Scandal needs no foreign Aid; and as I am ſatisfied they would think it a Diſparagement to them to be reckoned with *Virgil* and *Ovid*, let us free them, pray, from ſuch unworthy Companions. For the former, I believe you are fully ſatisfied the *Priapeia* are none of his; and as fully ſatisfied that the Authority of ſuch ſort of Verſes is not extreamly much to be depended upon: And for *Ovid*, if in the Perſon of a Bawd, who he tells you was a Liar, he gives you a Reflection upon *Penelope*; yet he makes her very ſufficient Amends, when * he ſpeaks in his own Perſon. And taking the Story as it lies, that her Houſe was always full of Lovers whom ſhe could by no Means get away; *Laertes* being too old, *Telemachus* too young to encounter them; it certainly ſhews her Virtue ſo much the more: For as there is no great Courage required to keep a Fortreſs in the Time of Peace, ſo a very little Virtue is ſufficient to preſerve that Chaſtity which no Body ever thought it worth his While to attempt. Now if *Lycophron* and *Duris Samius* repreſent her as a lewd Woman, as I underſtand not how they ſhould come to know it, all

* Penelope *manſit, quamvis cuſtode remoto,*
Inter tam multos intemerata procos.
OVID. *Amor.* L. 3. El. 4.

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the Writers who lived before them giving ſo very different an Account; ſo for *Lycophron*, it is no great Wonder a *Greek* and a Poet ſhould lye; or that *Duris Samius*, ſeeing the Etymology of the Word *Pan* come ſo pat, ſhould feed us with a Story upon it, of his own Invention. (*Pan* you remember, *Madam*, in *Greek* ſignifies All, and who would not tell a Lye for ſo pretty a Conceit?) You may obſerve alſo, that this Author was not of ſo eſtabliſhed a Reputation as *Cicero* would make us believe, ſince * *Plutarch*, who quotes him once, does it only to contradict him in a Point of Hiſtory, that he ought to have known better than this. For *Lucretia*, obſerve of Sir *Charles Sidley*, as of *Ovid* before, that he only makes the Bawd ſay it; and if you conſider the Fear in which ſhe was, you will find that that Paſſion often makes People run into a greater Danger to avoid a leſs, of which you have Inſtances enow in our own Plantations, of the † Slaves who hang themſelves, to avoid their being beat.

After all this, Sir, if you ſtill think with *Le Chambre* that Men have a greater natural Inclination to Virtue than Women, yet I hope you will grant they have taken a very becoming Care to overcome that Inclination;

* Life of *Alcibiades*.

† *Ligon*'s Hiſtory of *Barbados*. Fol. p. 50.

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tion; and if Nature has not given ſo large a Talent to the other Sex, yet they have improved that Talent much better than we have done ours. Then for your Inſtances of ſome few ill Women, I tell you, as I did before, that the Cauſe in general is not at all concerned in them; and when I ſhew you an *Atreus* cutting his Brother's Children in Pieces, and giving them to him to eat; a *Phalaris* roaſting People alive in a brazen Bull; a *Buſyris* murdering all his Gueſts; a *Nero* ripping open the Womb of his Mother, to ſee the Place where he had lain; and ſo for every Crime of that Sex, ſhew you how far they have been outdone by ſome of our own, as that * *Italian* Lady I mentioned does in her Treatiſe upon a like Occaſion, I am ſure you will find a very great Diſadvantage of your Side. But I take you at your Word, let us go a Circuit with the Judges, and if you find not ſix Men condemn'd for one Women, I will pay the Charges of the Journey. It is true, indeed, as moſt of the Women who are condemn'd, are ſo, for a Crime which they commit to prevent their Shame; ſo the Care of that, and Hypocriſy, are two Faults of which our Sex is not ſo generally guilty. Now though I do

* *Lucretia Marinella, La Nobiltà e l'eccellenza delle Donne, con deffetti e mancamenti degli Huomini.*

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I do not think myſelf obliged to ſay one Word for any one of thoſe Women you have condemned; and ſhall therefore leave *Phædra* and *Fauſta* to your Mercy, though neither of them expected the Cruelty of their Husbands ſhould have carried Things ſo far; and ſhall not argue much for *Semiramis*, though certainly her having all the Bravery, Wiſdom, and Virtues of our Sex in the greateſt Perfection, might move you to forgive her the having ſome of our Faults; and for her putting Men to Death, I am contented that every one who boaſt of Ladies Favours ſhould be ſerved in the ſame Manner; (Here, Madam, I cannot at all agree with *Philogynes*, becauſe it might be ſevere upon ſome honeſt Gentlemen, whom all the Laws againſt Adultery and Fornication would never reach.) Yet methinks I have an Inclination to ſay ſomewhat for Queen *Joan* of *Naples*, becauſe ſhe is generally repreſented ſo very ill. The common * Story is, that having married *Andreoſſa* an *Hungarian*, and her Kinſman; and not finding him ſo capable of ſatisfying her, as his Youth and Beauty promiſed, ſhe cauſed him to be ſtrangled in a Silk Cord of her own making. The firſt and chief Author of this Story is *Villani*, a *Florentine*,

* *Eſſais de* Montagne, *L.* 3. *C.* 5.

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rentine, (for * *Collenuccio* takes it from him, though, as ſuch Things uſe, it has loſt nothing in his Hands) who tells you that he had it from a † Relation made to his Brother by a certain *Hungarian*, who had been a Servant of *Andreoſſa*'s; and in his Return to *Hungary*, paſſed through *Florence*. Now the Author of this Story being an *Hungarian*, one of thoſe of whom *Petrarch* writes ſo much ill, and alſo a Servant of the dead King, he ought to ſpeak paſſionately againſt the Queen, of whom they were profeſſed Enemies: You may obſerve alſo, that the ‡ Letter which *Lewis* the Brother of *Andreoſſa* writes to her at the Time that he came with a potent Army to revenge his Brother's Death, ſpeaks of her being privy to it, as a Thing that was ſuſpected, rather than a Thing that did plainly appear. On the other ſide, ‖ *Boccace*, who lived a great while in that Court, throws all the Blame of the Action upon the Conſpirators, and none at all upon the Queen. After all, believe as you pleaſe, and do as you pleaſe with all theſe Women who have offend-

* *Iſtoria di* Napoli, *L.* 5.

† *V. Annotazione e Supplimente al Iſtoria di* Collenuccio *per* Coſto.

‡ Inordinata vita præcedens, retentio poteſtatis in regno, neglecta vindicta, vir alter ſuſceptus, & excuſatio ſubſequens, necis viri tui te probant fuiſſe participem & conſortem.

‖ Caſi degli Huomini Illuſtri.

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offended you: If *Helen* runs away from *Menelaus*, let all *Greece* arm, and fetch her back again; If *Clytemneſtra* conſents to the killing *Agamemnon*, let *Oreſtes* kill her for it; If *Semiramis* puts the Men ſhe has made Uſe of to Death, let her own Son ſerve her in the ſame Manner; If *Joan* of *Naples* cauſes *Andreoſſa* to be ſtrangled, let *Durazzo* cauſe her to be ſtrangled in the ſame Place; Let not your Severity ſtop there, but let their Infamy live when they themſelves are dead; and let the *Euripides*'s, the *Juvenals*, and the *Miſogynes*'s, ſet out their Actions in their true Colours. But let the Buſineſs go no farther, I beſeech you. Let not *Hecuba*, nor *Andromache* ſuffer, becauſe *Helen* is a wanton Woman; nor *Penelope* be run down, becauſe *Clytemneſtra* is an ill Wife; and if *Joan* of *Naples* ſtrangles her Husband, let not all thoſe who have died for theirs, fall under the ſame Condemnation. It is one of the chiefeſt Ends of Puniſhments to diſtinguiſh the Good from the Bad, do not you therefore by Puniſhments confound them. If *Tibullus* and *Ovid*'s Miſtreſſes jilt their Lovers, let it be remembered againſt them two thouſand Years after; and if *Miſogynes*'s ſerve him ſo, let him ſhew his Reſentment in as ſevere a Manner as he pleaſes. Let him diſdain the mean Revenge of malicious

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licious Whiſpers, and nameleſs Lampoons, and the much meaner Way of railing at all, becauſe one has injured him; but let him boldly hunt her out from the Herd; let him publiſh her Infamy in laſting Characters; though ſhe is free from Conſcience, let her be plagued with the Stings of Shame; and let all Women be terrified by her Example from being falſe to Men of Wit, or kind to Fools. But let him have very full Satisfaction of the Matter of Fact firſt; let him not go upon dubious Grounds, nor jealous Surmiſes; let him not believe the Vanity of ſome, nor the Malice of others; let him conſider the Stories of * *Bradamante* in *Arioſto*, of *Aureſtilla* in *Conſalo de Cepedes*, of *Othello* in *Shakeſpeare*, and let him ſee how far Jealouſy may ſeem reaſonable, whilſt nevertheleſs the Perſon of whom they are jealous may be innocent. After all, I give you even in that greater Power than I ſhould care to take myſelf; I would rather by other Peoples Faults correct my own, and ſhould think the nobleſt Revenge a Man could take upon a Woman who injured him, would be the doing ſome Action that would make all the World admire him; I would have every body upbraid her with my Wrongs, whilſt I myſelf was ſilent: It is true, if by the Injuries ſhe did

* Orlan. Furioſo. Canto 32.

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did me, there were any Aſperſions caſt upon my Reputation; there Juſtice to myſelf would oblige me to make the Story public: But I would certainly endeavour to reclaim her by Mildneſs, before I made Uſe even of that Severity; and as I ſhould ſcorn any Favour that was the Effect of Fear, ſo if I once broke into an open War, all the Submiſſion ſhe could make ſhould never bring me to an Amity again, though perhaps my own Good-nature might in Time prevail upon me for a Forgiveneſs.

This, Sir, is what I thought neceſſary to reply to what you ſaid; in which I ſee we have quite exceeded the Bounds of a Dialogue, and turn'd that into Declamation, which was intended only for Converſation. I have troubled the Company ſo much already, that I dare treſpaſs no farther upon their Patience, and ſhall therefore omit ſome other Things, which I intended to have ſaid upon this Occaſion.

You are like thoſe People, cry'd *Miſogynes*, who when they have provided all the Dainties they could get, make an Apology at the End of the Treat, for their having got no more: If I am not altogether convinced of the Goodneſs of your Cauſe, yet I am very well convinced that you have ſaid all the Cauſe will bear.

Tho'

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Tho' perhaps I ſhould have no great Mercy upon you, replied *Philogynes*, yet I have too much for theſe Gentlemen, to detain them ſo long, as to hear all that I could ſay upon ſo glorious an Occaſion. Should I make a Collection of what is written by the beſt Authors of Antiquity in their Praiſes; ſhould I but refer you to what *Stobæus* has collected for them, ſince you mention what he has done againſt them; ſhould I but tranſcribe what (1) *Plutarch*, (2) *Lodovicus Vives*, (3) *Speron Sperone*, the moſt Learned of his Countrymen, (4) *Ribera*, (5) *Hilarion de Coſte*, (6) *Scuderie*, and a thouſand others have ſaid of them in Treatiſes written expreſly in their Praiſes: ſhould I but ſearch all the Bibliotheques for a Catalogue of thoſe who were famous for their Writings; Should I afterwards tell you of thoſe who were remarkable for their Piety, conjugal Affection, Penitence, and Contempt of worldly Vanities; ſhould I but repeat the Names of thoſe

(1) De Claris Mulier.

(2) De Fœminâ Chriſtian.

(3) Dialoghi delle Donne.

(4) De la Gloire Immortelle des Dames Illuſtres.

(5) Eloges des Dames Illuſtres.

(6) Femme Heroique.

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thoſe who have died for the Preſervation of their Chaſtity; ſhould I ſhew you a * Country even at this Day, where they cannot by any Severity hinder Women from burning themſelves with the Bodies of their deceaſed Husbands: Should I mention the Women of † *Cios*, amongſt whom for ſeven hundred Years there never was the leaſt Mention of any Adultery, or Fornication; ſhould I tell you that the firſt of thoſe Sins was ſo little known amongſt the *Spartans*, that they did not think it worth their while to make any Law againſt it: (Now, ſaid my Friend, whether this were not as good an Argument of the Mens Chaſtity as the Womens, I leave you to judge; but really I think not, *Madam*; for beſides Intrigues with their own Sex, which were common enough amongſt the Men in thoſe Eaſtern Countries; I do not doubt but the Men, being Men of Honour, would ask; though the Women, being Women of Honour, would deny.) Should I but give you a Liſt of the Martyrs of that Sex, from thoſe who ſuffered under *Tiberius*, to thoſe who ſuffered under our own Queen *Mary*, I fancy I ſhould make you aſhamed of your *Simonides*, your *Juvenal*, and all your Satiriſts put

* See *Bernier*'s Hiſtory of *Indoſtan*. *Tavernier*'s and *Mandelſo*'s Travels.

† *Plutarch* de Clar. Mulieribus.

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put together. Should I after this defend them in the Virtue to which they are thought to have leaſt Pretences, which is, Courage; ſhould I but name thoſe who have been famous for their warlike Atchievements; ſhould I tell you of *Deborah*, *Penthefilæa*, *Thaleſtris*, *Camilla*; ſhould I ſhew you a Country * of *Amazons*, even in our own Time: Should I carry you into *France*, and ſhew you a warlike Virgin (at leaſt an unmarried Woman) whoſe Memory is ſtill annually celebrated by one of their chiefeſt † Towns, and who, beſides her Fame in their Chronicles, has given a Subject to one of the moſt famous ‡ Heroic Poems which that Nation has produced; would you not, after all, confeſs they might very eaſily be defended, even in this Point too? But I ſhall wave that; I am ſatisfied with the Care univerſal Cuſtom has taken of them; and as Seamen in a Storm, to preſerve their Things of greateſt Value, throw away thoſe of leſs; ſo I am very well pleaſed that Mankind ſhould be expoſed to the Hazards of War, whilſt the Fair Sex is preſerved in Safety at Home, whoſe Smiles are the nobleſt Reward a brave Man can

* See *Acoſta*'s Hiſtory of the *Weſt-Indies*.

† *Orleans*.

‡ La *Pucelle* de Monſieur *Chapelaine*.

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desire for all the Hazards and Fatigues he has endured in a Campagne.

But it is generally agreed that all Virtues are requisite for those who govern well; and since there are some Countries where Women are excluded from the Throne, and no Country where they are not postponed, it would be convenient, methinks, to see what they do, when by Accident they are placed upon it. I shall not trouble you here with *Deborah*, nor *Esther*, nor as much as mention *Semiramis*, though you have mentioned her upon another Occasion; and yet certainly the Bravery of most of her Actions ought to make us forget the Faults of some few; but I shall confine myself within the Bounds of our own Country.

* At a Time when the *Britons* groaned under the Servitude of the *Romans*; when the King, by thinking to oblige the Emperor, gave him an Opportunity of pillaging his Country; and that their Patience under their Sufferings, was only a Means of making them more; When their Houses were robbed, their Wives and Daughters ravished, and their Sons taken away from them; then *Boadicea* arose, and by her Courage, as well as Eloquence, inspired her

* *Tacitus* in Vita *Agric.* and from him *Sammes* in his *Britania Illustrata*.

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her dispirited Countrymen with a Resolution of throwing off that Yoke which was grown intolerable to be born. It is true, indeed, the End was not answerable to the Successes of the Beginning; nor to the Glory so heroic an Undertaking deserved; however as it was neither Want of Courage nor Conduct in her, so we ought to render her that Veneration which is due to so resolute an Enterprize.

But as one of the greatest Attempts the *Britons* made for their Liberty was whilst they were led by a Woman, so we must own the greatest Glory our Nation could ever boast, was under the Government of one of the same Sex. It was in the Time of Queen *Elizabeth* that this Island arrived at that Pitch of Greatness, to which it had been ascending for several Ages, and from which it has been declining, till very lately, ever since: It is the Name of this Princess that is dearer to all *Englishmen*, than the Names of all the Monarchs since the Conquest besides, and the only one whose Birthday has been celebrated after her Death, by the voluntary Gratitude of the People.

But however we may forget Things that are past, let us not oversee that which lies before our Eyes; and since the Occasion is so very fair, I know not how we can omit the shewing our Sense of those Virtues, of

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which the whole Nation has demonſtrated ſo grateful an Acknowledgment by the Body of their Repreſentatives; and never were they more truly their Repreſentatives before. Yes, Sir, without going to foreign Countries, without ſearching the Hiſtories of our own, we have even in our own Time, and our own Country, a Princeſs who has governed to their general Satisfaction, a People the moſt curious to pry into the Faults of their Governors, of any People under the Sun. A Princeſs, who though ſhe never ſhewed any Fondneſs of Vain-glory, or Authority, yet when the Neceſſity of the Kingdom called her to the Helm, managed Affairs with that Dexterity, which is very rarely found in thoſe who are the moſt ambitious of Command. Every Thing during that little Time of her Government, was ordered with that Courage, Conduct, and Prudence, that her greateſt Friends cannot find Eloquence enough to commend, nor her greateſt Enemies the leaſt Pretences to condemn. Though ſhe had a Husband venturing his Life in another Country, with a Bravery equal to what has made us ſuſpect the Stories of Antiquity; tho' our Fleet, the Bulwarks of the Nation, was managed in a Manner the Courage of the *Engliſh* Seamen was utterly unacquainted with; tho' a Monarch,

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Monarch, who thinks himſelf able to contend with all *Europe* together, ſeemed to make his utmoſt Efforts againſt a Princeſs, who had nothing but the univerſal Hearts of her Subjects to defend her; tho' all Chriſtendom was in Suſpence to ſee the Event of the Undertaking, and every little Prince had forgot his own Danger to contemplate hers; even at this Time did we ſee her look with all the Unconcern imaginable, and whilſt every Body elſe was alarmed for her Safety, ſhe only ſeemed to have known nothing of the Danger. Not that this Unconcern proceeded from any Ignorance of her Condition, or unreaſonable Contempt of her Adverſary; no, ſhe provided againſt their Attempts with all the Prudence could be wiſhed for, at the ſame Time that ſhe looked upon the Danger with all the Courage in Nature.

But however great theſe Virtues may appear, when they are ſet off by the Luſtre of a public Command, yet they are in Effect much greater, when they teach People to deſpiſe all ſuch dazling Trifles. Here it is, Sir, that we have a freſh Field for Eloquence, when we ſee a Lady diſſatisfied at that Glory which ſhe had to every Bodies Satisfaction beſide, and grudge herſelf that Authority, which ſhe owed to the Abſence of a Husband whom ſhe loved ſo much

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better than that. What think you, Sir, of that Alacrity, of that Joy with which she resigned up the Government? Does it not put you in mind of the old *Roman* Generals, who quitted their Plough to command an Army, and when the Victory was gain'd, returned with greater Content to their Plough again? This is that Wisdom which we should admire; this is that Virtue which we should adore; and we ought to despise all those little Pretenders to Business, who thrust themselves into the Management of Affairs against every Bodies Will but their own; and having neither Virtue nor Prudence enough to retire from it at the universal Murmurs of the People, are generally made Sacrifices at last to the just Resentment of an enraged Nation.

These are those blazing Comets, whose fatal Glories portend Destruction to a Government, whilst the Virtues of the others, like those of the Sun, give it Life and Heat, by their benign Influence. Much more, Sir, might be said in *Defence* of the *Sex*, which I shall purposely omit, because I am satisfied I can never conclude with a more illustrious Example.

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ÆSCULAPIUS:

OR, THE

HOSPITAL of FOOLS.

AN

Imitation of *LUCIAN.*

By *WILLIAM WALSH*, Esq;

ÆSCULAPIUS.

MAKE the *Third* Proclamation, *Mercury.*

MERCURY.

O—Yes! O—Yes! O—Yes! Whereas daily Complaints are made by all the World, of the innumerable Follies of Mankind, by reason of which they are neither happy themselves, nor will suffer others to be so: The great *Jupiter*, out of his fatherly Compassion to Mankind, has sent *Æsculapius* to apply Medicines to them. Whoever therefore there is, that is troubled

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with *Folly* of what kind *ſoever*, let him repair hither, and he ſhall be cured without any Fee.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

What ſhou'd be the Meaning of this? Every particular Man complains of the Follies that are in the World; and when we come hither to apply Medicines to them, there is not one Man that offers himſelf to be cured.

MERCURY.

If I might be allowed to adviſe *Æſculapius* in Points relating to Phyſic, I would tell him there is one Thing in this Diſeaſe of *Folly*, different from all other Kind of Diſeaſes; which is, that the Men can eaſily find the leaſt Symptom of it in other People, yet there is no Man that perceives the greateſt in himſelf. I think it therefore adviſable to make Proclamation, that every Man ſhould give Notice of what other People he knows, who are troubled with this Diſeaſe.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Let it be as you ſay.

MERCURY.

O—Yes! O—Yes! O—Yes! Whoever has any Relation, Friend, or Acquaintance,

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quaintance, that is troubled with *Folly* of whatever Kind, let him bring him hither, and he shall be cured without any Fee.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

See! see! What Crouds are getting together! Every Man seizes his next Neighbour, without any Deliberation at all; and they come willingly too, because every Man seems ready to accuse the other.

First MAN.

Here, Sir, I have brought you a *Fool* to be cured.

Second MAN.

Pray, Sir, take *this* first, for he is *dangerously ill.*

Third MAN.

Take Pity upon *this*, good Sir, for he has a *Complication* of *Folly* upon him.

MERCURY.

Pray, Gentlemen, have a little Patience: You shall be all cured, one after another.

First MAN.

Nay, for my Part, I have no Occasion for myself.

Second

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Second MAN.

How! no Occaſion, Neighbour; I wiſh, for your own ſake, you had not. For my Part, indeed ———

Third MAN.

Prithee, good Neighbour, hold thy Tongue. What, *cuckolded* and *hen-pecked*, and pretend to be free from *Folly?*

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Mercury, Keep the Croud off with your *Caduceus*; and bring the Patients up in Order.

MERCURY.

Stand off there, Gentlemen, and do not preſs upon us ſo. Here, you old Fellow, come in here with your Patient: Make your Reverence to *Æſculapius*, and tell him what you would have.

Old MAN.

An't pleaſe you, Sir, this young Man is a Kinſman of mine. He came very young to a great Eſtate, half of which he has made a Shift to ſquander away already; and he is in great Danger of doing ſo by the

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the rest in a short Time, if you do not cure him of his *Folly*. I have taken a great deal of Pains in advising him, but all in vain. If he could not live upon his whole Estate, I asked him how he hopes to live upon the Half? And if he spent his Estate when he was young and able to get one, what would become of him when he was old, and past getting one? But when I talk to him, he laughs at me, and that is all the Thanks I have for my Pains.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Mercury, put him in the Hospital; Care shall be taken of him.

Young MAN.

I desire, Sir, that you would please to hear me first, and judge whether it is this old Man or I who have most need of your Medicines. I confess, indeed, that what he says is true. But pray consider, that I spend this Estate in pleasing myself; and were it not a great *Folly* to debar myself of Pleasure for the *present Moment*, which is all I am sure of, for fear of not having Means to enjoy them in a *future Time*, to which I have no Security that I shall ever arrive. But, granting, I were certain of Life, Is it not a Madness to waste all my Youth, which is

is the only Time we are capable of Pleaſure, to lay up Wealth, which we are to make Uſe of in an Age when we are not capable of any Pleaſure at all. But this old Man, who has the Confidence to accuſe me, does ten times worſe. He did not only heap up Wealth all his Youth, but he continues to do ſo ſtill; and though his Age, and the Infirmities of his Body give him hourly Notice that he can hardly live one Year longer, yet is he at his Uſury, his Extortion, and a hundred Ways to hoard up Wealth, as if he were to live ten Thouſand Years.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

A very palpable *Folly* indeed. *Mercury*, put him aſide too.

Young MAN.

I did not doubt, Sir, but that I ſhould convince you at laſt. I may go away now?

ÆSCULAPIUS.

How, Friend! Does that Man's being a *Fool* hinder you from being a *Fool* too. If it be a *Folly* in him to *heap* up Money that he can never probably live to *ſpend*; Is it not a *Folly* therefore in you to *ſquander* away that Money which probably you will live

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live to want. Take Care, *Mercury*, that they may be both put in the Hoſpital.

MERCURY.

It ſhall be done. In the mean time here are ſome others.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Well, Gentlemen, what have you to ſay?

Firſt MAN.

This, Sir, is a Friend of mine, an honeſt, good-natur'd Man as lives; but he has a *Wife* who makes him the greateſt *Fool* in Nature; and though ſhe abuſes him in the groſſeſt Manner imaginable, inſomuch that half the Town laugh at him, yet is he himſelf blind to that in his own Houſe, which any Stranger ſees. Here is *one* who has been often found with *her*, and who can tell you more, if you examine him.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Well, Sir, and what can you ſay?

Second MAN.

All that I can ſay, Sir, is, that the Gentleman is a very worthy *Gentleman*; and his Lady a very fine *Lady*. He has often, indeed,

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indeed, bragg'd to me of the Happineſs of a marry'd Life. I thought the beſt Way to find out this Happineſs, was in going to his Lady, who has fully convinced me of all her Husband ſaid. But as I have a perfect Friendſhip for the Gentleman, I muſt confeſs, Sir, I am as well ſatisfied with his having a fine *Wife*, as if I had *one* myſelf.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

He has a fine Time on't, the mean while.

HUSBAND.

I confeſs, Sir, I have nothing to ſay in Contradiction to theſe Gentlemen. All that the one ſays, and the other would inſinuate, may be true for aught I know; nor do I think it much worth my While to enquire after it. Half the Town, the firſt ſays, laugh at me for being a *Cuckold*; and he would have me make it public, that the other Half might laugh at me too. But pray let us conſider how much wiſer he acts: He marry'd a *Wife*, who by the way is not extreamly taking; and yet you cannot imagine what Care, what Contrivances, what cunning Stratagems, this wiſe Perſon made Uſe of to ſearch out a Thing, which, after all, he did not care to find,

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find. And though with all his Buſtle he could find out nothing that really made againſt her, yet he has caſt her off with Infamy and Shame, chiefly indeed to himſelf, for uſing a Woman ill who never gave him Occaſion for it. If there be ſo many who laugh at me for a tame Husband, let him hearken after his own Concerns, and he will find a much greater Number who rail at him for a baſe and ill-natur'd one.

Now for this briſk *Monſieur* here, for this *finiſhed* Gentleman, who can with ſo much Delicacy rally the poor *Fools* that *marry!* So very ingenious a Perſon, no doubt, acts much more wiſely himſelf. Lord, how is his Eſtate divided? One Part upon Taylors; another upon Milliners; a third upon Perfumers; a fourth upon Perriwig-makers. All his Time ſpent between the Toilet, the Play-houſe, the Park, and Drawing-Room. And upon what noble Deſign, pray, is all this Time and all this Money waſted? Even, Gentlemen, that this moſt charming Perſon of his, may attain that with all this Coſt which I received Twenty Thouſand Pound for doing. Would his Niceneſs be contented with the Meat that had been tumbled, and cold upon my Trencher? Truly, Sir, his Happineſs is little more than this,

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this, I that am the *Fool*, come to her when I will, ſtay with her as long as I will, and command her as I will; while this wiſe Gentleman is waiting a froſty Night under her Window, breaking his Brains for Songs and Billets for her; bribing her Women, loſing his Reſt, and venturing the being abuſed, kicked down Stairs, and having his Throat cut whenever he happens to be found out.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Very great *Fools*, truly, all *Three!* Is it not ſtrange, *Mercury?* One would think every Man wiſe, when we hear him talk of *other Peoples Concerns*; and yet we find them all *Fools* when we look into their own.

MERCURY.

Alas, *Æſculapius*, how ſhould it be otherwiſe? when a Man is told of his *Folly*, he does not conſider whether it be true, and endeavour to mend it: He only conſiders whether the Man who tells him of this, be not guilty of ſome *Folly* too; and if he find he is, as I doubt we ſhall find few who are not, he reſts as well ſatisfied in laughing at him, as if he were abſolutely free from all ſort of *Folly* himſelf.

ÆSCU-

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ÆSCULAPIUS.

Well, old Gentlewoman! What is it you have to say against that young Man?

Old WOMAN.

An't please you, Sir, this young Man is my Husband: He made fair Pretences to me before Marriage, but now he neglects and despises me for every other Woman. Now I appeal to you, Sir, and to all the World, whether it be not a very *great Folly*, for a Man to tye himself, during Life, to a Woman he does not love?

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Yes, without doubt, it is. *Mercury* put them both up.

Old WOMAN.

An't please you, Sir, it is I who make the Complaint.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Very good, Mistress. And if it be a *Folly* in him to marry a Woman that he does not love, was it not a *Folly* in you to marry a Man without knowing first whether he loved you or no?

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MERCURY.

Here are ſeveral other *Wives* who complain of their *Huſbands*, and *Huſbands* who complain of their *Wives*.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Put them in all, without farther Deliberation. For though People may be allowed to be as critical in their Choice as they pleaſe before Marriage, yet when that is once done, it is a great *Folly* to complain.

MERCURY.

Here are a vaſt Quantity more of both Men and Women, brought upon Account of their Marriage.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

It were an endleſs Work to hear of every one who play'd the *Fool* in Marriage. To ſave Time, therefore, we will put up all the married People at a Venture; and if there be any one who can give us ſatisfactory Reaſons, to prove that he did not play the *Fool* in it, we will let him out again.

HUSBAND.

No, Sir, I will not go in: No one can ſay I committed any *Folly* in marrying.

ÆSCU-

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ÆSCULAPIUS.

How, Friend, marry and commit no *Folly!* What Wife have you, pray?

HUSBAND.

One who has Wit, Beauty, Virtue, Riches, and is of a very conſiderable Family.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

It is very much to be ſuſpected that thou art guilty of *Folly* in having this Opinion of her. A Woman with Wit and Beauty, marry an odd diſagreeable Fellow, and not cuckold him! However, Friend, if it be ſo, you may go away, but be ſure you ſend your *Wife* in your Place.

HUSBAND.

Do you reckon it a *Folly* then in a Woman not to *cuckold* her Huſband?

ÆSCULAPIUS.

No, Friend, we do not tell you ſo. But when a Woman who finds by her Conſtitution that ſhe ſhall make any Huſband a Cuckold, takes one who is very fit for that Purpoſe, there are ſome wicked People who think ſhe does as wiſely as a Woman

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in her Circumſtances could. But when a Woman marries a Man who is fit for no other Uſe than to make a Cuckold of, without a Deſign of putting him to any Uſe, that that Woman commits a *Folly*, there was never any one yet could doubt.

MERCURY.

But ſee what vaſt Crouds are waiting for Audience; and with how much Eagerneſs are they ſet upon diſcovering the *Follies* of one another? It is impoſſible for us to hear all the particular *Follies* of which particular Men are guilty. It ſeems to me therefore by very much the eaſieſt Way, to pick out the wiſe Men firſt, and when we have done that, we may apply general Medicines to the reſt, without enquiring farther into their particular Diſtempers. Make Proclamation therefore, *Mercury*, that People may no longer trouble themſelves with bringing the *Fools* of their Acquaintance, but henceforward let them bring none but the *Wiſe Men.*

MERCURY.

Alas, *Æſculapius!* Art thou no better acquainted with the Nature of Mankind than this? Believe me, if we ſtay here till one Man accuſes another of being wiſe, we may

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may ſtay till the End of the World. No, *Æſculapius*, no: In ſearching the *Follies* of Mankind, it was neceſſary to have an Account of them from others, and not from themſelves: But if you would ſearch for *Wiſe Men*, you muſt not aſk Mens Opinion of one another, but take what every Man thinks of himſelf.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Thou art better acquainted with the Humours of Mankind than I am; do therefore as thou wilt.

MERCURY.

O——Yes! O——Yes! O——Yes! Let all thoſe that are *Wiſe* range themſelves upon the Right Hand, and diſtinguiſh themſelves from the reſt.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

What is the Meaning of this? Every Man places himſelf on the Right Side, but one; and they joſtle one another for Room with the greateſt Violence imaginable! Here you Sir, What are you, pray, who appear ſo very confidently in the very Head of the Wiſe.

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POET.

Who I, Sir? I am a *Poet.*

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Well; and pray, Mr. *Poet*, what Pretence have you to place yourſelf ſo confidently before all the reſt?

POET.

Can *Æſculapius* know I am a Poet, and aſk that Queſtion? As much as a Man is above a Beaſt, ſo much is a Poet above another Man. It is we who converſe with the Gods, and deſpiſe the reſt of Mankind. It is we who elevate ourſelves above the tranſitory Things that the Vulgar are fond of; who deſpiſe Riches, Glory and Honour, and ſeek for nothing but Fame and Immortality.

When conq'ring Death *ſhall raviſh from their Eyes,*
Thoſe trifling Glories that the Vulgar *prize:*
When Crowns ſhall fall; when Empires *ſhall be loſt;*
And all that's mortal *be diſſolv'd to Duſt:*
Then ſhall I live *immortal in my Fame,*
And future Ages ſhall extol my Name. *

STATES-

* In ſeveral Places of Mr. *Pope*'s Works, it will be found, that he has *a moſt ardent Thirſt after* Immortality.

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STATESMAN.

I think there is no great Need of convincing *Æſculapius*, how little that Man deſerves the Title of Wiſe, ſince he himſelf has been pleaſed to prove it ſufficiently already. I will not ſay any Thing to the Man himſelf, or enquire what Pretences he has to the Title of a Poet; but taking it for granted that he is as good as he fancies himſelf, yet can any Thing be ſo ridiculous as the very Deſign he propoſes. He does not pretend that Poetry makes People happy in this World, becauſe we very plainly ſee the contrary; but he pleaſes himſelf with a vain Reverſion of imaginary Honours that he is never to enjoy till he himſelf is inſenſible of them. It will be a very great Satisfaction, doubtleſs, to a Man when he is in the Grave, to think his Verſes run as ſmoothly as ever; and one muſt be an Infidel to doubt but that the Author of a fine Poem will be extreamly conſidered in the other World.

I do not ſay this out of any Malice to the Profeſſion of a Poet, nor would I pretend to take a Title from them, though they do not deſerve it, but in order to ſhew you thoſe who do. Do you aſk me then who it is that deſerves the Title of a *Wiſe*

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Man? Whom ſhould I anſwer, but him who knows how to *govern* the *State.* If particular Perſons of a Community think they have any Title to Wiſdom, how much more muſt they allow that Title to thoſe who are capable of governing the Community? It is they, certainly, who can move Aſſemblies, who can adviſe Kings, who can govern Commonwealths, that deſerve the Title of the *Wiſe.* How conſiderable a Figure does ſuch a Man make in a Government? How much is he followed and careſſed? What Advantages does he get to himſelf and Family? And how much is he flattered and adored by theſe very *Poets* who would vainly arrogate the Title of *Wiſe* to themſelves? *

STOIC.

Though I am of a Profeſſion that do not trouble themſelves with the Trifles of the World, yet I cannot, I confeſs, be pleaſed to ſee People take a Title to themſelves, to which they have not the leaſt Pretence. I might obſerve here, that conſidering how Kings are for the moſt part adviſed, and Commonwealths governed, a Man has no great Reaſon to boaſt of his having a Hand in either. But I ſhall wave all that as to my

* Such has been the *quondam* Advice of Mr. POPE's *Lelius,* alias *Saint John,* alias *The Examiner.*

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my Particular, and ſpeak to the Employment of a *Stateſman* in general. Is there then any Thing ſo ridiculous as for a Man to propoſe the making himſelf Great, as the End of all his Actions? The only End a Wiſe Man propoſes, is the making himſelf happy; how ridiculous then muſt he appear, who makes himſelf miſerable, in order to make himſelf Great? Who ſeeks the Contempt of the Wiſe, that he may get the Admiration of Fools? Who leads a falſe diſſembling Life; fawning upon thoſe who treat him inſolently, and treating thoſe inſolently who fawn upon him? Who values himſelf upon the bearing other Peoples Burdens, for which the only Thanks he gets, is Envy, or Contempt: Envy if he ſucceed, and Contempt if he fail? Should a Man, who came late to an Inn, inſtead of taking the Reſt that was requiſite to refreſh him for the next Day's Journey, enter into Cabals, form Deſigns, and manage Intrigues to get the beſt Room in the Houſe, which would make him very uneaſy if he fail'd of it; and from which, tho' he ſucceeded, he muſt neceſſarily depart the next Morning; would not this Man appear ridiculouſly fooliſh, and contemptible to all the World? And when we ſee a Man in a World from which he muſt neceſſarily depart in a very ſhort Space of Time, inſtead of preparing himſelf

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himſelf for what is to follow, waſte all that little Time in ſenſeleſs Cabals, in vain Deſigns, and in ridiculous Intrigues, to make himſelf Great and Powerful; which, if he do not attain it, makes him uneaſy; and which, if he do, he muſt leave immediately again: Is not this Man ten Times more ridiculous, and more fooliſh than the other? The Man who by his Folly loſes his Reſt one Night, will without doubt grow wiſer, and take a double Share of Reſt the next: But, alas! in the other Caſe, it is quite different; there is no ſecond Opportunity of correcting the firſt; and he who has ſpent *one* Life fooliſhly, will never be truſted with *another* to employ better.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Wiſely urged, O incomparable *Stoic!* The Folly of this ſort of Men is very palpable; and you, certainly, who can ſo ſagely find out their Infirmities, can eaſily diſcover to us the Men who are ſubject to no Infirmities at all.

STOIC.

You judge right, divine *Æſculapius!* it is among us, and only us, that you muſt expect to find a real Wiſe Man. And our Leaders have taught us, upon a due Conſideration

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sideration of the World, to pronounce all Men Mad beside. 'Tis true, their Extravagance does not appear, perhaps, to the Vulgar; but as in a Mad-house, one of the Patients does not perceive *that* Madness in his Companion, which is presently found out by a sober Stander-by: So in this *universal* Madness which possesses the World in general, tho' they do not discover it in one another, yet it is at first Sight apparent to the Eyes of the Sage. Do you ask me then, who is this Wise Man that I have mentioned? It is he who places not his Felicity in his Beauty, his Wealth, or his Learning; who desires no Pleasure, who fears no Pain: Whom the Frowns of Fortune cannot deject, nor her Smiles exalt; Who is happy in Prisons, in Banishments, in Torments: Who, if he were broiling in *Phalaris*'s BULL, would cry out, *How pleasant is this!* It matters not how many Arrows Fortune aims at him, since he is impenetrable to them all. As there are some Stones so hard, that the Iron cannot touch; as Diamonds can neither be cut nor broken, but resist the strongest Force; as Rocks in the Sea break the Fury of the Waves, and, beaten upon so many Ages, retain no Marks of its Rage; so is the Soul of a Wise Man, solid and firm; and has collected so much Strength, that it remains as safe from all Injuries,

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Injuries, as any of the Things I mentioned. But what will you ſay; is there no one then who will attempt the injuring a Wiſe Man? Yes, they will attempt it, but they cannot perform it: He is elevated ſo much above the Vulgar, that none of their ill Deſigns can arrive at him. When that fooliſh King darkened the Day with his Arrows, there was not one of them which reached the Sun; when the Chains were caſt into the Sea, they could not bind the Waves; and thoſe who deſtroy the Temples, do no Injury to the Divinity: In like Manner, whatever is done proudly, maliciouſly, or inſolently, againſt a Wiſe Man, (who is in nothing different from a God, but in Point of Time) is but attempted in vain.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

O ſage! O wonderful! O incomparable *Stoic!* This, this is a Wiſe Man indeed! Is it poſſible that People can continue Slaves to their *Follies*, when Wiſdom propoſes ſuch ſublime, ſuch noble Rewards to her *Followers?* But deſcend a little from this high Region, in which you are placed; conform yourſelf to the Weakneſſes of others; and convince their Stupidity by living Examples of this high Pitch of Wiſdom you have ſo nobly deſcribed to them. But what

is

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is the Matter with that Man to laugh ſo? You, there, who *ſtand by yourſelf* on the *left* Side, while all the reſt are gotten upon the *right.*

MAN, ſolus.

Alas! Sir, who can forbear laughing, to ſee Men hope by their Pride and Vanity, to exempt themſelves from thoſe Infirmities, to which all Mankind are naturally ſubject? This ſage, this wonderful, this incomparable *Stoic*, after all his noble and high-flown Similies, is neither ſo hard as a Diamond, ſo firm as a Rock, nor ſo elevated as the Sun. This mighty Man, who would laugh in *Phalaris*'s BULL, yet is liable to Pain and Anguiſh, as well as the meaneſt of the People; the moſt vulgar Weapon ſhall hurt him; and the moſt ordinary Strength ſhall reach him. This contemplative Perſon, who has found out the *Follies* of *all* Mankind, has *one* of his *own* that he does not ſee, ten Times more extravagant than any of *theirs:* Since there is no Folly, ſure, ſo extravagant, as for *one* who labours under all the Frailties, and Weakneſſes, and Infirmities of *Mankind*, to think himſelf in any wiſe comparable to the Perfection of a *God.*

ÆSCU-

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ÆSCULAPIUS.

Well, Friend, what are you then, who dare accuſe the *Stoics* of Folly, who accuſe all the World beſide?

MAN.

Alas! Sir, I am a *Fool* too, and am ſo well convinced of it, that you ſee I keep by my ſelf on the *Left* Side, when all the reſt go to the *Right*; and were I not convinced my ſelf, I have given ſufficient Reaſon to convince any one elſe, by troubling myſelf with correcting the *Follies* of *others*, while I have ſo many *Follies* of my *own* that are uncorrected ſtill.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

What are become of all the Wiſe Men then; are there none left?

MAN.

If you take every Man's Opinion of himſelf, never were there ſo *many*; if you take their Opinions of one another, never were there ſo *few*.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Are all Men then alike?

MAN.

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MAN.

No, there are ſome who are called *Wiſe*, and ſome who are called *Fools*; not but that the wiſeſt Man has a ſufficient Stock of Folly too. But the beſt Method I can propoſe to diſtinguiſh Mankind, is by calling thoſe Men *Wiſe*, who know themſelves to be *Fools*; and thoſe Men *Fools*, who think themſelves to be *Wiſe*.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Mercury, thou art a ſwift Meſſenger, haſte away to *Jupiter*, inform him of what we have done, and know his further Pleaſure in the Matter: You may tell him, that upon a full Survey of Mankind it appears, that every one has ſuch a *ſufficient Share of Folly*, that he has no Reaſon at all to complain of his Neighbours having more. That in Anſwer to thoſe who think their Folly obſtructs their Happineſs, it is very plain, that the Happineſs of Mankind is ſo complicated with this Folly, that it is impoſſible to cure them of the one, without endangering the other too. Should we convince the *Fool* who ſquanders away his Money, that he might live to want it; ſhould we convince the *Fool* who heaps up Treaſure, that in a little Time he muſt die, and have all

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all his Treaſure taken from him; ſhould we convince the *Husband*, who places his Happineſs in his Wife and Children, that the one cuckolds him, and the other are none of his; ſhould we convince the *Man* who does Things to be eternally famous, that after Death he will have no Senſe of Fame, or of whatever is ſaid of him; we ſhould make them all miſerable and wretched. On the other Side, by taking away their Folly, we ſhou'd take away one of the moſt uſeful Qualities in the World, ſince it is very evident, that Mankind live upon the Follies of one another. Were there not *Fools* who ſell Eſtates, what would become of the *Fools* who buy them? Were there not *Fools* who marry, human Kind would come to an End. Were there not *Fools* of Buſineſs, how would the *Fools* that meddle with no Buſineſs be managed? Were there not fighting *Fools*, who would protect the *Fools*, that would not fight, from Oppreſſion? And were there not *Writing Fools*, what would the *Reading Fools* do for a Diverſion? So that upon the whole Matter I think we had even as good leave the World as we find it. However, if he thinks there ought to be ſomewhat done in this Matter, after having made ſo much Noiſe about it; the moſt general Folly in Men being that of ſhewing Severity to other

Peoples

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Peoples Faults, while they neglect those they commit themselves; He may order a solemn *Proclamation* to be made, *That no Man shall have the Privilege of censuring the Follies of other People, till he can bring a Certificate, under the Hands of three judicious Neighbours, that he has none at all of his own.*

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LETTERS

BETWEEN

THOMAS UVEDALE, *Esq*;

And the Celebrated

Mrs. ELIZABETH THOMAS.*

MADAM,

IF any Thing could render the Solitude of a Country Retirement agreeable to my Temper, certainly it would be the Opportunity of receiving your obliging Letters, which next to your ingenious Converſation, give me the greateſt Satisfaction in the World; but ſince my Affairs will not at preſent permit me to enjoy that Happineſs, I muſt beg the Continu-

* This Lady was Mr. *Dryden*'s CORINNA.

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ance of an *Epiſtolary Correſpondence*. I proteſt, Madam, it is the higheſt Piece of Charity imaginable, to throw away a friendly Hour, in writing to a poor Wretch condemn'd to live threeſcore Miles from *London*, amongſt a Parcel of four, unſociable Animals, who have nothing but their outſide Forms by which a Man would take them to be rational; for, indeed, their Humours and their Underſtanding favour much of the Brute. I have made ſome Obſervations on the Inhabitants, and I find the *Gentlemen* to be a Miſcellany of Ideots and Madmen, and the *Ladies* a Mixture of Coquet and Home-bred, which being odly blended together, makes a wretched Compoſition of Affectation and Ill-Manners, ſo that out of mere Neceſſity, I am forced to converſe with the Dead, and make my Study the chiefeſt Entertainment of my Hours. Though I cannot oblige you with a Sample of *Wincheſter Wit*, as yet, becauſe either our Rhymſters are aſleep, or want a Subject to work on; but to return our Favour of thoſe excellent Verſes on MUSIDORA, * I preſent you with two Copies of my own home-ſpun † Poetry, by which you'll ſee what it is you're to truſt

* See CORINNA's Poems. 8vo.

† 1. *Song* for St. *Cæcilia*'s Feaſt.
2. The *Moſaic Creation*.

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truſt to, if you trade with me in Verſe, and how great a Loſer you will be at the Year's End; for whoſoever trafficks with me in ſuch Sort of Ware, will make as indifferent a Bargain as the *Indians* heretofore, who barter'd *Gold* for *Spaniſh* Glaſs. If this tireſome Scrawl has not frighted you, Madam, from writing to me, be pleas'd to direct your Letter to Captain *Brown*'s, in *Hyde-Street*, and it will ſafely be receiv'd, by,

MADAM,

Your moſt humble Servant,

WINTON,
April 16, 1703.

THOMAS UVEDALE.

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A

SONG

FOR

St. Cæcilia's Feaſt.

Set to Muſic by Mr. Richardſon, *Organiſt of* Winton, *and performed at the Biſhop's Palace,* 1702.

I.

FROM Sounds, cœleſtial Sounds, aroſe
This univerſal ſhining Frame;
The Atoms which the World compoſe,
By Harmony to Order came:
The hudled *Chaos*, which before
Gloomy Marks of Horror wore,
With its charming Notes beguil'd,
Aſſum'd a Brightneſs, and ſerenely ſmil'd.

Soon

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Soon as the Waters heard the Voice Divine,
Bright Streaks of glorious Light,
Sprung from the duſky Womb of Night,
O'er the new Globe, triumphantly to ſhine.

CHORUS.

Bid Trumpets rend their martial Throats,
Soft warbling Flutes breathe gentle Notes,
Whilſt, in ſweet Concert, Viols play,
To crown the Grandeur of this Day.

II.

Orpheus, the Bard, whoſe magic Song,
Drew liſt'ning Herds, and Woods along,
Loſt on the Nuptial Day his Bride,
In her Beauty's blooming Pride;
Sadly he ſigh'd, with fruitleſs Breath,
At laſt he viſited the Realms beneath;
Faſt in his Hand the wond'rous Harp he bore,
Whoſe Charms had oft been try'd before:

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Upon the trembling Strings he ſoftly plays,
Harmonious, moving, mournful Lays;
The gloomy Pow'rs the Strains ador'd,
And to his Arms *Euridice* reſtor'd.

CHORUS.

Let Sounds melodious ſtrike the Ears,
And rival thoſe which tune the Spheres,
Whilſt, in ſweet Concert, Viols play,
To crown the Grandeur of this Day.

III.

At laſt Divine CÆCILIA came,
Fraught with Muſic's heav'nly Flame,
ORPHEUS to Her muſt yield the Prize,
Who drew an Angel from the Skies:
Hail! Patroneſs of Muſic, Hail!
Whoſe Charms o'er all Mankind prevail.
Bright CÆCILIA! ſacred Maid!
To thee our tributary Sounds are paid:
Harmonious Sons of Art prepare,
Of tuneful Strains the nobleſt Air,

In

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In Honour of CÆCILIA's Fame,
And to the Stars exalt her Name.

CHORUS.

Hail! Patroneſs of Muſic, Hail!
Whoſe Charms o'er all Mankind prevail.
Bright CÆCILIA! *ſacred Maid!*
To thee our tributary Sounds are paid.

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TO

THOMAS UVEDALE, *Esq*;

SIR,

THOUGH I receiv'd your generous Preſent two Days after the Date, yet the Affairs of my Parents, and the Commands of a noble Lady,* have harraſs'd me ſo much, that I could not get Time to return my Thanks ſooner. I doubt you'll quickly be convinc'd you have formed a very unjuſt Idea of me; for I proteſt, on a Self-Examination, I can't find one of thoſe good Qualities you lay to my Charge. However, 'tis highly obliging in you, to fancy me ingenious and agreeable, 'till you know the contrary; as ſuch, I accept the Compliment, and acknowledge your uncommon Candor. The Queſtion now is, Whether I ought not to ſtop here, and preſerve your favourable Opinion by my Silence, rather than hazard it by a farther Diſcovery of my Ignorance? The firſt is certainly moſt prudent, but the latter, being more juſt, I think it a Point of Honour to undeceive you, and diſpel the falſe Charms of an imaginary Proſpect. Your *American* Simile would

* Lady *Delaware*.

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would have been proper enough for me, but I can by no Means allow you to make Uſe on't, neither can I admit of a Barter ſo exceedingly diſadvantageous to my Correſpondent. No, Sir, I'll preſerve your finiſh'd Poems as a Standard of good Verſe, but I ſhall not pretend to traffic with you, becauſe I never wrote any Thing that pleas'd myſelf; and ſurely if an Author can't ſatisfy her own Judgment, 'tis in vain to expect ſhe ſhould pleaſe others.

I hope you'll be contented with this Anſwer, becauſe 'tis Truth; and I hope alſo, that if I ſhould not ſend ſo quick a Return to your Letters, as you may expect, or as they deſerve, you will not preſently accuſe me of Diſreſpect; for, what with the continued Weakneſs of my Grandmother, and the neceſſary Concerns of Life, I have ſo little Time at my own Diſpoſal, that I dare not promiſe a conſtant Correſpondence, leſt I ſhould engage for more than I can perform. I conjure you, by your moſt beloved Muſe, never more to call any Thing of mine *excellent*, ſince, in my Opinion, *unmerited Praiſe* is no better than *civil Lampoon*. I ſhould pity your hard Fate in living among ſuch *unſociable Animals*, did I not believe that a *wiſe Man* ſcorns to be beholden to *Fortune* for a precarious Happineſs; and that you are this Philoſopher

Philoſopher, I no more doubt, than that you imitate the *Elder* SCIPIO, and improve your *Lucky Idleneſs*. However, ſince you ſeem too Modeſt to own the Happineſs you find in *Solitude*, and again think fit to deſcend to Complaint, I will alſo confeſs, that I join in your juſt Reſentments, (for I have had the ſame Account of the ill-natur'd *Wintonians* by another Hand) and am now ſenſible, that what I took for a *Satire*, was no more than a *Character* well *drawn*. But is it poſſible the Inhabitants ſhould be all of a Piece? Is there no ſhining Exception, no generous Mind who has Fortitude enough to reſiſt the malignant Particles of its native Air? Yes, yes, you will confeſs, I know you will, that Mrs. *Martland* has Learning, Virtue, Wit, and good Humour, ſufficient to atone for the Vices, Folly, and Ill-nature of a much larger City than *Wincheſter*. How then can you complain of *Solitude?* or how can you call that Place dull, where our *Engliſh* SAPHO reſides? SAPHO was the Name Mr. CROMWELL choſe for her, and not undeſervedly, her excellent Verſes requiring a nobler Epithet, if the Records of Time had afforded it. I know not whether you have the good Fortune to be acquainted with this incomparable Lady; if you are, and find a convenient Opportunity, I would intreat

intreat you to give her my beſt Reſpects, and to aſſure her that I have been many Years very ambitious of ſubſcribing myſelf her unfeign'd Admirer. I have alſo another Requeſt, which is this, that you would ſend me the Title of that Book wherein is DURFY's Lampoon on Mr. DRYDEN's Marriage, or do me the Favour to tranſcribe it from your own Memory. I am,

SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant,

LONDON,
April 20, 1703.

CORINNA.

To

To Mrs. THOMAS.

MADAM,

INſtead of convincing me that I have form'd a very unjuſt Idea of you, your laſt Letter has but the more confirm'd my Opinion of your Worth and Goodneſs: and tho' an Unwillingneſs of owning the ſhining Qualifications of your Mind, and the diſtinguiſhing Character of true Merit, has conjur'd me never to uſe the Word *excellent* for any thing of *yours*, yet I muſt and will ſay, that I never ſaw any of your Writings, but what deſerv'd that *Title*; neither can I admit of your excuſive Arguments for ſolid Reaſons, why you ſhould deny me the Advantage and Satisfaction of a *Poetical Merchandiſe*, but only take them to be a modeſt Refuſal of my Offer, upon the Account of my Inſufficiency to become your Correſpondent in ſo precious a Commodity as *Verſe*. Tho' I have been ſomewhat ſlow in anſwering your Letter, yet do not accuſe me of Diſreſpect or Negligence, ſince it is not deſign'd as a premeditated Silence, for indeed I have been ſeiz'd with ſo ſevere a Fit of Melancholy, that for the Space of ten Days I have not had the

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the Heart to apply my Mind to any thing but the unſociable Companions of an uneaſy Being, Sorrow and Diſcontent; and how long it would have continu'd upon me, had not the prevailing Thoughts of Fair CORINNA rous'd me from that Lethargy of Temper, I cannot well determine. Stupidity and Inſipidneſs are the Epidemical Diſtempers of our Town; therefore it is no Wonder that my Spirits, naturally prone to Dullneſs, ſhould ſo ſoon catch the reigning Contagion. LUCIUS FLORUS, in his *Hiſtory of the Second* PUNIC WAR, gives us an Account, how HANNIBAL in his Nonage was ſworn ROME's *eternal Foe:* In like manner, do I verily believe, that the *Wintonians*, in their Infancy, fretfully reſolv'd to be everlaſting Enemies to Mirth and Senſe; for at the leaſt Appearance of either, they ſtart like wild Beaſts at Fire-Arms, and raiſe all their Poſſe of Malice and Ill-nature to ſuppreſs whatever bears the Face of Wit or Diverſion. Tho' I am a Stranger, Madam, to Mrs. *Martland*'s Perfections, yet ſince you are pleaſed to beſtow ſo high an Elogy on her Learning, Virtue, Wit, and Good-humour, I believe her to be an extraordinary Lady, and on your Commendation, am very deſirous of her Acquaintance, but how to introduce myſelf to her is the Point; for you

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you muſt know, that our *Ladies* here, like *Snails*, keep every one in their own *Shell*, and are wond'rous ſhy of Men Viſitants. How far a Perſon of ſuch fine Notions, and ſuch an exalted Mind as the *Elder* SCIPIO was, might improve the Minutes of a ſolitary Retirement, I am not able to judge; but ſure I am, that one of my ſlender Underſtanding, deſtitute of Books, and ingenious Converſation, can reap no other Advantage from a Country Life, than what DOMITIAN *did from killing of Flies*, paſſing away time in an idle Employment: Whatever Pleaſures that renowned *Hero* found in Solitude, were certainly owing to his Choice; but my Retirement is only the Reſult of invincible Neceſſity, which gives a Tincture of Bitterneſs and Diſguſt to all the Pleaſures of a rural Life. I am concern'd that my Memory cannot oblige you with neither the Title of the Book, nor the Lampoon on Mr. DRYDEN's* Marriage,

* The Piece here referr'd to, was not *Durfy*'s, but written by a Nobleman, and may be found in the Works of the Earls of *Rocheſter*, *Roſcomon*, and *Dorſet*, in 2 Volumes, 12mo. Printed for *E. Curll*. It is intitled, *Satire to his* Muſe, *by* the Author of *Abſalom* and *Achitophel*; and begins thus,

Hear me, dull Proſtitute, worſe than my Wife,
Like her, the Shame and Clog of my dull Life;
Whoſe firſt Eſſay *was in a Tyrant's Praiſe;* *
Baudy *in* Prologues, Blaſphemous *in* Plays:

So

* Oliver Cromwell.

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riage, for either 'twas never heard of, or elſe wholly forgotten, by,

MADAM,

Your moſt Humble Servant,

WINTON,
May 13, 1703.

THOMAS UVEDALE.

So lewd, *thou mad'ſt me for the* Church *unfit,*
And I had ſtarv'd, but for a lucky Hit,
When the weak Miniſters implor'd my Wit : *
Stol'ſt me from Buſineſs, where I might have made
A ſolid Fortune, to thy barren Trade.
My Father wiſely bid me be a Clerk;
Thou whiſper'd'ſt, Boy, be thou a tearing Spark.
I, from that fatal Hour, new Hopes purſu'd,
Set up for Wit, and aukwardly was lewd;
Drank 'gainſt *my* Stomach, 'gainſt *my* Conſcience *ſwore,*
Againſt my Will, I marry'd a rank Whore——†
After Two *Children, and a* Third *Miſcarriage,*
By brawny Brothers hector'd into Marriage. &c.

* Alluding to his *Abſalom* and *Achitophel.*
† Lady *Elizabeth Howard.*

THE

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THE

Moſaic Creation.

WHEN firſt the ſtarting Hours, with fleeting Pace,
O'er Time's eternal Plain began their Race;
The wiſe Creator with his Hands did rear,
The Fabric of this beauteous Theatre:
The wond'rous Frame of Heav'n and Earth aroſe
At his Command, and did their Forms diſcloſe:
Th' expanded Earth was one continu'd Void,
'Till his creating Pow'r its Strength employ'd:
No Form the hudled Maſs of nothing bore,
But gloomy Marks of wild Confuſion wore,
Clouds of ſubſtantial Darkneſs to be felt,
On the brown Face of unſhap'd Nature dwelt.
Th' Almighty's Spirit on the Waters play'd,
And all his heav'nly Energy betray'd.
Th' Eternal ſpake: Let ſmiling Light convey
Around th'Abyſs an unaccuſtom'd Day.

Then

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Strait from the Region of tremendous Night,
Dawn'd forth, in ruddy Streaks, primæval Light,
Its orient Beams e'en charm'd th'Almighty's Sight.
Then by his Pow'r a Separation made,
Between the lovely Light and beamleſs Shade;
The ſtreaming Light, was call'd refulgent Day,
The Darkneſs Night, and ſunk in Horror lay.
And when the Ev'ning and the Morn came round,
Thus far th'Almighty's *Firſt* Day's Work was crown'd.
Again the God-head ſpoke: Let ſtrait appear,
A Firmament amidſt the Waters clear,
To part the Streams with an officious Care.
Soon a new model'd Firmament was ſeen
Divide the Waters, with its lucid Screen,
So in diſtinguiſh'd Channels calmly move,
Waters beneath the Sky, and thoſe above.
Then by his Mouth the ſacred Name of Heaven,
Was to the new-created *Æther* given.
And when the Ev'ning and the Morn came round,
The Labour of God's *Second* Day was crown'd.
Then from his Throne, thus ſaid the Pow'r ſupreme,
Let all theſe Waters make one flowing Stream,
Which roll beneath the vaſt Ætherial Mold,
And let one Place their liquid Troops infold;
That the dry Land may ſhow its rocky Head,
And with extended Force its Beauties ſpread.
No ſooner ſpoke, but the dry Land appear'd,
And from the Deep, its barren Forehead rear'd;

The Name of Earth, th'unmeaſur'd Land poſſeſs'd,
As that of Sea, the congregated Waves expreſs'd;
The ſpacious Forms his Pow'rful Hands had made,
With ſecret Pleaſure did his Mind invade:
Once more th'Eternal ſpoke: Let teeming Earth,
Diſcloſe a ſudden and prolific Birth;
Let graſſy Burdens load the naked Plain,
And uſeful Herbs in verdant Triumph reign;
Let Fruit-Trees bearing Fruit, in Vigour grow,
Which on the Years their Product may beſtow;
And let the pregnant Seeds of ev'ry Kind,
To every Herb, and every Tree aſſign'd:
With ſpringing Graſs, the Fields were cover'd o'er,
And Herbs, which in themſelves, their Seedings bore;
In ſtately Rows the ſpreading Fruit-Trees ſtood,
Bearing their proper Seed, and God pronounc'd it good:
So when arriv'd the Ev'ning and the Morn,
Thus far his Work the *Third* Day did adorn.
Jehovah ſaid; let glorious Lights diſplay
Their beamy Splendor round the heav'nly Way,
Which may diſtinguiſh Night from chearful Day;
Whilſt in its Orb each ſhining Spark appears,
For Signs, for Seaſons, and revolving Years.
When ſtrait with Lights the Cryſtal Plain was ſpread,
That on the Earth their dazzling Luſtre ſhed:
Two Lights immenſely great, he form'd in haſte,
Which in the Skies were to Advantage plac'd.

The

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The greater Orb to rule the burning Day,
The leſs amidſt the Shades of Night to ſtray,
And from the darken'd Space its Beams convey.
To theſe the Stars, with twinkling Luſtre bright,
He added, to adorn the Face of Night:
High in the Azure Roof they took their Place,
With their fair Rays, this under World to grace;
So when the Godhead ſaw how all Things ſtood,
His awful Voice declar'd the Labour good:
And when the Ev'ning and the Morning clos'd,
The *Fourth* Day's Work in Order was compos'd.
Again th'Almighty ſpoke; Let now the watry Field,
Unnumber'd Shoals of moving Creatures yield,
With a vaſt Product of the feather'd Kind,
To fan, with various Wings, the buxom Wind.
Huge Whales he form'd, the Monſters of the Deep,
And Creatures which on Earth's low Surface creep,
With ſpringing Fowls that wing the airy Steep:
Each in themſelves their proper Kind contain'd,
That all was good his ſacred Tongue explain'd:
Increaſe, and Multiply, the Maker ſaid,
And o'er the Earth be fruitfully convey'd;
Full to the Brim the foaming Ocean lade,
And let the num'rous Fowl the Land invade:
So when the Ev'ning and the Morn roll'd on,
The *Fifth* Day's Labour was compleatly done.
Jehovah ſaid; Let th' obſequious Earth,
Produce a mingled inſtantaneous Birth,

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Of Cattle, creeping Forms, and Beaſts of Prey,
And let their Seed be ſtor'd in the cemented Clay,
Leſt moldring Time ſhould wear the Kind away.
The furious Herds the ſhady Foreſt trace,
Low grov'ling Reptiles print the flow'ry Space,
And ev'ry Creature fill'd his proper Place.
Th' Eternal look'd, and ſaw 'twas wond'rous good,
'Cauſe all Things in a juſt Decorum ſtood:
Thus from his Seat th'Almighty did declare,
Let us make MAN, whoſe nobler Form may bear
Our heav'nly Image, and our Likeneſs wear:
And let the finny Race, and ev'ry Drove,
With Beaſts that round the globous Ball ſhall rove,
And thoſe whoſe Belly ſweep the duſty plain,
Confeſs him Lord, and own his pow'rful Reign:
In his own Image God created Man,
As Male and Female join'd, his Hours began.
The Father Hand pour'd wond'rous Bleſſings round,
And with unmeaſur'd Bounty they were crown'd.
Increaſe, be fruitful, and the Earth ſubdue,
The Maker ſaid, this Pow'r is given to you.
Rule with unrival'd Sway the ſcaly Land,
Beaſt, Fiſhes, Birds, each living Thing command.
The Lord went on; Behold, to you I've given,
The Uſe of ev'ry Herb that's under Heaven;
And ev'ry Tree that beareth Fruit, for Food,
Pleaſing to Life, and to the Palate good:
To ev'ry Beaſt that roams the Foreſt round,
And ev'ry creeping Thing that crawls the Ground,

With

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With all the winged Flocks, the wholeſom Herbs, whoſe Green
Is with an everlaſting Verdure ſeen.
With this ſweet Graſs they may their Hunger eaſe,
And all its meagre rav'nous Troops appeaſe.
Then God ſurvey'd the finiſh'd Globe with Care,
And lo! the Work appear'd Divinely fair:
So when the Ev'ning and the Morning came,
The *Sixth* Day's Light ſmil'd on the glorious Frame.

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Lady CHUDLEIGH,

TO

Mrs. THOMAS. 1720.

YOUR various Styles of Croſs *and* Kind,
Recals a Cuſtom *to my Mind,*
How Farmers, *politickly, vein*
Their Bacon-Hogs *with Fat and Lean:*
They feaſt them one Day, next they faſt,
And make 'em excellent at laſt.

How generouſly *condeſcending* and *good-humour'd* were you, when you wrote that Letter of the 10th, and how *peeviſh* and *ſplenatic* in that of the 12th: But I ought to be the laſt who ſhould arraign you, ſince I know, by unhappy Experience, it is not always to be avoided, nor will I ever complain of the Style

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Style when you take the Pains to write, and are not abſolutely angry. What Pity it is, that the brighteſt Genius ſhould not inhabit the ſtrongeſt Conſtitution; and that our Intellects muſt ſympathize with thoſe crazy Machines our Bodies, which, like Barometers, are affected with every Change of Air; but 'tis always ſo, the richeſt Jewels are ſet in the moſt malleable Metals, and Braſs and Iron ſerve for Implements of common Uſe. It is very rare that one ſhall meet with a fine Genius, in a *Herculean* Figure; and I am often induced to compare ſuch Perſons to great Houſes, where the Garrets are generally the worſt furniſh'd.

I muſt confeſs, however, they have an Advantage which the others want, they are pleas'd better cheap, and as they have leſs Delicacy, they find no Difficulties to their Satisfaction. For it is certainly a Misfortune to have a Taſte too refined for the Age one lives in, and to ſpin ſuch Cobweb Notions of Excellence, as 'tis probable one may never find but in one's own Treaſury of Ideas.

I have often endeavour'd to correct in myſelf this Reſearch, after what *Reaſon* would perſuade me was a *Non-Entity*; but I could never make my Reliſh deſcend to the Common, the Modiſh Entertainment of Life; I have at laſt found the *Phœnix*

I despair'd of, and met with a Person whose Sentiments and Delicacy most exactly tally with mine; and entirely happy should I be in such a Friendship, had He, *Madam*, but a little more Steadiness; but alas! when I consider his Passion for Novelties, * I must own I suffer all the Torments of a final Separation.

Yours, &c.

MARY CHUDLEIGH.

P. S. I inclose ZENOBIA.

* Sir *George Chudleigh* was very much addicted to Women.

ZENOBIA.

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ZENOBIA.

I.

ZENOBIA, Empreſs of the *Eaſt*,
Aſpiring *Rome*, with Wonder ſaw
ZENOBIA, Pattern of the *Weſt*,
Shall keep th' admiring World in awe.

II.

Unſway'd by Cuſtom's rigid Forms,
A more ſuperior Courſe ſhe ſteers,
To what ſhe likes, herſelf transforms,
And graceful in each Change appears.

III.

Ah! why did Nature thus miſtake,
And not beſtow the Form aſſign'd;
Why cloath the Soul in *Hero*'s Make,
When ſofter Female rul'd the Mind.

IV. Doubtleſs,

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IV.

Doubtleſs, to ſhew ZENOBIA's Art,
And give a never-dying Fame,
Nature renounc'd the plaſtic Part,
To compliment ZENOBIA's Name.

V.

So Grand ſhe does in all appear,
In princely Geſture ſo excel,
Compariſon were odious here,
Save glorious ANNA's Parallel.

VI.

This ſaid, e'en Eloquence were vain,
Nor can a juſt Encomium give,
Since great ZENOBIA does remain,
Her living Repreſentative.

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THE CHALLANGE.

A COURT BALLAD.

To the Tune of, *To all you Ladies now at Land*, &c.

I.

TO *one* fair Lady out of Court,
And *two* fair Ladies in,
Who think the *Turk* * and *Pope* † a Sport,
And Wit and Love no Sin;
Come, these soft Lines, with nothing stiff in,
To *Bellenden*, *Lepell*, and *Griffin*.

With a fa, la, la.

* ULRIC, the little *Turk*. † The AUTHOR.

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II.

What paſſes in the dark third Row,
And what behind the Scene,
Couches and cripled Chairs I know,
And Garrets hung with Green;
I know the Swing of ſinful Hack,
Where many Damſels cry Alack.
With a fa, la, la.

III.

Then why to Court ſhould I repair,
Where's ſuch ado with *Townſhend*,
To hear each Mortal ſtamp and ſwear,
And ev'ry Speech with *Zoons* end;
To hear 'em rail at honeſt *Sunderland*,
And raſhly blame the Realm of *Blunderland*.*
With a fa, la, la.

* *Ireland.*

IV.

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IV.

Alas! like *Schutz*, I cannot pun,
Like *Grafton*, court the *Germans*;
Tell *Pickenbourg* how Slim she's grown,
Like *Meadowes* run to Sermons;
To Court ambitious Men may roam,
But *I* and *Mackbo* stay at Home.
With a fa, la, la.

V.

In Truth, by what I can discern,
Of Courtiers 'twixt you *Three*,
Some Wit you have, and more may learn
From Court, than *Gay* or *Me*:
Perhaps in Time you'll leave high Diet,
To sup with *us* on Milk and Quiet.
With a fa, la, la.

VI.

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VI.

At *Leiceſter-Fields*, a Houſe full high,
With Door all painted Green,
Where Ribbons wave upon the Tye,
(A *Milliner* I mean;)
There may you meet us *Three* to *Three*,
For *Gay* can well make *Two* of *Me*.
With a fa, la, la.

VII.

But ſhou'd you catch the Prudiſh Itch,
And each become a Coward,
Bring ſometimes with you Lady *Rich*,
And ſometimes Miſtreſs *Howard*;
For Virgins to keep Chaſte, muſt go
Abroad with ſuch as are not ſo.
With a fa, la, la.

VIII

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VIII.

And thus, fair Maids, my Ballad ends;
God ſend the King ſafe Landing, *
And make all honeſt Ladies Friends
To Armies that are Standing.
Preſerve the Limits of theſe Nations,
And take off Ladies Limitations.

With a fa, la, la.

* This Ballad was written *Anno* 1717.

EPIGRAMS,

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EPIGRAMS,

Occasion'd by

An Invitation to Court.

I.

IN the *Lines* that you ſent,
Are the *Muſes* and *Graces*;
You've the *Nine* in your *Wit*,
And *Three* in your *Faces*.

II.

They may talk of the *Goddeſſes*,
In *Ida* Vales,
But *You* ſhew your *Wit*,
Whereas *They* ſhow'd their *Tails*.

III.

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III.

You *Bellenden*, *Griffin*, and little *Lepell*,
By G— you all lie like the D—l in Hell;
To say that at Court there's a Dearth of all *Wit*,
And send what *Argyll*, would he *write*, might have *writ*.

IV.

Adam had fallen *twice*, if for an *Apple*,
The D—l had brought him *Bellenden* and *Lepell*.

V.

On *Sunday* at Six, in the Street that's call'd *Gerrard*,
You may meet the *two Champions*, who are no Lord *Sh—rd*.

VI.

They say *A—ll*'s a Wit, for what?
For *writing*? no, —— for writing *not*.

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THE

SPEECH

Of the Reverend

FRANCIS ATTERBURY, D. D.

On the Day of his Admiſſion to the Deanry of *Chriſt-Church*, OXON. 1711 *.

MOST Excellent Youth, this your Reception of me, in the Entrance of your Court, with your obliging Oration, is truly acceptable. I rejoyce not ſo much that I am, as that this Houſe is adorned thereby; which has always been eſteemed the Nurſery of ingenuous Education; and I am with Pleaſure induced to believe, that your Cotemporaries are in all Things like yourſelf: In which Expectation, if I am not deceived, you may with Confidence aſſure yourſelves of ſuch Incouragment and Rewards as I have Power to beſtow.

Your

* Tranſlated from the *Latin* Original. See VOL. II.

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Your Congratulation, ſelect Batchelour, and that of your Society, is the more pleaſing to me, for that it proceeds from thoſe who are grown up to a Maturity of Judgment, enlarged and perfected by the Precepts and Inſtructions of Philoſophy, and other various Kinds of Learning. I wiſh I was altogether the Man, which I underſtand from you, they take me to be. He I truly am, who with the utmoſt Satisfaction behold a Learned Body of young Men happily preſſing after whatever is praiſe-worthy, and who cannot therefore but greatly encourage the growing Commendation of your Houſe. I know I ſhall hear much concerning your Love of the profound Sciences, the commendable Courſe of your Studies, and the Progreſs of your Learning, from that worthy Man the Sub-Dean of this Houſe; whoſe Vigilance and Induſtry if I can any ways aſſiſt, he will find in me, when Occaſion offers, an active Sharer of his Care and Counſel.

Moſt Eloquent Reader of Rhetoric, you indeed ſhew yourſelf well fitted to that your Province, which you have ſuſtained for many Years with Reputation; when having ſo ſlender a Subject to work upon, you dignify and enlarge it, with a plentiful Flow of Words, and all the forceful Charms of Eloquence. Both I myſelf am but too

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conſcious, and you, notwithſtanding the great Things you ſay of me, cannot be inſenſible how little I deſerve theſe Commendations; yet with what Ingenuity and Modeſty do you treat me, when not judging it convenient to admoniſh me publickly, you have Recourſe to thoſe Rules of your Art which ſay, That an Exhortation is then moſt effectual, when you extol him whom you mean to excite. If any therefore, led away by this Kind of Speech, ſhould imagine that the Virtues recited are mine, great is his Miſtake; it was deſigned to a different Intent, that whilſt you thus diſcharged your own Duty, you might remind me of mine; and your whole Endeavour was, that the Auditors of this Panegyrick might underſtand not who I am, but what he ought to be that has the Honour to preſide in this flouriſhing College; who being placed over ſo numerous a Body of thoſe already Learned, and others yet a Learning, ſhould be ever mindful to defend the Cauſe of Religion, cultivate good Manners, and promote ſound Literature; truly a very difficult Undertaking! however, you ſhew me the Way to make it eaſier, for even at this Inſtant, we cannot but remember thoſe worthy Men my Predeceſſors in this Truſt; from which Remembrance you readily hit upon all thoſe Perfections required
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quired to compose a Picture, highly finished, of the Greatest Man, and the most Skilful Governor.

However, when I think of filling this Post, now fallen to my Lot, and consider my own Abilities, there arises a Dread and Diffidence sufficient to confound and overwhelm me; nor am I ever so dispirited or out of love with myself, as when *Fell* and *Aldrich*, those two great Luminaries of your Commonwealth of Letters, present themselves to my Remembrance; for who has not Reason to dread treading in the Paths they trod, who (being endowed with the choicest Gifts of Nature, furnished with a great Variety of Arts, exercised in a long Tract of Academical Employments) brought this House, which ever had its Share of Glory, ever illustrious for its Praise of Learning, to the utmost Pitch of Splendor and Perfection.

Both of them were eagerly studious of Knowledge, and earnestly disposed to cultivate the liberal Sciences: Both of them were possessed with extraordinary Candour, so as to cherish every Appearance of Virtue that presented itself, ever interpreting favourably and to the milder Sense, whatever bore the Face of Doubt: Both of them were noble and generous, not carried away with the Thirst of Riches or of Honours;

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They were careleſs of their private Affairs, but vigilant for the Public Good: No Man ever loved his Family more ardently, or cheriſhed it with more Affection, than both of them did this Houſe: No Man's Country was ever dearer to him, than this Univerſity to them: By their own Labour, by their own Coſt, to increaſe the Art of Printing, to repair, to rebuild theſe Walls; as it was always a Care to them, ſo was it a Pleaſure: With theſe Thoughts, with theſe Deſires were they employ'd when living, nor was there any Intermiſſion to the Hour of their Deaths. You are not unacquainted with the Things I ſpeak of, which ſo lately were, and ſtill are in your Sight and Hearing; but be they rivetted ever ſo ſtrongly in your Minds, the Repetition of them will always be a Pleaſure, and the Remembrance of them delightful, who excelled in every Qualification that could be in Man. The Image of that moſt humane Man can never be forgot by me or you, by whoſe Demiſe this Houſe, as tho' it were deprived of a Parent, now lies in Mourning and in Sorrow: God grant that now, by my coming among you, it may in ſome meaſure be refreſhed and comforted. To him nothing was wanting which indulgent Nature could beſtow, either to the propagating or Embelliſhment of Learning; nothing

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thing which could excite either the Love or Admiration of thoſe over whom he preſided: What Perſpicuity, what Strength of Thought, what a ready Utterance was he endowed with, applying himſelf to different Kinds of Learning, with Eaſe and Quickneſs! Never at a Loſs, nor a Stranger to any Sort of Literature that was laid before him: Whatſoever he undertook in any Art, was performed to Exactneſs; ſo that one might ſay, he was alone born for that Part which he then ſuſtained, and that all his Time and Labour had been imployed therein: Whether he followed more ſerious Studies, or delighted himſelf with thoſe of leſs Conſequence; whether he treated of divine or moral Subjects, you could not perceive which he was more capable to perform, this or that: But then, in his Addreſs and Converſation, in his Receſs and Buſineſs, how genteel was his Behaviour, how plain and open was his Mind! What Integrity in his Life, what Truth in his Words, what Modeſty in his Countenance, what Gracefulneſs in his Front! Adorned with theſe Gifts of Nature, that which often ſeems moroſe and ſevere in abſtruſe Learning, he was wont to allay, with a wonderful Pleaſantneſs; ſo that he could mould and form the Minds of young Beginners, not barely by his Precepts and In-

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ſtructions, but by his Aſpect and engaging Manner, to the Love of Learning and all the Praiſes of Humanity. In this Man were many Things admirable, many Things excellent, but nothing more ſo, than that he held the Memory of bleſſed *Fell* in ſingular Regard and Veneration, looking upon him, and declaring him to be the unerring Guide and Pattern of all his public Actions, the beſt Maſter for the Inſtruction and Government of Youth, a Reſtorer of that Diſcipline which was interrupted amongſt us in the Times of Diſtraction; and, in a Word, the Guardian Eſtabliſher of this ſpacious Building: And, truly, ever ſince a Way was opened for the Return of true Religion and ſound Learning to this Place, from whence it was driven. Whatſoever this Houſe hath contributed to the Help of Science, or the Increaſe of Piety; whatſoever Benefit hath accrued from it to the Church or State, all flows from the Labour, Care, and Counſels of that moſt holy Prelate: By him was laid the Foundation of our Praiſes; by him were ſown the Seeds of Virtue, Induſtry and Learning, which even now flouriſh, and which from him, both living and dead, hath ſo often ripened into a plenteous and joyful Harveſt.

As often, therefore, as I conſider this Body ſtill flouriſhing by the Inſtructions of *Fell*,

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Fell, methinks I ſee that well planted Field, which *Cyrus* formerly ſhewed *Lyſander*, where, if I may ſay ſo, one might admire the Height, Ranks, and regular Diſpoſition of Trees, the Ground cultivated, ſmooth and clean, with the ſweet and flagrant Odor wafted from the Flowers, but above all, the Diligence and Induſtry of him by whom they were thus planted and deſigned.

Happy that Huſbandman of ours, who can truly ſay with *Cyrus*, All theſe have I thus diſpoſed, mine is the Order, the Deſign is mine; many of theſe Trees have I alſo planted with my own Hands, for the Benefit of this, and, perhaps, of the coming Generation. To me therefore, in the Diſcharge of this Office (ſhall I ſay it was a Happineſs or a Misfortune, immediately to ſucceed ſuch eminent Men) what now remains, but that I, who am diffident of my own Abilities, ſhould rouſe myſelf up by the Contemplation of thoſe Virtues with which they excelled, and that thoſe beſt of Maſters whom I profitted by, when living, I ſhould copy after when dead, and look on them as Examples to be followed in all Things according to my Ability.

They truly, by their excellent Endowments obtained this, that they were ſingularly ſerviceable to you, which I too well know

know I can never attain to. There is one Thing, however, which I boaſt to ſhare in common with them. It is a certain unſpeakable Degree of Love and good Will, which I bear towards this Houſe, by which I have at Heart, you and all your Intereſts. In this I truſt never to be out-done by any of thoſe my Anceſtors, with ſome of whom, in nothing elſe am I worthy to be compared.

On the DEATH of that Excellent Young Man,

Mr. SHIRLEY, *Junior.*

I.

WHile the inſpired Throng, on Harps well play'd,
Thee loſt, in weeping Strains rehearſe,
Do not refuſe, thou amiable Shade,
This ſlender Duty of my Verſe.

II.

To whom, if *Phœbus* ſhine with friendlier Ray,
So many Years ſhe'll Give thy Fame,
As haſty Death, dear Youth, has Snatch'd away,
From Life's too periſhable Frame.

III. The

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III.

The faithful Paper ever ſhall declare
Thy Deeds, thy Modeſty, thy Worth,
And praiſe a Soul divinely good and fair,
Endowed with Virtue, from its Birth.

IV.

But here, alas, no Virtue can detain
The fleeting Soul; no Worth, or Grace,
Can ſtop a Fever's lamentable Pain,
Or make fierce Deathr eſign his Place.

V.

What profits all thy quick and ſhining Senſe,
Thy Genius, Parts, or Strength, of Thought?
Too Soon, O Virtue! art thou call'd from hence,
Thy Honours, early Wit, are ſhort.

VI.

Narciſſus, ſo amidſt a Thouſand, beſt,
No lovelier Flower to be found,
The Gardens Pride, ſtood far above the reſt,
Now Storms have levell'd with the Ground.

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A N

O D E

On the DEATH of

Biſhop ATTERBURY.

I.

YOU who would build yourſelves eternal Fame,
Live to the World, and be for ever known,
Chuſe out ſome eminently virtuous Name,
And try to blend it with your own:
But praiſe no Wretch, by Fraud or Rapine great,
Becauſe he can reward thy Toils with Pelf;
If ſo, you juſtly ſhare the Villain's Fate,
And draw a Nation's Curſes on yourſelf.
A nobler Theme preſents itſelf to all,
(Ye Learn'd, your *Atterbury*'s dead)
'Tis Virtue's Funeral.

II. If

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II.

If when he Dy'd, the Angels did rejoice,
Join'd by his Harp to sing th' Almighty's Praise,
Have we not Cause for such a Loss,
What greater Subject can demand our Lays?
Ye noble Souls who did his Friendship share,
'Tis you alone my Sorrows would address,
I know how virtuous, and how few, you are,
And wish no other Hearers, were you less;
But wou'd go thither, whereso'er you went,
An honourable Death to share,
Or noble Banishment.

III.

No Laurels, no Rewards, attend this Verse,
It is too honest for the World's Applause;
Be it my Wealth to weep upon thy Hearse,
My Glory, ever to defend thy Cause.
I boast some Merit; 'tis to love thy Name,
This is a Privilege, no Laws deny;
'Tis Laurels, Glory, Wealth, Applause and Fame,
And I would do it, were I sure to die.
For in thee living we alone might find
More Friendship, Honour, Sense and Truth,
Than now is left behind.

IV. With

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IV.

With early Speed he follow'd Virtue's Chace,
Still as ſhe fled him, did he not purſue?
With added Vigour and redoubled Pace,
What cannot exemplary Virtue do?
Whate'er he did, 'twas there he did excel,
The Husband, Father, Maſter, or the Friend,
Were all perform'd ſo tenderly and well,
'Twas hard to ſay where moſt we might commend:
Time, to thy Wing, and bring me if you can,
'Mongſt all thy Dead and Living Store,
To ſuch another Man.

V.

As the high-creſted Oak, which long had ſtood
The Tempeſt's Shock and the fierce Lightning's Blaze;
Whole Ages flouriſhing o'er all the Wood,
The lenient Hand of Time at length decays;
So with unſhaken Zeal did he oppoſe
The factious Inſolence, the impious Hate,
The Malice, Rage, and Turbulence of thoſe,
Who ſought Subverſion to the Church and State.
Heaven ſaw, was pleaſed, then call'd him to receive
What none but the Approv'd can know,
And none but God can give.

IMPAR-

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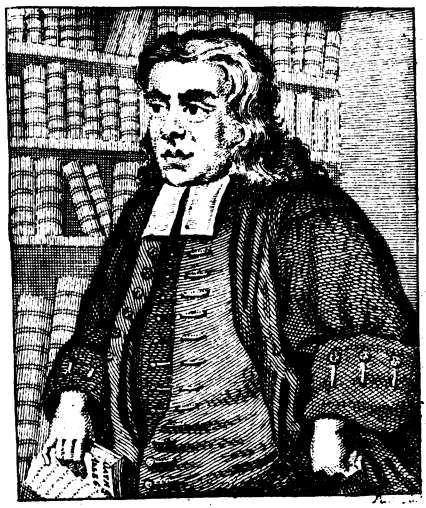
IMPARTIAL
MEMORIALS
OF THE
LIFE and WRITINGS
OF
Thomas Hearne, M. A.
By ſeveral HANDS.

Hearnius behold! in Cloſet cloſe y-pent,
Who hath preſerv'd the *Dulneſs* of the *paſt*.



Of ſober Face, with learned Duſt beſprent;
To *future* Ages will his *Dulneſs* laſt.

LONDON:
Printed in the YEAR. M.DCC.XXXVI.

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LETTERS ſent to Mr. CURLL.

June the 30th, 1735.

SIR,

AS you intend to publiſh the Life of that eminent Antiquary Mr. *Thomas Hearne*, it is to be wiſhed that it might be compleat and juſt; not in that Manner as it was ſet out about four Years ago, by a *Chaplain* of *All-Souls* College, which was intended rather as a *Sneer* upon Mr. *Hearne* * than to give us an impartial Account of his Life and Writings.

Among the Manuſcripts he has left, is A DIARY of his LIFE, inter-

* The Gentlemen herein hinted at, is the Reverend Mr. *Bilſon*, who publiſhed Mr. *Hearne*'s Vindication of taking the *Oath* of *Allegiance*; the Preface to which is ſo far from *Sneer*, that it contains many judicious *Remarks*, and is a full Detection of our Antiquary's *groſs* Errors.

ſperſed

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ſperſed with many curious Paſſages, Characters, and his *whole* Converſation and *Correſpondence* till within a few Days of his Death.

I am, Sir, Your Humble Servant,

P. Q.

July 8, 1735.

SIR,

I Received yours much too late, and after a ſolemn Promiſe, to the Gentleman you mentioned, not to communicate aught without Permiſſion relating to him: This I could not but comply with (as yourſelf well know the Friendſhip and long Correſpondence between us) ſo that I muſt not contribute, but if called upon by any who may hereafter do him the Honour deſigned by you, as I hope nothing elſe is, or that any Thing mean, trifling, or injurious will be handed into the World.

Your, &c.

A. B.

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July 10, 1735.

SIR,

AS to the Gentleman's Character you intend to attack, I muſt deſire to be excuſed, if I don't concern myſelf: He is dead, and has anſwered elſewhere, and how far his Cenſures are juſt, I know not; he cannot now defend himſelf: *De Mortuis nil, niſi bonum.* As to the Gentleman to whom the MSS are left, I will not encourage you, or any Body, to apply to him. By the WILL, you'll find he has Directions from the Teſtator as to that Affair, and he is a Man of too nice Honour not to ſtrictly adhere to them; ſo that all manner of Application, there, will be ineffectual.

Your, &c.

A. B.

Our Correſpondent *A. B.* is very tenacious of the Antiquary's Character. We hope he will not find any Thing *mean*, *trifling*,

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trifling, or injurious; unleſs doing Juſtice* may be miſtakenly ſo deemed.

As to the good old Caution he gives §, it were to be wiſhed that Mr. *Hearne* had had more Regard to it himſelf, but neither he, nor his Predeceſſor *Wood*, had any the leaſt Regard either for the Characters of the *Living*, or the Memory of the *Dead*; the Writings of both being over loaded with Calumny.

A Catalogue of Mr. *Hearne*'s Works is annexed to moſt of the Books he has publiſhed; among which we cannot point out any Thing uſeful, unleſs it be his *Ductor Hiſtoricus*, and his *Index* to the Earl of *Clarendon*'s Hiſtory.

PHILALETHES.

(*) To that truly fine Gentleman *Walter Moyle*, Eſq;

§ *De mortuis*, &c. inſtead of which, Mr. *Hearne* cries out, *Ad plures abiit.*

THE

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THE

LIFE

OF

Mr. *Thomas Hearne.*

THAT He, may never be forgotten, who has raked the Repoſitaries of Antiquity, and been indefatigable in fetching Learning from Places where many would not have ſought after it; a few Memorials of his Life, and ſome Obſervations on his Writings, will, we hope, redound to his Credit.

In the Pariſh-Regiſter of *Abbots*, or *White-Waltham*, a Village about ſix Miles

 diſtant

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distant from *Windsor*, it stands upon Record that he was baptized by the Name of *Thomas*, Son of *George Hearne* and *Edith* his Wife on the Eleventh of *June*, 1678. His Father, we have been informed, was a considerable Antiquary of the lower Class; and was Sacristan of that Parochial Church to the Day of his Death. So that Mr. *Hearne*, in all probability, received his great Propensity to the Study of Antiquity as it were *ex Traduce*.

It is agreed on all Hands that his early Inclination to Letters first discovered itself among the *Tumuli* of his own Parish Church-yard; over which he was observed to be continually plodding almost as soon as he was Master of the English Alphabet. To this soon after adding a little Writing, he grew impatient after Antiquity: resolved never to be unprepared for collecting Materials that might be serviceable hereafter, and accordingly stuffed his Diary (which was his constant Companion) with every Occurrence worthy his Notice. This he prudently foresaw would turn to a good Account in his more advanced Years; Vacancies in his future Labours might be supplied with a Story from his Journal; and tho' it might not be

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be very methodical, or perhaps not at all to his Purpoſe in Hand, yet the Deſign of preſerving it might ſufficiently juſtify its Publication.

This was the advantageous Method he purſued all his Life Time: He copied *Monuments* and *Inſcriptions*; *Original Letters* and *venerable Ballads of Antiquity*; Stories of honeſt *John Roſs* and *Peter Langtoft*; *Robert* of *Brune* and St. *Thomas Cantilupe*: Men! who had not Mr. *Hearne* lived, might have lain for ever buried in an ignoble Obſcurity. The Preſervation of theſe Things may be aſcribed to his *Collectanea* which are now ſwelled to a prodigious Size.

It is difficult indeed to determine to what particular Number theſe MSS Volumes are now grown, becauſe they are kept with as ſtrict and ſacred a Care from the Eyes of Mankind as the (*) Oracles of the *Sibylls* depoſited in the Capitol. The higheſt Number we have yet ſeen quoted by himſelf is cxxiii, in his Preface to the

(*) See Dr. *Prideaux*'s Account of theſe choice *Leaves* in the 485 page of Vol. 2. of his *Connection*: where we find that none but the Keepers of them were ever ſuffered to peruſe them, and They only upon particular Exigencies.

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(*) Annals of *John* of *Trokelowe*. So that notwithſtanding there can be no certain Calculation made of an exact Number, yet there is ſome room for a Conjecture that they are not fewer than five Hundred.

Several Paſſages there are in his (†) xcv Volume which enough convince us of his not being then arrived at Years of Diſcretion, notwithſtanding he had filled ſo many of them: If therefore his Induſtry was as great in his advanced Years as in his Youth (which we believe all will allow when they conſider the uninterrupted State of Health he all along enjoyed) we think we may be allowed not to have exceeded the Number, but rather to have fallen ſhort of it. This however we only took Notice of, to ſhew what an *ineſtimable* Loſs the World muſt ſuſtain, ſhould this *prodigious* Treaſure periſh with its *Collector*.

This Digreſſion we hope the Reader will pardon; and ſo, without dwelling on the firſt eight or ten Years of his Life, we ſhall follow him to the School, where we

(*) P. 29. (†) *Rob. de Glouc.* Vol. 2. p. 638.

are

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are told he laid the Foundation of his future Greatneſs.

It was happy for him as well as the *World* that he fell into the Hands of a good (*) Maſter at *Bray* School: it being a melancholly Thing to conſider how many great Genii have either been cramped or utterly ſpoiled thro' the Ignorance or Indolence of trifling Pedagogues. Here he ſoon maſtered the Rudiments of Learning, and by a gradual but ſpeedy Progreſs became acquainted with the *Roman* and *Greek Hiſtorians*.

Thus encouraged by the Pregnancy of his *Parts*, his aſſiduous Induſtry and Proficiency in School Learning, his liberal Friend (†) thought them ſufficient Motives to the Continuance of his Bounty, and ſent him accordingly in the Year MDCXCV (with a conſiderable Addition) to the Univerſity of *Oxford*. Fortune here again (if we are rightly informed) ſeemed particularly fond

(*) Mr. *Gibſon*, Author of the excellent *Grammatical Exceptions againſt the late Alterations made in the common Accidence and Grammar*.

(†) Mr. *Cherry* of *Shotteſbroke, Berks*. This Gentleman paid for Mr. *Hearne*'s Education, which he has gratefully acknowledged.

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of him: The Vicar (*) of the Pariſh where his Benefactor lived was at that Time a conſiderable Tutor in *Edmund Hall*, and in the Study of Antiquity moſt eminently remarkable. Thro' this Gentleman's Means he was admitted into this Place, and uſed more like a Son than barely a Pupil by him.

A few Years being ſpent in Academical Learning, by the Help of which he had improved his Propenſity to Antiquity; He gave the World a Specimen of his future Deſigns. In the Year MDCCII (but ſeven Years from his Matriculation) he publiſhed a copious Index of the principal Paſſages in Sir *Roger L'Eſtrange*'s Tranſlation of *Joſephus*; which ſeems to have met with ſo good a Reception, that the ſame was reprinted not long after in an Octavo Edition. In MDCCIII he obliged the World with (or at leaſt occaſioned the Publication of) the *Reliquiæ Bodleianæ*, or ſome genuine Remains of Sir *Thomas Bodley*, adding the ſame Year, to his other Labours, *Pliny*'s *Epiſtles* and *Panegyric*, with various Lections and Annotations; not to mention his Edition of *Eutropius*, with

(*) *White Kennet*, M. A. afterwards Bp. of *Peterborough*.

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many other Things publiſhed all in this Year. In MDCCIV and V came out that laborious Work called *Doctor Hiſtoricus*, in two Volumes, *8vo*, being a ſhort Syſtem of Univerſal Hiſtory, and an Introduction to the Study of it.

It would be almoſt endleſs to expatiate particularly on his Labours, or to give an Account of the Product of every Year; for which Reaſon we muſt refer the Reader to his own printed Catalogue of them, inſerted at the End of every Book, he publiſhed, ſince they became numerous.

During this Period however it is obſervable that his *Vindication* of Thoſe who take the *Oath* of *Allegiance*, was written, which loudly ſpeaks in the Behalf of Mr. *Hearne*'s Induſtry, and ſhews the early Application he had made to Books. The many juſt Quotations in it from ſacred Hiſtory as well as Profane, from Acts of Parliament and Lawyers of the greateſt Name, we flatter ourſelves will excuſe our writing a Panegyrick, and its Author's Name recommend it enough to the Peruſal of Mankind.

In MDCCIII, on the 3d of *July*, he took the Degree of Maſter of Arts, and had

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no ſooner compleated it, but the Eyes of the whole Univerſity were upon him: His Induſtry was almoſt become a Proverb, and (notwithſtanding a little Surlineſs of Temper which it is thought he brought into the World with him, and which probably increaſed with his ſevere Studies) he met with Friendſhip in a great many, and much Reſpect from all Men,

I ſhould have mentioned indeed before this, the Encouragement he had from the (*) Head Librarian, who (acquainted with his Diligence) made him Underkeeper of the *Bodleian* Library. There he had Room enough for his Inquiſitive Genius to range in; of which he made ſo good a Uſe, that the Product of every Year afterwards may juſtly be aſcribed to the Acquiſitions he had made in this Treaſure of Learning.

After ſome Years ſpent in this Way, of printing *Indexes*, *Itineraries* and *Collectanea*, his Labours met with an additional Reward; being on the 19th of *Jan.* 1714-15, elected *Architypographus* of the Univerſity and ſuperior *Beadle* of Civil Law (*) This we find him acknowledging with Pleaſure and Humility to be an Honour, which

(*) Dr. *Hudſon* Principal of St. *Mary-Hall*. (†) *Leland. Collect.* Vol. 1. p. 56.

he

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he took the firſt 'Opportunity of mentioning to the World, on purpoſe that his 'Gratitude might be made known to 'Poſterity. And notwithſtanding he was 'conſcious to himſelf that the Univerſity 'Favours were conferred upon One who 'every way undeſerved them, in reſpect 'of Learning, and other requiſite Qualifications, yet ſtill he had very good 'Reaſon for accepting them upon this 'Account amongſt others, as they ſeaſonably aſſiſted and relieved one of their 'Members who had for many Years led 'an obſcure and retired Life, and was at 'that Time reduced to a neceſſitous Condition thro' the great Expence he had 'been at in carrying on many public 'Deſigns.'

In this happy Poſture of Affairs one would have imagined he might have been eaſy and ſatisfied: But neither Friendſhip nor Preferment could put a Stop to his Enquiry after *Truth*. Soon after this Promotion he acquired better Reaſons (to *Himſelf* at leaſt) for Non-Compliance with the Oaths which were neceſſary for *keeping* it, than he had before for the *Acceptance* of it; and accordingly reſigned that advantageous Poſt, which the Univerſity had ſo lately confered on him, as inconſiſtent

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ſiſtent with his *Conſcience*, or at leaſt, his Manner of *Thinking*.

Ever ſince he ſteadily adhered to the Principles of a Non-juror; ſpent his Time in annually obliging the World with ſomething relating to the Hiſtory of *England*, or with ſome other Affairs as they accidentally have fallen in his Way, both for the Benefit and Pleaſure of Mankind. Here we think he might have been left ſtill labouring at the Oar, deſerving the Favour and Compliments of the Learned upon his yearly Revival of ſomething (as it were) loſt to every one but himſelf.(*) *Singulis fere Annis Cl.* Hearnius *aliquid e MSS. eruere quod ad Hiſtoriam Anglicanum ſpectat, idque* Præfationibus *ac* Appendicibus prolixis ſæpe longe aliena complexis *ſive ornare ſive* onerare. ———(†) Hearnius *doctus Antiquarius & Induſtriæ ſummæ. Hic Talpa eruditus egregia e Tenebris eruit; multum ſcalpſit, corraſit, & occultus ipſe Literaturæ Cumulos, Naſo ſatis acuto, in Lucem edidit.* —Hearnium *alterum verbis mutilatis totum incumbentem, fortiter, obſtinate, contractis Superciliis inſixum, & Temporibus ſuis hoc e Saxo Ingenii ſui Vi*

(*) Acta Eruditorum Anno 1729. p. 182.
(†) *Ed. Young.* Orat. *Codrington.* p. 26.

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vel Duritie *potius*, *Lumen elidentem videor videre.* Theſe Paſſages, how much ſoever they may look like Ridicule to Men who deal only in *Polite Learning*, are ſtill undoubted Confirmations of Mr. *Hearne*'s Induſtry, and will ever be thought ſo by Perſons of *deeper Penetration.*

Amongſt many Qualities remarkable in him, his ſtrict and unſhaken *Integrity* is none of the leaſt. No Regard for any one's Merit could ever prevail with him to connive at their Errors: He choſe rather to break off the ſtricteſt Friendſhip, than to be led aſide by it in his Search after *Truth*; Nay his very *Gratitude*, when it interfered with his *Integrity*, was at once renounced as no longer binding. (*) *Operæ Pretium eſt* (ſays he) *Lectorem monere me nulla alia de Cauſa à* Richardſono *diſſentire, niſi quod* Veritatem *aliis quibuſcunque Amicitiis anteferendam eſſe cenſeam.* And in another Place, (†) *Ed collineat Operum noſtrorum Scopus, ut* Veritatem *pro virili aſſeramus, cui litavimus.*

There is one Thing indeed relating to *Univerſity* College (to which Society he (§) declares himſelfe indebted) which it

(*) *Leland. Collect.* Vol. 1. p. 37. (†) *Alured. Beverl.* p. 43. (§) *Leland. Itin.* p. 7, 8.

would

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would really be a Fault in us not to take Notice of, becauſe we are poſitive his *Veritatis Amor* can never be reconciled with it.

During the late unhappy Conteſt in that Houſe, occaſioned by the Death of Dr. *Charlett*, Mr. *Hearne* publiſhed *Peter Langtoft*'s Chronicle; at the End of the Second Volume of which, he adds a Gloſſary upon Engliſh Words. Upon the Word *Writ* he has it thus: We commonly underſtand by *Writ* (the ſame with the Latin *Breve*) a written Order or Precept from the King or Court of Judicature, by which any thing is commanded to be done relating to Suit or Action.

Had he left off here he had done very well: (*) *Sed ad Agendum Nati ſumus* are his own Words; upon which Principle we ſuppoſe he proceeded in this Place. Of this kind (he tells us) is that remarkable one relating to *Univerſity* College of King *Richard* the Second, with his Seal annexed, which he juſt ſaw and haſtily run over.

(*) *Rob. de Aveſbury Præf.* p. 1.

Whether

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Whether he ever ſaw this Inſtrument we ſhall not ſcruple at preſent, but whether there is any Seal to it, or has been, within the Compaſs of Mr. *Hearne*'s Years, we leave to the Enquiries of the *Fellows* of that Society.

The ſame he tells us was done afterwards expreſly by King *Henry* VI, in a Writing quoted from the Muniments of the ſame College by (*) Mr. *Twyne*. The thing will appear beſt to the Reader if we produce the Paſſage printed by Mr. *Twyne*, and the Tranſlation of it by Mr. *Hearne*.

Nam cum Temporibus Henrici Sexti *inter* Guilielmum Abbatem *de Oſney*, & Richardum Witton *illius Collegii Magiſtrum eſſet Controverſia*, &c. And then follows the Inſtrument itſelf, which is only a common Form in the Caſe of a Law-Suit drawn by ſome Attorney, which Mr. *Hearne*, without the leaſt Authority whatever, makes to be one of theſe *Writs* or Precepts from the King or Court of Judicature relating to the depending Suit between the *Abbot of Oſney* and *Richard Whitton* then Maſter of the College.

(*) *B. Twyne Apolog. Antiq. Acad. Oxon.* p. 198.

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How he came to tranſlate *Temporibus Hen.* VIti, by the *Order* of *Henry* the VIth, looks more like *Deſign* than *Blunder*; tho' we would not ſuggeſt that he had any Intent of giving a Turn to a Cauſe then depending in ſome Meaſure upon ſuch Inſtruments as he would have made this.

The Annals of this College lately publiſhed by Mr. *Smith* we find gave our Antiquary ſome Diſtaſte; but upon what Bottom this Anger is raiſed, a little Enquiry (if the Reader will permit) will ſoon diſcover.

In his Preface to (*) Dr. *Sprott* we find this Gentleman a very great Favourite of Mr. *Hearne*'s; whoſe Character there given is *Vir per-eruditus & benevolus*: But we are afraid his Temper grew ſour and moroſe as he advanced in Years. In his Preface to the Life of *Richard* II, we have another Account of Mr. *Smith*: *viz.* *Scriptor ille* ferreus *atque mendax* Gulielmus Faber *de* Joh. Roſſo *tam maligne paſſim locutus eſt.*——*Hæc in Gratiam* Gulielmi Fabri *Eccleſiæ Anglicanæ (quod vix*

(*) *Sprat. Pref.* p. 27.

credas)

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credas) Sacerdotis, qui multum Temporis in isto uno [*scil.* Antiquitatis] *Studio consumsit, nuperque (jam pene Octogenarius) Librum prolixum,* Annales Collegii Universitatis, *Verbo haud satis apto, appellatum, Lingua vernacula conscripsit (ne dicam conscribillavit) & in publicum protrusit.*

We cannot but obſerve here, that Mr. *Smith*'s Age is made a part of his bad Character; when old Age, by ſome more ſacred Writers than Mr. *Hearne*, is thought *honourable* rather than *ſcandalous*. Many other Sentences there are in this Preface, which abound with the ſame ſort of Language of this Reverend old Gentleman, which the *Veritatis Amor* can never juſtify.

(*) One Paſſage there is reſpecting *Sprott* (whoſe Authority we own we have ſome Reaſon to ſcruple) which proves, that Mr. *Hearne* had either not kept up to his avowed Regard for *Truth*, or elſe had unhappily blundered in a Point of Chronology, tho' he abuſed Mr. *Smith* for it in the very ſame Caſe. His Words are theſe: Sprottus *floruit An. Dom.* 1274, *longe nimirum citius quam exoptat* Guil. Faber,

(*) *Life of Rich.* 2. Pref. p. 19.

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qui ἀναχρονισμῶν *immemor, audactar falsoque retulit,* Ranulphum Higdenum *primum omnium fuisse qui de* Scholis Aluredianis *aliquid tradidit, &c.*

It is obſervable here, in the fifth place, that *Sprott* lived (according to Mr. *Hearne*'s own Confeſſion) in 1274, which was in the Reign of *Edward* the Firſt; that he Studied *in ea parte Ædis Chriſti quam vulgo vocant Quadrangulum Cantuarienſe,* and that he wrote of *Canterbury College,* and left a Book behind him concerning it, is evident from the above-cited Preface to *Sprott*'s *Chronicle.*

This is a very ſurpriſing *Canterbury* Tale indeed; and that would make *Sprott* (provided it could be proved) more Famous than the *Samian* Philoſopher, who, by the Help of Tranſmigration, paſſed thro' two or three Succeſſive Stages of Generation, but never under the ſame Name.

Sprott, who lived in 1274, in the Reign of *Edward* the Firſt, ſtudied in *Canterbury College,* which was not built till 1363, and therefore agreeable to this Account, muſt either have lived about 89 Years before he was born, or at leaſt written of

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of a Place as many Years before it was built.

This Miſtake we would have accounted for in our Author's Behalf, had it been in our Power; but as it was not, we left it to himſelf, who was better qualified to reconcile Difficulties of this Nature.

Another Slip of this kind appears in Page 302 of his Collection of *Curious Diſcourſes*. *Academia* (ſays he) *ſcripſit* Guilielmo Wykham *Epiſcopo* Winton: *ut illis accommodaret Machinas, quarum Ope* Scholam Theologicam *Voltis & Fornicibus exornarent*. It is very well known that the *Divinity School* (for which this Loan was deſired) was built in the Year 1476, by *Tho. Kempe* Biſhop of *London*. This Mr. *Hearne* allows in the Page preceding the Place before cited. (*) *William* of *Wikham* Bp. of *Winton* died the 27th of *Sept.* 1404. ſo that, according to this Aſſertion, the Univerſity ſent to him *ut illis accommodaret Machinas, &c.* 60 Years after his Death. (†) *Rymer* in his *Fœdera* tells us, that *Hen. Beaufort* Bp. of *Winton* died the 3d Id. of *April* 1447. and was ſucceeded by *William Waynflete*, who lived in

(*) *Le Neve*. p. 286. (†) *Rymer Fœd.* Vol. 8. p. 392.

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Poſſeſſion of the ſame till 1486. So that if for *Wikham* we read *Waynflete*, as the Perſon petitioned to by the Univerſity, we ſhall come within the Time of building the *Divinity School*, and ſet Mr. *Hearne* right in his Chronology. This we believe was an Alteration of no Deſign, but only a ſimple, thoughtleſs Blunder. Miſtakes of this ſort we ſhall conclude with an Aſſertion of his relating to *Univerſity College*, where he makes *William* of *Durham* to have ſtudied in the *Great Hall*, which was not bought for the Uſe of *William* of *Durham*'s Scholars till 124 Years after his Death.

As for the Cenſure paſſed upon Mr. *Smith* in the Paſſage above-cited (which really is too ſevere without better Grounds for it) we may venture to ſay it is Unjuſtifiable. For ſuppoſing that *Sprott*'s Book was written before *Higden*'s, yet ſtill Mr. *Smith* (who had never ſeen or heard of it till he had finiſhed his *Annals*) might undoubtedly ſay, and conſiſtent with Truth too, that *Ralph Higden* was the firſt he ever had met with quoted as a Friend to the weak Cauſe of K. *Alfred*'s Halls, and who ſeemed firſt to have introduced this Novelty into the World.

Mr.

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Mr. *Hearne* therefore in the former Caſe ſeems to deſerve the Sentence of being ἀναχρονισμῶν *immemor*; and int he latter to be very Ungenteel, to make no worſe of it. (*) 'Utinam igitur *Auctor* 'Noſter (to uſe almoſt his own Words) 'Errores expungat, Librumque Retracta-'tionum ipſe confeſtim edat, Crimenque ne-'fandum, quod Clerico huic digno intulit, 'pro virili eluat. Hoc enim non extorſit 'Veritatis Amor.'

Whilſt we are thus impartially conſidering our Antiquary's Character, by ſetting him right in his Miſtakes, as well as commending his Virtues, one thing occurs which we ſhould have been glad never to have had the Opportunity of correcting. About twenty Years before the Publication of the Life of *Richard* II (which was wrote by one of the Monks of *Eveſham*, our Author, in his (†) Preface to the ſeventh Volume of *Leland*'s *Itinerary*, expreſſes a hearty Concern for the juſt Rights of the Crown, in Oppoſition to thoſe, 'who, in Order to advance and 'maintain *Republican Principles*, ſtrain

(*) *Leland. Collect.* Vol. 1. p. 27.
(†) *Leland. Itin.* Pref p. 12.

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'their *Inventions* to give a wrong *Turn* to, and *pervert* the *true Meaning* of our beſt *Hiſtorians*; and *ſtudiouſly aſperſe, blacken and defame*, the Memory of King *Charles* the II (as others with leſs Modeſty have done that of K. *Charles* the I.) What he has ſaid upon theſe Points he hoped no *Ingenuous* or *Impartial* Perſon will think *Uncharitalle* or *Unbecoming*.

Theſe are ſounding Words, and expreſs a great deal of Loyalty to the Memory of thoſe Princes. But ſuch fickle Things are our *Memories*, that ſometimes they ſeem to take Pleaſure in expoſing us. Hence doubtleſs it was that Mr. *Hearne* lately run counter to his own above-cited Declarations. It muſt be Forgetfulneſs (we hope ſo at leaſt) that will ſuffer a Man to draw his own Character in an infamous Light; and whether he has not done it to the Life, let the *Reader* judge when he has heard the Accuſation, and is referred to the Place where he may ſoon inform himſelf.

At the latter (*) End of the Life of *Richard* the 2d, there is a *Letter* printed and Mr. (*Hearne* ſays an *Original* one) of

(*) Pag. 405.

Charles

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Charles the Firſt when Prince of *Wales*: It is directed to the *Duke* of *Buckingham*, and interpreted by the *Publiſher* of it, as carrying on an Affair of Gallantry. Be the Letter what it will, *Original* or not, He ought to have given a better Reaſon for making it publick. He was apprehenſive (he tells us) that if ſuch a *Letter* ſhould be ſtifled, ſome Perſons might interpret it an Inſtance of Partiality, and be apt to make baſe Reflections upon it. Let us examine this kind of Reaſoning a little. The ſtifling this *Letter* would have been thought an *Inſtance* of *Partiality*; The Reaſon of which muſt be this; Becauſe Mr. *Hearne* was neceſſarily obliged to publiſh every Thing he met with. And then, he ſays, that ſome Perſons would be apt to make baſe Reflections on it: On the *Letter* we ſuppoſe, which if ſtifled, they might never ſee or hear of: Or if he meant thoſe Gentlemen who communicated it to him, he again forgot his *Veritatis Amor*, becauſe they never intended it ſhould be printed. That it might eſcape therefore all *Cenſure* he publiſhed it in a heap of *Appendixes* and *Curæ ſecundæ*, and made it a hundred Times more eaſy for baſe Reflections to be caſt on it than it was before.

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This is the *Reaſon* given for publiſhing this *Letter*. In the next Book printed by him, which was *Trokelowe*'s Annals of *Edward* the 2d) we have an Apology in his Preface for the very ſame Thing. The *Letter* became the Subject of almoſt every one's Diſcourſe, and a Reflection caſt upon a Prince, remarkable for his *uncommon Chaſtity*, could not but be taken Notice of by many of his Friends. Whether it had like to have diſcontinued any of his Subſcriptions, or whether he had more maturely conſidered the Matter, we cannot ſay; this however is plain, that his *Apology* was deſigned to give a ſofter Turn, than was hinted in his *Explanation* of the *Letter*; and that he had rather have it thought, that the *Prince* was unwarily *miſled*, than *inclined* to this Gallantry.

It had been more *prudent* (and we may add leſs *officious*) in Mr. *Hearne*, whilſt he was thus endeavouring to clear himſelf, to have firſt got leave for the Printing this Letter from the *Gentleman* who ſhewed it him, and who, we are informed ſince, ſo highly reſents it, that he broke off a Friendſhip with him, which had been kept very ſtrict for many Years. We muſt ſubjoin by the way, that it is certainly a greater Inſtance of *Partiality* to publiſh a

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Letter as an *Original*, which the Editor could not at that Time, nor afterwards, prove to be so.

The *Apology* will appear, upon a little Consideration, not at all inferior to his *Reason* for printing it; especially if we observe, that tho' he did not know what the *Intrigue* was, yet he happily conjectured, by making the *Prince* to be inticed like *Joseph* by the Importunity of a lewd Mistress; tho' we do not remember that *Joseph* ever wrote to a third Person about his Affair. Nay, it may be remarked farther, that Mr. *Hearne* makes the (*) Wife of *Pharoah* the *importunate* Woman, when the Scriptures assure us, it was *Potiphar*'s Spouse that was so deeply smitten with the Comeliness of the *Hebrew*. But a Man may possibly forget his *Bible*, who is so very much taken up with *Adam* de *Domerham*, and the *black Book* of the *Exchequer*, &c.

Had this unfortunate *Prince* lived some hundred Years before he did, Mr. *Hearne*'s Love for *Antiquity* might probably have

(*) This Blunder reached our Author's Ears, and in his Preface to *Tho. Caius* stands corrected, th " with some Reluctance. For he says it signifies nothing whether it was *Pharoah*'s or *Potiphar*'s Wife.

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engaged him in his *Defence* rather than *in expoſing* him. We find him, in the (*) Appendix to *Leland*'s *Collectanea*, very angry with *Tyrrel* the Hiſtorian for ſtaining the Reputation of *Ethelred* and his firſt *Queen*: There he ſays 'it is a great Crime to ſcandalize any Perſon; the Heinouſneſs of 'it increaſes according to the Dignity of 'the Perſon, of whom the Scandal is 'raiſed: But this *(ſays he)* may be wiped 'off by a public *Retraction*.'

This was good Doctrine, had not a Preface to *Camden*'s Queen *Elizabeth* ſhewed, that Men do not always practiſe as they adviſe: But a public Retractation which (from the ingenuouſneſs of Mr. *Hearne*'s Dpoſition) we had Reaſon to think he would make, might wipe off the Blemiſh he may have contracted, either in the Caſe of Prince *Charles*, or the indecent Language given Mr. *Smith*. His Pretence to *ſtrict Integrity*, we were almoſt confident, would prevail with him to do it, in a better Manner than diſguiſing it in a trifling *Apology*; and as he was a ſtrict Enquirer after *Truth*, and is, by this Time, convinced it was wrong to publiſh the *Letter*, or abuſe the aged *Divine*, we do not

(*) Page 77.

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doubt but that he retracted what he had ſaid in both Caſes, and fruſtrated the Expectations of ſome People who thought he delighted in *Abuſe*, tho' we hope he acowledged our *Friendſhip* in ſetting him right.

Thus have we conſidered one of his excellent Qualities; the next is his *Fidelity* as an *Editor*.

One Rule which we have been informed he at firſt laid down, and generally ſpeaking cloſely obſerved, was always to follow his Authors religiouſly. Their Miſtakes by this means were punctually copied and ſacredly preſerved: Nay, the very Blunders of Tranſcribers were faithfully penned down for the Amuſement of Poſterity. *Prurigo emendandi ac commutandi a Nobis plane abſit*, are his own Words in the Notes after the Appendix of *John* of *Trokelowe*'s Annals of *Edward* the Second. And again in (*) *Leland*'s *Itinerary* he declares, that he was ſo nice in this Affair, that 'I obſerved *(ſays he)* 'Mr. *Leland*'s Way of Spelling, and o-'mitted nothing, not ſo much as the Aſ-'terisks, and other Notes of that Nature

(*) *Leland. Itin.* Vol. 1. p. 15.

which

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'which had been inſerted by him: Nor did 'we leave out even thoſe Words that are 'plainly *redundant*, nor pretend to alter 'thoſe which are manifeſtly *wrong*, and 'occaſioned by the Haſte the Author was 'in, or elſe by the Defect of his Memory.

This Method is very obſervable throughout the numerous Volumes he has obliged the World with. *Sic MS.* he has noted perhaps in the *Margin* to ſhew that he was not ignorant of the Error in the *Copy*. *Delenda ſunt ut opinor* may poſſibly be ſeen at the Bottom of one Page, and *lege*, &c. at another. Here perhaps may be a *Deſunt*, &c. and there a *Subintellige*, &c. But ſtill amidſt all theſe Regulations, the Text is generally kept *purely corrupt*, and ſcarce a Blunder thro' the whole, but what is very induſtriouſly preſerved. Nay, ſo great a Regard had he for the old Way of Spelling, that the following *Epiſtle* (which we have printed as like the Original as poſſibly we could) is a ſtanding Proof of it.

There are indeed a few Caſes in which he has varied from this Rule, (*). which might have been concealed, '*had we not* 'been *apprehenſive* (to uſe his own Words

(*) Hiſtory of *Rich.* II. p. 404. *Cur. Sec.*

'in

'in another Caſe) *that ſome Perſons*, if 'ſuch Slips ſhould be ſtifled, *might have* 'interpreted it a great Inſtance of Parti-'ality, *and made baſe Reflections upon it.*' One of this Nature we muſt not paſs by, leſt his Character ſhould prevail (as probably it might) with ſome Men hereafter to eſtabliſh his *Errors* for *Truths*.

(*) Dr. *Leonard Hutton*, in his Antiquities of *Oxford*, has quoted a Line from *Shepreve's* Life of (†) Dr. *Claymond*, concerning a *Shed* which formerly ſtood in the *Corn-Market*, built to ſkreen the Corn from the Weather. Upon this there was an Inſcription, and the Copy from whence he tranſcribed it, had it thus, *viz.*

Ut poſſit *ſircum* Saccus habere locum.

In this Verſe there appears a palpable Error, which a Reader of no extraordinary Capacity might have diſcovered and corrected. But ſee the Misfortune of not following an old Rule. By an unhappy Conjecture he has wandered from his *Copy*, and to make *better Senſe* of it he has acted the *Critic*'s Part, and mended

(*) Dr. *Hutton*, Student of *Chriſt-Church*, about the Year 1574.

(†) Dr. *Claymond* Preſident of *Corpus*.

ſircum

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ſircum with *circum*. But we think the Alteration of this *Letter* makes but little Difference in the Senſe. The Lines (as we copied them from the Manuſcript Life, now in the *Muſæum* at *Oxford*) run thus, *viz.*

Plebs ubi Rura colens, empturis hordea vendit,
Aſpice quadrifido tecta propinqua foro.
Hoc erexit opus talem Claymundus in Uſum
Ut *Siccum* poſſit Saccus habere Locum.

Whether this Miſtake aroſe from his not having an Ear for the *Monkiſh Muſic*, an Error of the like Nature may ſerve to determine.

(*) In the Catalogue of his Works, annexed to the Hiſtory of *Glaſtonbury*, he has publiſhed an Inſcription in the following manner, now to be ſeen in the Remains of *Rewly*.

ELE LONGESPE COMITISSE DE
VERVIC VISCERA SVNT HIC.

Mr. *Wood* ſaw this intire; but afterwards it was broken, and unskilfully placed in a Wall of one of the lower Rooms of (†) *Rewly*, where Mr. *Hearne* ſays he has

*) *Antiq. Glaſton.* p. 337.
†) A Monaſtery adjoining *Oxon.*

often

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often ſeen it, and that it is very legible. In this ancient Inſcription we find there is a *Jingle* too; and had it been ſo legible as he declares it was when he ſaw it, we are ſurpriſed that *He*, of all Men, would be ſo inaccurate a Copyer a Trade he followed all his Life) as to tranſpoſe one Word and add another, inſtead of taking it as it really is,

ELE DE-WERWICK
COMITISSE VISCERA SUNT HIC.

The Word *Longeſpe*, inſerted in his Account of it, is not upon the Stone, how legible ſoever he aſſerted it to be; and the Spelling of *Werwick* quite altered by him, without the leaſt Authority whatever but his own.

This Blunder may in ſome Meaſure be accounted for in this Manner. ——There is now in the *Anatomy School* (which was formerly under the Care of Mr. *Hearne*) a Stone found at *Rewly*, (probably the Foundation-Stone of a Chapel there) bearing this Inſcription——ELE LONGESP̄ COMIT̄: WAREW̄: HANC CAPELLAM FECIT: This no doubt had often been peruſed by our *Antiquary*, as well as the other before mentioned; and perhaps the truſting

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truſting too much to Memory, might raiſe a confuſed Notion of both Inſcriptions, and corrupt the *Mankiſh Jingle* in the former Caſe.

Theſe few Miſtakes then having taken their Riſe from not ſticking cloſely to his *Copy*: we ſhall take Notice of but One more, which was occaſioned by following it too cloſely; and it may be ſeen in his Edition of that valuable (*) MS. which is ſaid to have belonged formerly to Venerable *Bede*.

Let it be obſerved in the firſt Place, that this MS. is in very old Capital Letters, and each Page divided into two Columns: The firſt contains the *Latin*, the *Greek* is wrote collaterally in the other. Thro' the *Oſcitancy* of the Scribe, the *Latin* Sentence is frequently carried beyond the Bounds of its own Column, by which means it becomes intermixed with the *Greek*. The Text as he has printed it ſtands thus; *viz.*

MIRARI COEPERVNT ΕΘΑΥΜΑΖΟΝ
ET CONFVNDEBANTVR ΜΕΝΤΕΚΑΙΔΙΗΠΟΡΟΥΝ

At the Bottom of his Page (not contented

(*) *MS. Latino Græc.* Fol. 38.

with

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with Dr. *Mills's Reading*) he adds *sic plane in Codice nostro non* ἐθαύμαζον *&c. ut apud Millium*; tho' it will appear beyond all Dispute upon any one's Enquiry, that the Doctor was not in the least to be blamed. For, as we observed before, thro' the Carelessness of the Scribe, the Latin Line being carried beyond its due Bounds into the Greek Column, and the Words MENTE and MEN TE consisting of five Capital Letters, just the same in both Languages, unhappily led Mr. *Hearne* into this Mistake. So that by defalcating one Word from the Latin, and converting it into two Greek ones of no Signification at all, he spoiled the Sense of the one, and made the other quite superfluous.---But some Faults sure are pardonable in so *voluminous* a Writer.

To be particular in shewing his Talent at *Reasoning* would, we fear, be making too free with our *Reader's* Time: We might quote three Parts of his Discourse on the *Stunsfield Pavement*, had not Mr. *Poyntr* thoroughly considered it already; and give such Instances of it which nothing but *Envy* or *Ill-Nature* could find Fault with: But the following *Epistle* prevents our dwelling upon this Excellency, it being a Master-piece of its kind, and what the Reader, we hope, will be greatly delighted with. But

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But let the Epiſtle ſpeak for itſelf: There is one Paragraph in his (*) Preface to *Sprott*'s *Chronicle*, which really ſeems to be a new Method of *Reaſoning*, ſuch as no Writer but himſelf, we believe, dares lay any Claim to. He is there ſpeaking in *Sprott*'s Praiſe, and his Words are theſe —*Adeo ut non videam cur mihi ſit Detrimento, ſi publice declarem me opinari de Academia noſtra Oxonienſi Opus etiam juſtum ac diſtinctum contexuiſſe:* And then comes theReaſon in the very next Sentence, viz. *Opinioni favet Auctoris Pietas. Quod ſi Tu aliter ſentias, Ego in Sententia non perſtabo* nec *quorſum recidant quæcunque animadverti magnopere laborabo, ſi modo illud conceſſeris de Collegio Cantuarienſi Opus poſt ſe reliquiſſe, in quo multa itidem de tota Academia è Monumentis præclaris obiter notaverit.*

This is the Argument produced to prove that the Author of that *lean Chronicle* (whether *Sprott* or ſome other) it not clearly appearing that *Sprott* was the Author of it, compoſed many other valuable Books, not at all inferior to the *Chronicle* which is publiſhed. Great Pity indeed! that ſuch profitable Works ſhould be bu-

(*) Pag. 28, 29.

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ried in Obſcurity; and doubtleſs was there not ſome Hope of their being ſtill recoverable, *Sprott*'s Admirers (how inflexible ſoever in other Caſes) would lament greatly under their Loſs in this.

Agreeable to this new Method of Reaſoning we find an uncommon Conjecture in his Preface to the Sixth Volume of *Leland*'s *Itinerary*, which very few Writers would ever have made. From a Medal of *Carauſius* bearing this Inſcription, VICTORIA CEA, he endeavours to prove, that the Brogue of the common People is the true Standard of the *Roman* Dialect and Pronunciation. The Word *Cæſar*, according to this *curious Remark*, is not to be pronounced as it generally is by People of Faſhion and Breeding, *Ceſar*, but agreeable to the broad Manner of ſpeaking uſed by the moſt ruſtic of Mankind, and as it ſtands upon the Coin, CEASAR.

We acknowledge the Obſervation to be a very curious one, and to ſtand upon the Authority of a Medal, but if it ſhould ever be diſcovered, that it proceeded from an Error of the *Mint-Maſter*, from a ſimple Literal Tranſpoſition, or from any other Accident (as poſſibly it might) the Remark will then ſink into its Value; The

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Coin indeed may be curious upon the Account of the Blunder, but is no more an Argument to aſcertain the Truth of Dialect or Pronunciation, than that *ſpurious Halfpenny* of his preſent *Majeſty*, would be a Standard in the next Age for pronouncing GEOGIVS inſtead of GEORGIVS.

It would waſte too much of the Reader's Time probably, to offer here a Collection of all the Poetical Fragments ſcattered thro' his Labours; the Preſervation of which by Printing them, we muſt obſerve, ſhews no ſmall Deſire to be uſeful to Mankind, as theſe Rhythmes contain either Leſſons of Oeconomy; ſuch as,

With a red Man reade thy read;
With a brown Man break thy Bread:
At a pale Man draw thy Knife;
From a black Man keep thy Wife.
Rob. Glouc. 2 Vol. p. 698.

Or an Account of an ancient local Cuſtom.

Ule, Ule, Ule, Ule,
Three Puddings in a Pule,
Crack Nuts and cry Ule.
Rob. Glouc. p. 679.

Or elſe an Illuſtration of a Pedigree:
William

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William de Coningsby
Came out of Britany,
With his Wife Tiffany,
And his Maid Manfas,
And his Dog Hardegrafs.

Thus have we collected ſome Memorials of Mr. *Hearne*'s Life, and have taken the Liberty to correct ſome few Miſtakes in his Writing. In a Thing of ſuch Moment we have been very careful not to offend any impartial Reader: we have avoided *Flattery* on the one Hand, and *Scandal* on the other. We have deſcribed his good Qualities as they occurred, and rectified ſuch as muſt be acknowledged to have been groſs *Errors*; and ſuch as he would not paſs over in any Author that fell in his way either Living or Dead. Nay, if any Perſon differed from Him, but in his own private Opinion, it was Ground ſufficient for him to let looſe the Reins of his utmoſt Vengeance; a flagrant and very unjuſtifiable Inſtance of which we ſhall here produce.

In the Year 1726, Mr. *Hearne*, in the Catalogue of *Trifles* of which he had been the Editor, ſubjoined to one of his moſt

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trifling *ones* (*) in mentioning Mr. *Dodwell's* Diſſertation *De Parma Equeſtri* Woodwardiana, printed at *Oxford* 1713, 8*vo*, our Author thus harangues;

Mirum certe nemini videri debet, nonnullorum invidiam ſibi ipſi (Dodwello) concitaſſe, qui ſane incredibili odio proſequerentur. Verum hi impii fere erant, qualis equidem & ſcriptor ille nuperus fuit, Gualterus Moyleus *armiger, cujus opera poſthuma (nam auctor ipſe ad plures abiit) omnes boni procul a ſeipſis arcere debent, quippe in quibus de auctoribus præſtantiſſimis optimiſque pleriſque, tam veteribus quam recentibus, contumaciter arroganterque ſcripſerit, nequidem ipſis Sanctis Patribus exceptis, de quibus hæc pro more fidenter protulit* [*Vol.* II. *Pag.* 183.] As for the modern Caſuiſts, I ſhall only produce *Biſhop Sanderſon*, who had more LOGIC and Judgment than all the Fathers put together. —*Sed pudet pigetq; hunc authorem nominaſſe. Atque ut verum fatear, ideo potiſſimum piget, quod in ejus operibus compareat* Dodwelli *Epiſtola, ſatis prolixa linguaque vernacula concepta, (de Dialogo, Luciano vulgo adſcripto, titulus* Philopatris) *miſere*

(*) Johannis *Confratris & Monachi* Glaſtonienſis *Chronica, ſive Hiſtoria de Rebus* Glaſtonienſibus *è Codice MS.* 8*vo*.

tamen

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tamen decurtata ac luxata, multisque mendis scatens gravioribus, dignissima profecto, quæ vel seorsim edatur, vel saltem in auctoris ipsius operibus simul collectis accurate divulgetur. Hæc brevissime de Gualtero Moyleo, *viro leviter docto, qui (ex odio in Clerum Clerique amicos) Scriptores optimos virosque præstantissimos libere, pro modulo ingenii, insectatus est, cujus tamen vituperia ut omnes boni valde contemnent, ita & encomia ab ejusmodi calamo provenientia non est quod quis magni faciat.*

Pag. 651. *Jam si objicias, de re nostra antiquaria anglo Britannica eximie disseruisse* Moyleum, *summatim respondeo, fastum, mea plane sententia, passim comparere, raro peritiam, rarius animi candorem, rarissime (fatente etiam, ut videtur, ipso Editore) quod tantopere crepat, acre judicium. Pueriliter, (ne dicam semidocte) omnia de Inscriptione* Bathonica. *Alioqui (ut alia taceam) non pronunciasset* Fabriciensis *(idem proculdubio quod* Fabricensis*) Julii Vitalis cognomen sive agnomen fuisse*; Fabrice (*quod idem plane est quod* Fabricæ) *vocem compendiariam esse pro* Fabricensium; Collegium *antiquitus nunquam* ædificium *ipsum, quo vivebatur, sed semper* societatem *sive* sodalitium *denotare, & ad initium Inscriptionum Sepulchralium Ethnicarum. D. M. sive* Diis

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Manibus *nunquam non esse sculptum. Imo & pueriliter etiam (ne quid dicam de objectione absurdissima contra* Actorum Diurnorum Romanorum *Fragmenta, quæ authentica esse viri longe maximi* Stephanus Vinandus Pighius, Thomas Renesius, Isaacus Vossius, Henricus *noster* (Dodwellus, *aliique rectissime judicaverant) de Clypeo votivo* Woodwardiano *(de quo ea qua licuit brevitate & nos in* Livio *nostro egimus, locutus est.) Sed hoc de argumento audi, quæso, quod ipse doctissimus* Woodwardus per *literas ad me scripsit,* Londini *datas* Junii 30. MDCCXXVI. *Sic nimirum vir clarissimus.*

'You form a right judgment of Mr. '*Moyle*'s Works—As to my *Clypeus Votivus*, for such the best Antiquaries judge 'it to be, Mr. *Moyle* passes sentence upon 'it, without ever having seen it, from 'two very imperfect Sketches of Dr. '*Clarke* and *Drakensberg*, and without 'having consulted Mr. *Dodwell*'s excellent 'Book *de Parma*, &c. where he might 'have seen the Question of the Theatres 'fairly discussed in order to the ascertaining the true Antiquity of the Shield. 'That truly learned Man is far from 'carrying the Antiquity of it up to the 'time of the Sacking of *Rome* by the 'Gauls.

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'*Gauls*. So that Mr. *Moyle* in demoliſh-
'ing that Notion, only demoliſhes a mere
'fancy of his own. But that it was anti-
'ent is agreed by the beſt Judges of all
'Nations, and the Baron *Spanheim*, and
'Mr *Abednego Sellers*, two of the moſt
'learned Men of the laſt Century, thought
'it ſo conſiderable, that they had both
'begun to write Diſſertations on it, but
'were both prevented finiſhing them by
'Death.'

This Treatment of Mr. *Moyle*, was, by Mr. *Curll*, a Bookſeller in *London*, very juſtly reprehended; who, with an Edition he had printed of Mr *Moyle*'s Works publiſhed in his Life time, ſent the following Letter to *Anthony Hammond* Eſq; as an Apology for his Friend Mr. *Moyle*, ſome Account of whoſe Life and Writings he had juſt then publiſhed.

Let us a little conſider, Sir, (ſays Mr. *Curll*) the Antagoniſts Mr. *Moyle* has met with through the Management of Mr. *Serjeant*. (*) As to the Attacks of Meſſ. *Whiſton* and *Woolſton*, relating to the *Thundering Legion*, their *Guides* are ſo very

(*) Mr. *Thomas Serjeant*, of the Tower, publiſh'd Mr. *Moyle*'s *Poſthumous Works* as the whole of his Writings, without ſo much as taking Notice of what that Gentleman had himſelf publiſhed.

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bad, that I dare say their *Followers* will be very few; I shall therefore content my self with what *Monsieur Le Clerc* observes upon a particular Occasion. † 'Mr. *Addison* is of Opinion, *says he*, that the 'Figure of *Jupiter Pluvius*, sending down 'Rain on the fainting Army of *Marcus* '*Aurelius*, and Thunderbolts on his Ene'mies, is the greatest Confirmation pos'sible of the Story of the *Thundering* '*Legion*: This learned Man would ap'parently mean to say, that this Figure 'is a Monument of the Shower which fell 'on the *Roman* Army, and of the Thun'der which confounded the *Germans*; 'for as to the *Thundering Legion*, the 'Learned are agreed that it had that 'Denomination long before this Circum'stance; and that there is no Probability 'that it was intirely made up of *Christians*. 'See *Henry* de *Valois* upon *Eusebius*, *Lib.* 5. '*Cap.* 5. and Father *Pagi* upon the Year 'CLXXIV.

Thus, with *Monsieur Le Clerc*, I leave this *Thundering Legend*. And, may it still continue to lead up the Van of Miracles in the *Romish* Church; for as Mr. *Moyle* well Remarks, as it took its Name from

(†) *See Bibliotheque Choise*, ARTIC. of Mr. *Addison*'s Remarks on *Italy* &c.

Paganism

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Paganism (*), it is most proper that it should end in *Popery*.

I shall by and by incur the same Censure as Mr. *Moyle* has undergone; for I freely acknowledge, that I have the same Opinion of Archbishop *Tillotson*, which he had of Bishop *Sanderson*, *That* He *had more* Judgment *than all the* Fathers *put together*. And I believe the same Character might justly be given of Bishop *Taylor*, Bishop *Pearson*, Dr. *Barrow*, and that truly great Man you have named, Bishop *Stillingfleet*, and several other of our *English* Divines.

Before I mention any part of Mr. *Hearne*'s Charge, I shall give a Summary of Mr. *Moyle*'s Religious Principles in his own Words, *viz.* 'If Men, *says he*, would 'but consider, that it is not only our Duty, 'but our Interest to be Virtuous, one 'would think this were no hard Task to 'perform, *viz.* reforming the Manners of 'the People, and restoring them to their 'antient Sobriety and Virtue. Among a 'thousand Advantages that Christianity 'has, above all other Religions, this is 'none of the least, that it has united our In-

(*) *See*, his *Posthum. Works*, Vol. 2. p. 83.

tereſt

'tereſt and our Duty together. Would not
'a wiſe Man be Chaſte for the ſake of
'Health; Honeſt for the ſake of Profit;
'Temperate for the ſake of Pleaſure, and
'all *Three* for the ſake of Fame? For
'Vice was never yet ſo triumphant as to
'be in greater Reputation than Virtue.
'Theſe Conſiderations, together with the
'innumerable Miſchiefs and Inconveni-
'encies which attend a vicious Courſe of
'Life, ought in Reaſon to reclaim Men
'from *all* unmanly Exceſſes. One would
'think in a Chriſtian Nation, that Reli-
'gion and Conſcience; our own Hopes
'and Fears; the Proſpect of eternal Hap-
'pineſs or endleſs Miſery, ſhould be Con-
'ſiderations ſtrong enough to lay an effec-
'tual Reſtraint on the moſt violent Luſts
'and Appetites. — One of the greateſt
'Obſtacles, in my Opinion, to the Re-
'formation of Manners, is, that too many
'Men place all Virtue and Religion in
'warmly adhering to the Intereſt of this
'or that particular Sect or Party: As if a
'fiery Zeal for the Church, or the Meet-
'ing-Houſe, could atone for Lewdneſs
'and Debauchery; or as if vicious and
'immoral Men could be of any Chriſtian
'Church or Community (*)

(*) *See*, his Charge to the *Grand Jury* at *Leſcard*. *Poſthumous Works*. Vol. 1. p. 152, 155, 156, and 158.

Now

Now Sir, tho' I ſhould be as far from interrupting the indefatigable Labours of Mr. *Hearne* in his Hiſtorical Studies as any Man living; yet I think no Man ought to be indefatigable in Slander, and that the Unchriſtian Temper he has ſhewn ought to be reprehended. And it gives me no ſmall Concern to find the grave Style of an Antiquarian changed to the foul-mouthed Language of the moſt abandoned Proſtitute. Neither can I by any means agree, that whatever *unguarded Expreſſions* Mr. *Moyle* may have dropt, can be juſt Grounds of Provocation for ſuch Scurrility, as I believe never before fell from the Pen of any Controvertiſt. But Mr. *Moyle* has himſelf hit the right Nail on the Head in the Paſſage above cited. Mr. *Moyle* was a profeſſed *Whig*, and a hearty Well-wiſher to his Country. Mr. *Hearne* is a profeſſed *Non-Juror*, and a fiery Bigot to thoſe of his own Principles. With him, Pope *Clement* the XI, and Mr. *Dodwell* were equally Infallible, and, in the true meaning of the Word, I believe ſo too. Mr. *Moyle*, as a *Whig*, muſt be *a Republican, a Contemner of Religions; one who had a natural Antipathy to the Clergy and their Friends, a meer Ignoramus*, and, in good Eccleſiaſtical Charity, *gone to the Devil.* I cannot

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not help therefore asking you, Sir, whether you really think the Positions advanced by Mr. *Moyle* in his *Lescard*-Charge, or any part of his Conduct to which you were ever a Witness, could deserve such Treatment, especially from one who never knew him otherwise than by his Writings.

As to the *Critical Dispute*, I shall be as silent as I resolve to be about the *Legendary one* above mentioned. Yet I cannot help observing, that what Dr. *Woodward* says, is very merrily dogmatical. For, he will have it that Mr. *Hearne forms a right Judgment of all Mr.* Moyle's *Works*,—— *because the best Antiquaries have judged his Shield to be a* Clypeus Votivus. And Mr. *Moyle* is highly criminal, *and passes Sentence upon it, without ever having seen it*, otherwise than by two Draughts. Now I would only ask the learned Doctor one plain Question; *If I see the Picture of a Horse*, am I to believe the *living Animal* it represents to be a *Bear?* But indeed he descends a little, and says, That *the Baron* Spanheim *and Mr.* Sellers intended to write Dissertations upon it, and that some other Antiquarians really believed it to be an Antique; *(anglice)* the Back of an Old Sconce, which I have been credibly informed he bought in *Rag-Fair*.

As

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As to that Piece of Mr. *Dodwell's*, which Mr. *Hearne* complains is imperfectly printed, it is to be hoped he will oblige the learned World with a more correct Copy; tho' this Imputation does not lye againſt Mr. *Moyle*, but againſt the *Perſon* who tranſmitted that Piece to him.

May Mr. *Hearne* hereafter retain a more Chriſtian Temper. May his uſeful Studies, as you are pleaſed to call them, meet with all the Succeſs he can expect, and may the ſcurrillous Cavils, both of him and every other Writer, meet with that juſt Contempt which is due to ſuch Performances. This is the hearty Wiſh of,

Sir, Yours &c. E. CURLL.

Upon this Occaſion Mr. *Curll* alſo wrote the following Letter to Mr. *Hearne*, viz.

SIR,

YOUR late *Invective* againſt Mr. *Moyle* I ſhall prove to be wholly *Groundleſs* and therefore it turns upon *yourſelf*.

In

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In the first place you will have it, that all who dissent from Mr. *Dodwell* are *a set of abandoned Wretches, and such indeed was* Walter Moyle *Esq; whose Posthumous Works all good Men ought to lay aside*; for Reasons hereafter to be considered. As to Mr. *Dodwell*, I had above twenty Years intimate Correspondence with him, and always believed him to be a learned, and very pious Man. But at the same time, all, who knew him, will allow that Mr. *Dryden*'s Character of a certain Peer, in *Absalom* and *Achitophel*, too much resembled Mr. *Dodwell*; for he truly was, what the Poet asserts,

> Stiff in Opinions, *mostly* in the Wrong;
> Was every thing by starts and nothing long.

The First Book I ever printed was the present of a Manuscript he made me, in Defence of his, now sufficiently exploded, Doctrine of the *Divine Imortalizing Spirit transfused by Baptism* (*). And if you will, undertake to vindicate every Notion he advanced, *God speed the Plough*. Secondly, you will have it, that Mr. *Moyle treats*

(*) An *Explication* of a *famous Passage* in the Dialogue of St. *Justin Martyr* with *Tryphon*, concerning the *Immortality* of *Human Souls*, &c. 8vo. printed in the Year 1708, price 2*s.* 6*d.*

with

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with great Contumacy and Arrogance many of the beſt and moſt excellent Authors as well ancient as modern, (tho' you name none but your *Doctiſſimus* Woodwardus *vir Clariſſimus*, of whom more in the ſequel) and, you add, *he does not ſpare even the* Holy *Fathers, of whom he confidently aſſerts that Biſhop* Sanderſon *had more* Judgment *than all of them put together.* And I am as confident that every Man of *Judgment* in *Europe* believes this Article of Mr. *Moyle*'s CREED.

Now ſince your Breaſt is animated with ſo much Heat in behalf of theſe *Venerabilia*, the *Fathers*, I deſire to know by what better Authority, than a *Popiſh* Canonization, are they inveſted with the Epithet of *Holy?* If indeed, all the *Libertiniſm* of *Youth* be ſufficient to confer that Title, and all the *Impotence* of *Age*, be ſufficient to confirm it, the Plea is good, and the Precedents produced may be St. *Auguſtine*, St. *Origen*, and that notorious Saint, of *Creed-making* Memory, St. *Athanaſius*. Who in their Works may ſay of each other——

Quantum mutatus ab illo.

Therefore, as to their *Sacredneſs*, I think it may

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may be fairly ſaid to be *extinct*. Upon theſe Conſiderations indeed, *you ought to be ſorry and aſhamed to mention Mr.* Moyle *as you have done.*

Thirdly, With what Face, other than that of an aſſuming Arrogance, can you ſay that Mr. *Moyle was but a ſuperficial Writer*, after Dean *Prideaux*, (with whom certainly you will have the Modeſty to own you cannot ſtand in Competition) *has thanked him for the Pains he had taken about his* Connection? And declares, that *he ſhould have been glad of the Aſſiſtance of ſo* Learned *a Friend near him, to whom he might have communicated that Hiſtory* before it was printed. (*) You farther add, with an equal ſhare of Confidence and Falſhood, (as will appear from the Sentiments of learned Men) that, *he was one, who on account of his Hatred to the Clergy, and their Friends, has boldly, according to the meaſure of his Underſtanding*, (I heartily wiſh yours was either as deep or as honeſt) *railed againſt the beſt Writers, and the moſt excellent Men.* (But, *latet Anguis in Herba*, the Men you here hint at, are the profeſſed Enemies of our Conſtitution both in Church and State, and as

(*) Poſth. Works. Vol. 2. p. 36.

ſuch

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ſuch only were oppoſed by Mr. *Moyle*.) What you farther, with the greateſt Diſingenuity inſinuate againſt him, may be ſtrictly applied to your own Temper, that, as all good Men muſt deſpiſe the Cenſure of ſo ſcurrilous an Antagoniſt, ſo they muſt, upon the ſame Principles, have but a very ſlight Opinion of thoſe Perſons whoſe Encomiums are drawn by your Pen.

Mr. *MOYLE*'s *wayward-Editor*, you have indeed juſtly reprehended; but as to your Cavils concerning the *Bath* Inſcription, they are equally diſingenuous. Does he not tell Dr. *Muſgrave*, whom he allowed to be a ſuperior Judge, with all the becoming Modeſty of a well bred Gentlemen, that, *he could pretend to no great Skill in theſe Matters; but ſince you ask my Opinion* (ſays he to the Doctor) *I will give it with my uſual Frankneſs, not doubting but you will receive it with your uſual Candour* (*). This is correſponding like Men of Senſe and Integrity!

As you began with Mr. *Dodwell*, I am ſorry to conclude, that you are guilty of

* Poſth. Works, Vol. 1. pag. 169, 170.

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the Charge he brings againſt his Opponents, in the Piece I printed for him abovementioned, *pag*, 143. *It is my great Unhappineſs*, ſays he, *that I have to do with Adverſaries, who will not be confined to the Subject of our principal Diſpute, without deviating to perſonal Reflections, wherein the Reader is not any Way concerned.* This is the Bane of all Controverſy, and I hope for the future you will avoid it.

Laſtly, As to your *Vir Clariſſimus* Woodwardus *Doctiſſimus*, he moſt learnedly follows the *Law-bell* of your Scandal, and *ſhields* himſelf under your Sentiments of his *Clypeus Votivus*. But I would adviſe neither of you to be too fond of your own confined Speculation, and reſt aſſured that there has already been more Thouſands ſold of Mr. *Moyle*'s Works, than ever there will be Hundreds either of your *Monkiſh* Chronicles, or his *Foſſilarian-Labours*, including his late Fardle of *Self-conceit*, prefix'd to his *Self-defence* (againſt the Objections of the learned *Camerarius*) which was written by himſelf, tho' he has franked it under the Cover of his Tranſlator *Holloway*. And to my other Wiſhes for your Welfare, may you, during

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ring Life, reign unrivalled, *Legendary-grubber* to the Univerſity of *Oxford.*

E. CURLL.

P. S. That the Public may be fully convinced how different the Sentiments of the *truly Learned* are from thoſe *Self-conceited Scioliſts* who have attacked Mr. *Moyle*'s Writings, it will be ſufficient to produce the Judgment given by *Monſieur de la Roche* * of *The whole Works of* Walter Moyle, *Eſq*; (publiſhed by himſelf.)

'Wit, good Senſe and Learning 'are equally conſpicuous in the Works 'of the late Mr. *Moyle*; and therefore 'it was very proper to reprint thoſe 'Pieces which were publiſhed by the Au-'thor himſelf, at ſeveral Times; by which 'Means, we have now in Three Volumes 'all the Works of that Ingenious and 'Learned Gentleman. He being a very 'honeſt Man, was always very zealous 'for the Liberty of his Country; and 'that noble Character appears in many 'Parts of his Works. When he came in-

* See New Memoirs of Literature for the Month of *September* 1726, Vol. 4. pag. 225 *& ſeq.*

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'to Parliament he always acted a very 'honourable Part. He was a Perſon 'of an uncommon Beneficence and Hu-'manity. A more extenſive Charity, and 'a truer Love for his Country, was ſcarce 'to be found in any Man. It appears 'he had a great Eſteem for the Clergy, 'and was admirably well qualified for '*Critical Enquiries**.

Now leſt we ſhould be thought *partial*, as to what we have written concerning the *Triflings* of this notable Antiquary, we ſhall here produce what Mr. *Alexander Pope* of *Twickenham*, in the County of *Middleſex*, hath noted concerning him, *viz.* 'I can never enough praiſe my very 'good Friend the exact Mr. *Thomas* '*Hearne*, who if any Word occur, which 'to him and all Mankind is evidently '*wrong*, yet keeps he it in the Text with 'due Reverence, and only remarks in the 'Margin, *Sic MSS.* or *Sic Orig*'. And in another Place, he thus delivereth himſelf; 'Our own Antiquary Mr. *Thomas* '*Hearne* hath publiſhed many curious 'Tracts which our Poet hath to his 'great Contentment peruſed.

* Mr. *Moyle*'s Works are printed for Mr. *Curll*.

[In

[In *Gloſſar.* to *Rob.* of *Gloceſter*] *Artic.* BEHETT; others ſay BEHIGHT, *promiſed*, and ſo it is uſed *excellently well by Thomas Norton*, in his Tranſlation into Metre of the 116th Pſalm, *verſe* 14.

I to the Lord will pay my Vows,
That I to him BEHIGHT.

'Where the modern Innovators, not 'underſtanding the Propriety of the Word '(which is truly *Engliſh* from the *Saxon*) 'have moſt *unwarrantably* altered it 'thus,

I to the Lord will pay my Vows,
With Joy and great Delight.

V. Ibid.——'HIGHT] In *Cumberland* 'they ſay to *hight*, for to *promiſe* or *vow*; 'but HIGHT uſually ſignifies *was called*; 'and ſo it does in the *North* even to this 'Day, notwithſtanding what is done in '*Cumberland*.

V. 183. AREDE] *Read* or *Peruſe*; tho' 'ſometimes uſed for *Counſel*; READE 'THY READ, *take thy Counſaile*. *Thomas* '*Sternholde* in his Tranſlation of the firſt

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'Pſalm into *Engliſh* Metre, hath *wiſely* 'made uſe of this Word,

The Man is bleſt that hath not lent
To wicked READ *his Ear.*

'But in the laſt ſpurious Editions of 'the ſinging Pſalms, the Word *Read* is 'changed into *Men.* I ſay ſpurious Edi- 'tions, becauſe not only here, but quite 'throughout the whole Book of Pſalms, 'are ſtrange Alterations, all for the worſe! 'And yet the Title-page ſtands as it uſed 'to do! And all (which is abominable 'in any Book, much more in a ſacred 'Work) is aſcribed to *Thomas Sternholde*, '*John Hopkins*, and others! I am confi- 'dent were *Sternholde* and *Hopkins* now 'living, they would proceed againſt the 'Innovators as Cheats. A Liberty 'which, to ſay no more of their intole- 'rable Alterations, ought by no means 'to be admitted or approved of by ſuch as 'are for *Uniformity*, and have any Regard 'for the old *Engliſh Saxon* Tongue. 'HEARNE, *Gloſſ.* on *Rob.* of *Glac. Art.* 'REDE.'

We do herein agree with Mr. *Hearne.* Little is it of Avail to object, that ſuch Words are become *unintelligible.* Since they

they are truly *Engliſh*, we *ought* to underſtand them; and ſuch as are for *Uniformity* ſhould think all Alterations in a Language, *Strange*, *abominable* and *unwarrantable*. [SCRIBLERUS *Not. in* DUNC.]

This is all *Ironicè* and *Scriblerian-Railery*; and as ſuch only, is it here produced. Of all ſuch Antiquaries therefore, as Mr. HEARNE, well hath Mr. POPE deſcribed them.

—— *dim in Clouds, the poreing Scholiaſts mark,*
Wits, who like Owls, ſee only in the dark;
A Lumber-houſe of Books in ev'ry Head,
For ever reading, never to be read!

Well likewiſe might he ask this Queſtion, *viz.*

But, who is he in Cloſet cloſs y-pent,
Of ſober Face, with learned Duſt beſprent?
Right well mine Eyes arede the myſter Wight,
On Parchment Scraps y-ſed and Hight. *Hearnius Wormius*
To future Ages may thy *Dulneſs* laſt,
As thou preſerv'ſt the *Dulneſs* of the paſt!

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With equal Juſtice hath Mr. *Pope* finely rallied another Species of theſe poring Wretches, the *mere Medaliſts*, who are wholly ignorant of the *true uſe* of thoſe *Coins* which they ſeem ſo intenſely to ſtudy, *viz*

With ſharpen'd Sight pale Antiquaries pore,
Th' *Inſcription* value, but the *Ruſt* adore;
This the *Blue* varniſh, that the *Green* indears,
The *ſacred Ruſt* of twice Two hundred Years.
To gain *Peſcennius* one employs his Schemes;
One gains a *Cecrops* in exſtatic Dreams;
Poor *Vadius* (*) long with learned Spleen devour'd
Can taſte no Pleaſure ſince his Shield was ſcour'd;
And *Curio* reſtleſs by the Fair One's Side,
Sighs for an *Otho*, and neglects his Bride (||).

It is now high Time to take Leave of ſuch *Gloſſographers* and *Medalliſts* as

(*) Dr. *Woodward*.

(||) *Pope*'s Verſes to Mr. *Addiſon*, on his *Dialogues* upon *Medals*.

theſe

these so justly censured by Mr. *Pope*. For, according to Mr. *Hearne*'s very silly Defence of *Sternholde* and *Hopkins*, our Language should not have admitted of any Improvements, but have continued in the obsolete Guise of *Geoffrey* of *Monmouth* and *Chaucer*; nor is it to be doubted but Mr. *Hearne* was full in Opinion, that Mr. *Dryden* had injured *Chaucer*'s Diction, as much as those he calls the *Innovators* upon the *Psalms*.

We shall next consider our Antiquary's Political and Religious Principles.

Mr. *Hearne* wrote a Letter to his Patron, Mr. *Cherry*, in Vindication of those who took the *Oath* of *Allegiance* to King *William*; (*) and we cannot think it any bad Part of a Man's Character to give his Reasons for complying with that *Oath*,

(*) It was intitled, *A Vindication of those who take the Oath of Allegiance to his present Majesty, from Perjury, Injustice, and Disloyalty, charged upon them by such as are against it. Wherein is evidently shewed, That the common Good of a Nation is what is primarily and principally respected in an Oath, and therefore when the Oath is inconsistent with that, the Persons who have taken it, are absolved from it. In proving of which, the* Case *of* Maud *and King* Stephen *is particularly considered. In a Letter to a Non-Juror.* Conscientia mille Testes. Printed in the Year 1731. 8vo.

which

which others refuſed. The Point was diſputable, and Cenſures no Doubt were paſſed upon the *Jurors* as well as *Non-Jurors*: His Reaſons for Compliance (how weak ſoever in the Eyes of thoſe of a different Perſuaſion) were doubtleſs good in his own; and if he diſcovered better afterwards for *refuſing* the Oath, than he before gave for the *taking* it, we think, and with ſtrict Juſtice, that he ought to have produced them for the Benefit of the Public and clearing the Point in Diſpute. How he became diſſatisfied in this Affair, is not the Buſineſs of our Inquiry.

What Mr. *Hearne* could mean by publiſhing a Letter of King *Charles* I, when Prince of *Wales* (therefrom inſinuating, that his Royal Highneſs had then an Intrigue upon his Hands, and the Duke of *Buckingham* played the Part of Pimp upon the Occaſion) is a Myſtery which we believe his Fautors will have much ado to unravel. But at the earneſt Requeſt of many Friends, we have here reprinted that Letter, to ſhew what little Grounds there were for ſo ill a Conſtruction as has been put upon it. It is as follows, *viz.*

STEFNIE,

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STEENIE,*

I Have nothing now to wryte to you, but to give you thankes bothe for the good councell ye gave me, and for the Event of it. The King gave mee a good ſharpe potion, but you tooke away the working of it, by the well reliſhed Comfites ye ſent after it. I have met with the Partie that muſt not be named, once alreddie: and the cullor of wryting this Letter ſhall make me meete withe her on Saturday, although it is written the Day being Thurſday. So aſſuring you that the Buſines goes ſafelie onn, I reſt,

Your conſtant loving Friend,

CHARLES.

I hope ye will not ſhow the King this Letter, but put it in the ſafe Cuſtodie of Miſter *Vulcan*.

On the Back this:

Pr. Ch. to the Duke.

Without Date.

* A Nick-name given by King *James* I. to the Duke of *Buckingham*,

Thus

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Thus after *waſting*, not *employing*, a Life of Fifty odd Years, on the *Tenth* Day of *June* 1735, this *Studier* and *Preſerver* of *Monkiſh-Trumpery* gave up the Ghoſt.

He was a moſt ſordid poor Wretch; had an univerſal Miſtruſt of the Generality of Mankind; lived in a ſlovenly, niggardly Manner, and died *poſſeſſed* of what he had not the Heart to *enjoy* (*).

(*) We have been informed that a conſiderable Sum of Money, upwards of a *Thouſand Pounds* was found hid in Holes and Books.

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A TRUE

COPY

Of the LAST

WILL and TESTAMENT

OF

Thomas Hearne, M. A.

Extracted from the Regiſtry of the Prerogative Court of *Canterbury*.

IN the Name of GOD. *Amen.* I *Thomas Hearne*, Maſter of Arts, of the Univerſity of *Oxford*, being of perfect Mind and Memory, make and ordain this my laſt Will and Teſtament (all

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(all written with my own Hand) in Manner and Form following, revoking all other Wills by me formerly made.

Imprimis, I commend my Soul to Almighty God who gave it me, truſting to be ſaved through the alone Merits of my Bleſſed Saviour and Redeemer *Jeſus Chriſt*; and for my Body, I commend it to the Earth, and deſire that it may be buried in a Chriſtian and Decent, but (as beſt becomes Duſt and Aſhes) in a plain humble Manner, in the Church-yard of the Pariſh in which I happen to die.

Item, As touching the Diſtribution of my Worldly Goods and Effects, I diſpoſe of them as followeth. *Firſt*, I give and bequeath to Mr. *William Bedford* of *London*, Son of my late Friend Mr. *Hilkiah Bedford*, all the MSS. and other Books, that Doctor *Thomas Smith* left me, and are ſtanding together in a Preſs, with this Requeſt, that he would punctually obſerve what I have written at the Beginning of ſome of them. Alſo I give and bequeath to the ſaid Mr. *William Bedford*, all MSS of my own Collection and Writing, and all printed

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printed Books by me collated with MSS, or that have MSS Notes of mine in them.

Item, I give to the ſaid Mr. *William Bedford*, all my other MSS, whatſoever now in my Poſſeſſion.

Item, I give to the ſaid Mr. *William Bedford*, my Box or Cabinet of Coins, Medals, and all other Things contained in it.

Item, I do hereby make, ordain, conſtitute, and appoint my two Brothers *William* and *Edmund Hearne*, and my Siſter *Anne Hearne* (the Wife of *Thomas Field*) of *Woburn* in *Bucks*, joint Executors of this my laſt Will and Teſtament; To whom I give and bequeath all the Reſt of my Goods and Effects whatſoever not herein mentioned, to be equally divided between them, Share and Share alike, deſiring that they would all three lovingly agree together, and take effectual Care, that what I have given to Mr. *William Bedford* be moſt faithfully delivered to him, and not expoſed to the View of others.

And

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And my Will further is, *Firſt*, That Mr. *Bedford* would take ſpecial Care of the MSS and Books I have bequeathed to him; particularly of Dr. *Smith*'s, and of thoſe written, collated and noted by my ſelf, ſo that they be all kept together, and that they fall into none but good Hands. *Secondly*, That Mr. *Bedford* would act the Part of a Superviſor or Overſeer of this my laſt Will and Teſtament, and aſſiſt my Executors to the beſt of his Power, in which, as I rely upon his Prudence and Conduct, ſo at the ſame Time I hope they will readily follow his Advice.

In Witneſs of all which, I have hereunto ſet my Hand and Seal, this Fourteenth Day of *February*, in the Year of our Lord One thouſand ſeven Hundred and twenty nine.

Thomas Hearne.

Signed, Sealed and Declared in the Preſence of

Andrew Hanly, Sen.
Andrew Hanly, Jun.

N. B. Confirmed alſo by the Affidavits of *Richard Rawlinſon*, L. L. D. and *James Weſt* of the *Inner Temple*, Eſq;

CODICIL

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CODICIL to my WILL, dated *February* 14th, 1729.

My Brother *William* being dead, I give all his Share to his only Child, my Nephew *Thomas Hearne*, born after the making of the above-written Will; and I charge my two ſurviving Executors, *Edmund* and *Elizabeth* not to wrong him.

Thomas Hearne.

Dec. 30, 1731.

I deſire no other Epitaph than this:

HERE LYETH THE BODY OF
THOMAS HEARNE, M. A.
WHO STUDIED AND PRESERVED
ANTIQUITIES.
HE DYED JUNE 10. M.DCC.XXXV
AGED LV YEARS. *

---

* This Diſtich would much better ſuit a Church-yard-Rail, *viz.*

Here lies Tom Hearne, *with Duſt and Dirt beſprent,*
In which his Life moſt uſeleſly he ſpent.

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DEUT. XXXII. 7.

Remember the Days of old, consider the Years of many Generations: ask thy Father, and he will shew thee, thy Elders, and they will tell thee.

JOB VIII. 8, 9, 10.

Enquire, I pray thee, [*of the former Age, and prepare thyself to the Search of their Fathers,* —— *(For we* are but of *Yesterday, and know nothing, because our Days upon Earth* are *a Shadow)* —— *Shall they not teach thee,* and *tell thee, and utter Words out of their Heart?*]

Proved at *London*, with a Codicil annexed, the First Day of *July* 1735, before the Worshipful *Thomas Walker* Doctor of Laws, Surrogate, by *Edmund Hearne*, and *Anne Field* (Wife of *Thomas Field)* the Mother and Sister, and the two surviving Executors, to whom Administration was granted, being first sworn duly to administer.

William Legard
Peter St. Eloy } Deputy Registers
Henry Stevens

A

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A SHORT
MEMORIAL,
AND
CHARACTER,
OF THAT

Moſt Noble and Illuſtrious Princeſs

MARY

Dutcheſs of ORMONDE.

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THE INTRODUCTION.

ONE must have but little Knowledge of human Nature, not to be sensible of that Curiosity which prompts Mankind to be acquainted with the History of Persons distinguished by their extraordinary Virtues and Qualifications, and who have experienced many uncommon Varieties of Life. In reading their Transactions, we become agreeably intimate with the Characters which have raised our Admiration; we attend them in the different Scenes thro' which they pass, and are sensible of a secret Longing to imitate the shining Parts of their Conduct: They frequently teach us an easy Moderation in Prosperity, and are no less successful in reconciling us to the severe Dispensation of Providence.

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THE Impreſſions we receive from perſonal Characters, are more lively and affecting than ſuch as are imparted to us by moral Precepts; and thoſe Virtues, which Inſtitutions of Philoſophy might give us but a languid Invitation to imitate, are altogether irreſiſtable, when they are ſet off by the Conduct of Perſons of Elevation; and they muſt be thrown into Action, in order to give them their laſt Poliſh and Refinement.

THIS may be one Reaſon why *Biography* has generally met with ſuch a favourable Reception, and we may venture to affirm, that if the Authors who engage in this Kind of Writing, would ſelect ſuch Characters as are entertaining, and inſtructive at the ſame Time, they would have no Cauſe to complain of any Diſregard from the Public.

THE noble Lady, who is the Subject of the following Memoirs, has made ſo conſpicuous and engaging a Figure, thro' the ſeries and Viciſſitudes of a long Life, that ſhe may be juſtly reputed an Honour to her own Sex, as ſhe

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ſhe has always been the Admiration o ours.

IF a Deſcent from an illuſtrious Race of *Britiſh* Nobility, a polite and generous Education, an early Familiarity with the moſt amiable Accompliſhments, an inchanting Harmony of Perſon and Mind, a Virgin Purity of Youth, and a taintleſs Fidelity of conjugal Life, have any Charms in the ſofter Sex, they have all lent their full Luſtre to the late Dutcheſs of *ORMONDE*.

IT ſhould ſeem as if Providence intended to guard this Lady from every Imputation that could be formed againſt her by envious and detracting Minds, and therefore would not confine her Virtues to Scenes of Satisfaction and Proſperity; ſhe had long convinced the World of her Ability to act an unexceptionable Part in ſuch a Situation, but ſomething ſtill remained to give her Conduct its full Perfection. The appointed Period arrived; this incomparable Perſon was deprived of the deareſt of all her Enjoyments: She ſaw herſelf for ever ſeparated from her darling Conſort, aud her former Affluence contracted into a very moderate

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moderate Limitation: Her Sunſhine of Happineſs darkened with Adverſity; but that Adverſity only gave her an Opportunity of charming all who knew her, by her inimitable Reſignation to the Decrees of Heaven.

AS there was Reaſon to believe the Public would be curious to know the Particulars of a Life ſo diverſified by ſuch unuſual Events, all poſſible Care has been taken to collect every authentic Circumſtance that could make ſuch a Relation uſeful and entertaining; and, we preſume, that the Impartiality with which we have proceeded, on this Occation, will intitle this Performance to a candid Reception from thoſe who are pleaſed to favour it with their Peruſal.

THE

THE

LIFE

Of Her GRACE

MARY

Dutcheſs of *ORMONDE*.

THE Dutcheſs of *ORMONDE*, whoſe Life we propoſe to write, was the Elder ſurviving Daughter of *Henry* Duke of *Beaufort*, by his Dutcheſs *Mary*, Daughter of that unfortunate Patriot, the Lord *Capel*, whoſe ſteady Attachment to his diſtreſſed Soveraign, King *CHARLES*, I. deprived him, in 1648, of a Life which deſerved a much happier Period.

THE

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THE moſt noble Houſe of *Beaufort*, as it was auguſt in its Original, ſo it has been perpetuated by a Train of Deſcendants, who have been juſtly eſteemed the Ornaments of their Country. And the great *Plantagenets*, who founded this illuſtrious Family, have tranſmitted their Virtues thro' a long Series of their Poſterity, and adorned the Kingdom with a Progeny, of both Sexes, which will be ever remembered with Honour.

THE Dutcheſs of *ORMONDE* was born at *Beaufort*-Houſe, near *Chelſea*, *Anno* 1665; and, in her early Years, preſented ſuch a Dawn of amiable Qualities to her noble Parents, as convinced them that the Luſtre of their Family would receive no Diminution from their lovely Daughter. Animated by this Perſuaſion, they were particularly careful to cultivate, by a ſuitable Education, the Virtues which had already ſprung up in her Mind with ſuch a luxuriant Bloom. Their Cares ſucceeded to their Wiſh, and there was no Accompliſhment neceſſary to give Perfection to her Sex, but what appeared with all its Charms in the Conduct of this young Lady.

NATURE

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NATURE ſometimes preſents us with a great deal of Inequality in her Productions; and it is no uncommon Thing to ſee a very diſagreeable Exterior allotted to a finiſhed Mind; but ſhe now determined to be uniform in her Operations, and prepared, for the Duke of *Beaufort*'s Daughter, a Form as amiable, as the Soul which was to claim it, for her Habitation.

IT would require a Pen, much more maſterly in Deſcription, than mine, to give the Reader a competent Idea of this engaging Lady; the inchanting Harmony of her Shape, the Luſtre and Vivacity of her Eyes, which inſpired all who beheld them with unutterable Impreſſions; the glowing Bluſh of the Roſe, which was blended in her Cheeks with the Virgin Purity of the Lilly, the flowing Shade of Hair which wantoned in a Profuſion of Ringlets, that no Pencil could imitate; the delicate Turn of her Face, and the bewitching Softneſs which diffuſed itſelf thro' every Feature; the panting Snow of her Boſom, and the taper Whiteneſs of her Arms; with a thouſand other Beauties which perpetually played around her, formed ſuch an Aſſemblage of Perfection, that

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that was to be reſiſted by nothing but Inſenſibility itſelf.

WE believe we ſhall not be taxed with Falſhood, when we affirm, that ſuch a Prodigality of Charms were capable, without any other Aſſiſtance, of captivating a thouſand Hearts; but we have already intimated that Nature diſcarded all Partiality in her Plan, and made this irreſiſtable Form the Reſidence of a Soul which was altogether as attractive as its lovely Manſion: The moſt refined Poignancy of her Wit was contraſted by the ſedateſt Judgment; and each of theſe fine Qualifications were ſo beautifully ſoftened by her native Sweetneſs of Temper, that her Pleaſantry never gave Pain, and none ever thought themſelves inſulted by her ſuperior Penetration.

THE Happineſs of her Memory facilitated her Improvement, by thoſe Books and Induſtry, with which ſhe was daily converſant; and, in a few Years, it proved ſuch a Treaſury of Knowledge and Politeneſs, as few Ladies of her Age were ever enriched with. The little Levities of the Sex, and thoſe refined Deviations from Sincerity and Sanctity of Manners, which are become ſo faſhionable a Part

of

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of modern Education were altogether unknown to her. True Virtue is certainly amiable in herſelf, but ſhe puts on redoubled Charms when ſhe ſhines in the Conduct of a blooming Virgin.

SUCH was the Lady we are deſcribing; her Mind was as immaculate as her Face, and every Year that added to her Youth, preſented her with new Perfections, and awaken'd a general Curioſity to know what happy Man was to be bleſs'd with the Endearments of her nuptial Love.

IT is not to be imagined in what Manner that pleaſing Expectation influenced ſome of the nobleſt of the *Britiſh* Youth. A virtuous young Lady of Rank and Beauty is a publick Bleſſing, ſhe civilizes the Souls of her Admirers more than all their Academical Inſtitutions, and fires them to aim at a proper Similitude of Accompliſhments. Innocence, Purity and Honour appear ſo perſuaſive in the Fair-One, that it is no Wonder if ſhe daily increaſes the Number of their Votaries, and brings them freſh Acceſſions of Homage.

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AMONGST the ſhining Crouds of Adorers who wiſhed to inſpire her with the ſoft Senſibility of Love, none made ſo conſpicuous a Figure as the Duke of *Ormonde*; he was deſcended from a very antient and illuſtrious Family that had given many Heroes to their Country, and, in the Perſon of the Duke, had preſented it with an Ornament that did not a little contribute to its Luſtre. Death had for ſome Time deprived him of his firſt Lady (who was the eldeſt Daughter of the Earl of *Rocheſter*) and left him a Widower in the full Bloom of his Youth. His endearing Behaviour to his deceaſed Dutcheſs, warmed many of the faireſt with ſecret Wiſhes to ſucceed her in his Embraces. His Perſon was ſuch as might impart the ſofteſt Impreſſions to the chaſteſt Heart, and was ſet off by ſuch a winning Singularity of Sweetneſs, Generoſity, and every other Quality which conſtitutes the fine Gentleman, that it was almoſt impoſſible for him to be long conſidered with Indifference by any Lady to whom he breathed his Paſſion. We may add to this, that he poſſeſſed ſuch a Princely Eſtate, that Fortune ſeemed to contend with Nature which of them ſhould be his greateſt Benefactor. It is true, the Duke only

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only valued the Favours of the former, as they enabled him to diſtinguiſh himſelf by numberleſs Acts of Humanity, and indulged him in his natural Propenſity to Benevolence. And if the Goddeſs has not of late been ſo liberal to many others, it may have proceeded from their being deſtitute of his Inclinations to communicate her Bounties to their Fellow Creatures.

AFTER the Account I have attempted to give of theſe two illuſtrious Perſons, it will be natural to conclude, that they were formed for each other; and therefore, without entering into the Particulars of that tender Intercourſe which Love, and a Similitude of Diſpoſitions, eſtabliſhed between them, it will be ſufficient if we acquaint the Reader, that his Grace was ſo fortunate in his Addreſſes, as to prevail on the Duke of *Beaufort*'s charming Daughter to conſent to be the loveliеſt Bride in *England*.

THE Number of the young Dutcheſs's Admirers was not diminiſhed by her Marriage, and tho' they found themſelves reſtrained from diſcloſing to her the Sentiments with which her Charms had inſpired them, yet there were ſeveral who

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were pleaſed to flatter themſelves, that Length of Time might render ſuch a Declaration not ſo unpardonable as it would have been at that Seaſon. Amongſt this Claſs of Lovers, who were ſo extremely complaiſant to themſelves, there happened to be a noble Earl *, who, it muſt be confeſſed, was a Gentleman of extraordinary Merit; beſides the Advantage of a very engaging Perſon, he was Maſter of a Genius which made him very conſpicuous in the polite World; he had devoted ſome of his Time to the Muſes with ſo much Succeſs, that his poetical Compoſitions had the general Approbation of the beſt Judges; he had a great deal of Wit, and knew how to temper it ſo agreeably, by an obliging Behaviour, that his Converſation never failed to be as entertaining as he could wiſh; and tho' Ambition was a very prevailing Paſſion in his Breaſt, it ſtill permitted Beauty to maintain a conſiderable Empire there. The Qualifications he poſſeſſed, generally make their Owner fortunate with the Fair, and therefore it was not to be wondered at, if his Lordſhip had no great Reaſon to tax them with Inſenſibility.

THE

* *The Earl of* Mulgrave, *late Duke of* Buckinghamſhire.

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THE Dutcheſs of *Ormonde* found herſelf obliged, after her Marriage, to appear more frequently in publick than before, and by that means was daily making an undeſigned Addition to her former Conqueſts. The young Nobleman we have been deſcribing, having ſeveral Opportunities of ſeeing her at Court, became ſo paſſionately enamoured of her Charms, that all the Reaſon he was Maſter of, was too weak to extinguiſh the firſt Kindling of his Flame, and indeed there was ſomething ſo irreſiſtable in the lovely Dutcheſs, that beholding and adoring her, were the uſual Events of one and the ſame Moment.

THE high Quality of this Lord, and his perſonal Acquaintance with the Duke, gave him free Acceſs to the Dutcheſs at all Times when ſhe ſaw Company, and, as her Grace had the moſt refined Taſte for what was elegant and polite, it was natural for her to conſider the Earl as a very accompliſhed Gentleman, and to pay him all the Deference that was due to ſuch a Character. She conſidered him as a Perſon who had a conſiderable Share in the Friendſhip and Eſteem of her illuſtrious Lord, and regarded him as one who merited

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merited that Friendſhip by a Number of amiable Qualities.

IT often happens, that Men of Wit, thro' too much Partiality to themſelves, are apt to fancy that a Lady's Satisfaction in their Converſation, muſt create a Fondneſs for their Perſons, and the Earl did not fail to impute to the Dutcheſs, Impreſſions in his Favour, which ſhe herſelf was never ſenſible of; and conſequently he was always ready to improve every Inſtance of her Complacency too much to his own Advantage. The Opinion he entertained of his being more agreeable to her than he really was, made him look on the diſhonourable Conduct he was meditating againſt the Duke, as a Crime that was capable of a very eaſy Vindication, he thought it more honourable to ſucceed with the Dutcheſs, than to preſerve Fidelity in his Friendſhip to her Lord; and to ſuch an Infatuation was he hurried by his guilty Love, that he imagined it to be the moſt criminal Action in the World to neglect the Happineſs which his Vanity repreſented the Dutcheſs inclinable to afford him.

IN

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IN Conſequence of this Perſuaſion, as he had the Honour one Evening to lead her Grace from the Drawing-Room, he ſlipt a Letter into her Hand, as ſhe was ſtepping into her Coach, and then retired with a profound Reverence. The Lady believed the Paper contained ſome agreeable Piece of Poetry, in which the Earl, as we intimated before, was very happy, and was impatient to read this new Product of his Capacity: But who can deſcribe her Confuſion and Reſentment, when ſhe found it to be a Declaration of Love, and her Diſpleaſure was the greater, as ſhe was conſcious that no Part of her Conduct could poſſibly give that Nobleman any Pretentions to the indecent Preſumption with which he treated her; and tho' it was late at Night, ſhe reſolved to acquaint the Dutcheſs her Mother with the Affront that had been offered to her Virtue.

SHE accordingly ordered her Coachman to drive to the Dutcheſs of *Beaufort*'s Houſe, and, at her Arrival there, went into her Grace's Bed-Chamber, and intreated her, with a Flood of Tears, to read the Letter ſhe put into her Hands. The Dutcheſs was not a little ſurprized

to

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to ſee her Daughter in a Diſorder of Mind intirely new to her, and immediately read over the Letter, with an Aſtoniſhment natural to ſuch an Event. *Is it poſſible, Madam,* ſaid the Dutcheſs of *Ormonde, that any Man can dare to think he has a Privilege to treat me in this diſhonourable Manner! I can appeal to Heaven and Earth, that my Conduct has hitherto been without Reproach, which makes this Violation of the Reſpect due to me, ſo inſupportable.*

THE Dutcheſs of *Beaufort* was as much diſſatisfied with this Adventure, as her Daughter, and was juſtly apprehenſive that it might be attended with very fatal Conſequences; to prevent which, all imaginable Diſcretion was neceſſary.

WHILST they were deliberating what Steps were moſt proper to be taken in ſo delicate an Affair, a Lady of great Quality, and a near Relation to them both, came in very ſeaſonably to aſſiſt at the Conſultation; and after ſhe had heard a particular Account of the whole Affair, ſhe gave it as her Opinion, that *it would be moſt proper for the Dutcheſs of* Ormonde *to diſſemble her Reſentment, and treat the amorous Peer with ſuch an Air*

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Air of Indifference, as would effectually mortify his Vanity, and discourage him from persisting in his criminal Desires: The Lady added, *that if such a Course of Behaviour should not have the Effect that might be reasonably expected, she would undertake to disclose the Affair to the Duke of* Ormonde, *in such a Light as should engage him to come into a Scheme she had formed for making this new Lover the Diversion of the whole Town.*

THIS Advice was allowed to be just, and, after some farther Consideration, the Dutchess of *Ormonde* took her Leave, with a Determination to conduct herself according to her Relations Sentiments. It was not long before the young Earl saw her, and, as he was pleased to flatter himself, that the Graces of his Wit and Person were irresistable, he was not a little surprised at the negligent Manner in which the Dutchess heard all the fine Things he said to her; and as he found that he had not made the least Impression on her Heart, he began to imagine she might possibly not have read his Letter, for he could not believe that so much premeditated Wit and Tenderness as it contained, could prove ineffectual; and therefore resolved to be certain that

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his next Letter ſhould be read by the Dutcheſs; for which Purpoſe, he found Means to gain, as he imagined, one of her Women to his Intereſt; he made her a Preſent of a large Purſe of Gold, accompanying it with a ſecond Billet, which he intreated her to deliver into her Lady's Hands, and, at the ſame Time, gave her to underſtand, that if ſhe acquitted herſelf of the Confidence he repoſed in her, to his Satisfaction, there was nothing ſhe might not promiſe herſelf from his future Bounty.

THE Dutcheſs's Woman performed her Commiſſion, and gave the Letter to her Lady, with a particular Account of the Earl's Liberality, and all the large Promiſes he had made her. The Dutcheſs, after ſhe had read the Letter, made her Mother, and the other Lady, who had inſtructed her how to behave, acquainted with the Contents; upon which they thought it now a proper Time to make the Duke of *Ormonde* privy to the Secret. This they did, in ſuch a Manner as eaſily diſpoſed his Grace to come into their Meaſures, to make his Rival as ridiculous as his Vanity ought to render him. To accompliſh which, it was agreed among them, that the Dutcheſs ſhould anſwer

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ſwer her Lover's Letter, and it is eaſy to imagine, that an Epiſtle dictated by ſuch Perſons, and on ſuch an Occaſion, was artful enough to deceive, even a Gentleman of the Earl's Penetration. It would be no diſagreeable Entertainment to the Reader, could I repeat all the pleaſant Things, and the diverting Contrivances that were invented by this illuſtrious Company, to expoſe the preſuming Lover. The Dutcheſs of *Ormonde* was for having him *privately admitted into the Houſe, and ſhut up in ſome Place where he might be half frozen, before he ſhould be ſet at Liberty:* But the Duke replied, *That would be a Management of too low a Turn for the Earl's nice and delicate Taſte*, and then recollecting, that his Garden Wall was of a very convenient Heighth, he thought it would be beſt *for the Lover to climb over it, in order to come to his Lady, the Danger and Difficulty only tending to compleat the Glory of ſuch a gallant Adventure*; *beſides*, added he, *we ſhall by this Means ſee whether his Lordſhip is in earneſt, and dare hazard his fine Perſon in the Proſecution of his Amour.*

THIS Propoſal meeting with the Approbation of all the Ladies, they went

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into the Garden to examine the Wall, and, obſerving a Place that had Hooks, which a Ladder might be commodiouſly faſtened to, the Dutcheſs's Woman had Directions to deſcribe this convenient Situation to the Earl; but it was not done till ſeveral Letters had paſſed between him and the Dutcheſs, and he became perſuaded, that his Addreſſes were as ſucceſsful as he could wiſh. And now the Dutcheſs's Woman acquainted him, *he had made all imaginable Impreſſions on her Lady, and that ſhe expected the Pleaſure of his Company with the greateſt Impatience, but then*, continued ſhe, *it will be impoſſible for your Lordſhip to paſs by the Porter in any Diſguiſe; and you are not inſenſible what Regard is due to a Lady's Reputation, in an Affair of this Nature, and therefore ſome Expedient muſt be thought of, to prevent any Diſcovery of your being admitted into my Lady's Apartment.*

THE Earl, upon this, gave her the ſtrongeſt Aſſurances of his ſtrict Regard for the Dutcheſs's Honour; *and therefore*, ſaid he, *I am deſirous of being introduced in any Manner you can contrive, to prevent my being diſcovered by any of the Servants, and there is no Danger, that I will*

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will ever decline to accompliſh my Happineſs, with all the Privacy my lovely Dutcheſs can poſſibly deſire.

THE Gentlewoman finding him in ſuch a Reſolution, thought it then proper to acquaint him, *That no Way would be more effectual, to prevent the Affair from being detected, than for his Lordſhip to climb over the Garden-Wall*, and then ſhe deſcribed that particular Part of it, where the Hooks were faſtened; *your Lordſhip*, added ſhe, *is too gallant, to heſitate at any little Danger that you may be expoſed to, on ſuch an Occaſion, and you are likewiſe to conſider, that you could not have a more favourable Opportunity of convincing my Lady, that your Paſſion for her, can make you deſpiſe every Hazard and Difficulty that may lie between you and the Happineſs you are in Purſuit of, and therefore, if your Lordſhip has no Objection to what I have been propoſing, I will be, at Eleven this Night, in the Garden to receive you.*

HIS Lordſhip was ſo animated, with the Hopes of his imagined Joys, that he told the Gentlewoman, in a Kind of Tranſport, *That he thought Fortune was very propitious to him, in giving him ſuch an*

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an Opportunity of convincing her Lady how much his Paſſion could ſurmount every Danger and Impediment; upon which he took his Leave, with a ſolemn Promiſe to be punctual to the appointed Time; and then went to pay a Viſit to the Duke of *Ormonde*, by whom, as was before obſerved, he was treated with the greateſt Friendſhip and Intimacy.

THE Duke received him with his uſual Affability, and after ſome Converſation, walked with him in his Garden, where he could not forbear ſmiling to himſelf, to obſerve, with what a curious Eye his Viſitor examined the Wall he was to ſcale that Evening. After they had taken a few Turns, the Earl took his Leave, and went to his own Houſe, where he paſſed the Remainder of the Day with all the impatient Deſires, natural to a Lover, who expects the happy Period of all his Wiſhes. The appointed Hour was, at laſt, come, and his Lordſhip did not fail to be exactly punctual at the Place agreed on, where he found the Ladder of Ropes thrown over the Wall, by the Means of which he mounted to the Top, with wonderful Activity, and from thence, as nimbly deſcended into the Garden: But, alas! how frequently do

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do Diſappointments and Diſgrace attend the fineſt Schemes of poor Mortals; and how common is it for Men to meet with the moſt diſagreeable Accidents, in the very Inſtant that he promiſed himſelf nothing but Rapture, and the moſt perfect Felicity! The adventrous Peer had no ſooner ſet Foot on the fatal Ground, than the Gardener, who happened to be a very ſturdy Fellow, pretending to miſtake him for a Perſon who intended to rob the Houſe, fell upon him with Herculean Force, and gave him ſuch a vigorous Drubbing, that he was obliged, to cry out for Aſſiſtance. The Noiſe alarmed the Houſe, and the Duke, with all the Company, who were then at Supper with him, came out in a ſeeming Surpriſe to know the Occaſion of the Clamours they heard. Any one will imagine, that the unfortunate Lover made no very graceful Figure in ſuch a Conjuncture; and, as it was impoſſible for the Spectators of his Diſgrace, to keep their Countenances, he grew ſenſible, that this had been a premeditated Scheme to expoſe him. But, as he had a peculiar Preſence of Mind, and was, likewiſe, one of thoſe Philoſophic Lovers, who never run diſtracted at the Diſappoinment of their Paſſion, he asked the Duke's

Pardon

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Pardon for the Folly he had committed, deſiring his Grace to impute it to a youthful Inconſideration he would no longer indulge; after which, he joined with the Company in their Mirth, and rallied himſelf very pleaſantly for the Diſcipline he had received from the honeſt Gardiner.

THE Earl's ill Succeſs in his Amour, ſoon became public, and was, for a conſiderable Time, the Entertainment of all the gay Company about the Court; and beſides this, it entirely extinguiſhed the Hopes of all who ſighed for the amiable Dutcheſs in Secret. They were convinced, that her Vertue was impregnable, and that it was poſſible for a Lady to be the faireſt of her Sex, and, at the ſame Time, capable of preſerving an untainted Fidelity to her Nuptial Vow.*

ANY one will eaſily believe, that the Duke, after this amiable Proof of his Lady's Virtue, could not but cheriſh ſuch a Treaſure with the utmoſt Fondneſs, and, indeed, our noble Pair lived in ſo mutual an Intercourſe of Endearments, as rendered them the Envy and Admira-

* The foregoing was an Adventure of the late Duke of *Buckinghamſhire* when he was Earl of *Mulgrave*.

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Admiration of the Age. I ſay, the Envy, becauſe there have been People malicious enough to declare, that the Dutcheſs, ſome time after her Marriage, entertained ſuch a Fondneſs for Cards, as in a great Meaſure alienated the Duke's Affection from her for a conſiderable Time. But whilſt ſome have been ſo ungenerous as to propagate ſuch a Report, and others ſo weak as to believe it, all muſt acknowledge this to be the only Frailty that was ever imputed to that Lady, and even this has been aggravated much beyond the Reality of the Fact. The Truth is, Cards being at that Time, as well as now, the faſhionable Amuſement of the Fair, it was impoſſible for the Dutcheſs, whoſe Houſe was continually filled with the beſt Company in the Kingdom, to do otherwiſe than comply with the Inclinations of her Viſitors in that Diverſion; and it may be true, that ſhe might ſometimes ſit up late at Play to oblige her Company, and we will not deny, that the Duke might be ſenſible of ſome Uneaſineſs to find his Lady compelled by the reigning Decorum among the Great, to be abſent more Hours from him, than were agreeable to her Inclinations. But, at the ſame Time, in Juſtice to the Memory of that incom-

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parable Lady, we muſt affirm, That the Moment ſhe was ſenſible of the leaſt Uneaſineſs in her Lord on that Account, ſhe never after would ſuffer Play to detain her from him, to any late or unſeaſonable Hour. A ſingular Inſtance this, of a Lady, who could reſolve to ſacrifice what was then thought an innocent Amuſement, to the Repoſe of her Conſort; whereas the ſame Motive now, is frequently inſufficient to make Numbers of the Sex reſign Pleaſures that are really criminal and injurious to their own and their Husband's Reputation. But to return to this noble Pair.

WHEN the Duke was conſtituted Lord-Lieutenant of *Ireland*, the Dutcheſs undertook that Voyage; and her Reception and Return is ſo truly, and ſo elegantly deſcribed by Mr. *Dryden*, in his Addreſs to her Grace*, that it would be Injuſtice to his Memory to omit it, on this Occaſion, *viz.*

Already have the Fates your Path prepar'd,
And ſure Preſage your future Sway declar'd:
When Weſtward, like the Sun, you took your Way,
And from benighted *Britain* bore the Day,

* See the *Dedication* of his *Fables*.

Blue

Blue *Tritons* gave the Signal from the Shore,
The ready *Nereids* heard, and ſwam before
To ſmooth the Seas; a ſoft *Eteſian* Gale,
But juſt inſpired, and gently ſwell'd the Sail;
Portunus took his Turn, whoſe ample Hand
Heav'd up the lighten'd Keel, and ſunk the Sand,
And ſteer'd the ſacred Veſſel ſafe to Land.
The Land, if not reſtrain'd, had met your Way,
Projected out a Neck, and jutted to the Sea.
Hibernia, proſtrate at your Feet, ador'd,
In you, the Pledge of her expected Lord;
Due to her Iſles, a venerable Name,
His Father and his Grandſire known to Fame;
Aw'd by that Houſe, accuſtom'd to command,
The ſturdy Kerns in due Subjection ſtand,
Nor bear the Reins in any other Hand.

At your Approach, they crouded to the Port;
And ſcarcely Landed, you create a Court:
As *Ormonde*'s Harbinger, to you they run;
For *Venus* is the Promiſe of the Sun.

For Waſte of Civil Wars, their Towns deſtroy'd,
Pales un-honour'd, *Ceres* un-employ'd,
Were all forgot, and one Triumphant Day,
Wip'd all the Tears of three Campaigns away.

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Blood, Rapines, Maſſacres, were cheaply bought,
So mighty Recompence your Beauty brought.

As when the *Dove* returning, bore the Mark
Of Earth reſtor'd to the long-lab'ring Ark,
The Relicks of Mankind, ſecure of Reſt,
Op'd ev'ry Window to receive the Gueſt,
And the Fair Bearer of the Meſſage bleſt.

So when you came, with loud repeated Cries,
The Nation took an Omen from your Eyes,
And God advanc'd his Rainbow in the Skies.
To ſign inviolable Peace reſtor'd,
The Saints with ſolemn Shouts proclaim'd the new Accord.

When at your *ſecond Coming*, you appear,
(For I foretel that Millenary-Year)
The ſharpen'd Share ſhall vex the Soil no more,
But Earth unbidden ſhall produce her Store:
The Land ſhall laugh, the circ'ling Ocean ſmile,
And Heaven's Indulgence bleſs the holy Iſle.

Heav'n from all Ages has reſerv'd for you,
That happy Clime, which Venom never knew;
Or if it had been there, your Eyes alone
Have Pow'r to chace all Poiſon, but their own.

Now

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Now in this Interval, which Fate has caſt,
Betwixt your future Glories, and your paſt.
This Pauſe of Pow'r, 'tis *Ireland*'s Hour to mourn,
While *England* celebrates your ſafe Return;
By which you ſeem the Seaſons to command,
And bring our Summers back to their forſaken Land.

The vanquiſh'd Iſle our Leiſure muſt attend,
'Till the fair Bleſſing we vouchſafe to ſend;
Nor can we ſpare you long, tho' often we may lend.
The *Dove* was twice employ'd abroad, before
The World was dry'd; and ſhe return'd no more.

O Daughter of the Roſe, whoſe Cheeks unite
The diff'ring Titles of the Red and White;
Who Heav'ns alternate Beauty well diſplay,
The Bluſh of Morning, and the Milky Way;
Whoſe Face is Paradiſe, but fenc'd from Sin,
For God in either Eye has plac'd a Cherubin.

All is your Lord's alone; ev'n abſent, He
Employs the Care of Chaſte *Penelope*.
For him you waſte in Tears your Widow'd Hours,
For him your curious Needle paints the Flow'rs;
Such

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Such Works of Old Imperial Dames were taught,
Such for *Aſcanius* fair *Eliſa* wrought.

The ſoft Receſſes of your Hours improve,
The Three fair Pledges of your happy Love:
All other Parts of pious Duty done,
You owe your *Ormonde* nothing but a Son;
To fill in future Times *his Father's Place*,
And wear the Garter of *his Mother's Race*.

The World was deprived of this moſt incomparable PRINCESS, of whom it was no longer worthy, *Anno* 1733.

F I N I S.

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